

Once or twice I stole stealthily and on tip-toe up to the apartments where they were calmly sleeping, to assure myself that they were yet safe. Yes, there lay my golden-haired Fanny, the eldest born; my bonny Clara, the romp, worn out, and lying with her elbow under her head; and baby Esther, with a smile upon her plump little face; and, with her arms around and over them, guarding them in their sleep, my beautiful Agnes, that gentle, doting mother, surprised into a troubled slumber by fatigue and constant vigilance. I crept downstairs again, comforted and reassured—down to my basement hiding-place, to watch and listen, listen and watch. The night crept on, and I fancy I must have slept, when—crack! crack!—I sprang to my feet!

The enemy was in the house!

Ay! the enemy was in, and was between me and those I loved so dearly, fierce, pitiless, and remorseless, every minute growing in strength and fury—an enemy between me and them too strong for me to encounter single-handed or beat back, crashing up the stairs to surprise them in their sleep! Perhaps already he had destroyed those precious innocents and their loving mother. Maddened by the thought, I rushed out; the enemy was in possession of all the house above me, and had sufficiently prevented my escape from below. FIRE! The staircase was in flames, roaring, tearing, licking the walls; the centre of the house was already a seething furnace, and my wife and children were above it!

I heard one shriek. What was life to me *now*? I plunged, fought, stumbled, fell, and fought again through the flames, spurning the stairs in burning logs under my feet, till I burst into the bedroom where they lay. I could see nothing; the room was a cloud of dense stifling smoke. Twice I fell in groping for the bed; then I clutched the curtains, and, raising myself on my knees and spreading out my hands, I felt a child. I dragged it to me; it was Clara, my second little pet, and somehow I found myself by the window, which I smashed outwards.

There was a crowd below; they were the rioters, truly enough—but they were also men.

“Throw the child out, and we’ll catch her!”

I obeyed instinctively.

“Jump out yourself!”

“Not yet.”

But, as I turned, I found that the flames had been drawn through the room by the draught from the window, and the bed was a mass of fire! Just then a portion of the floor gave way, and the bedstead with all its precious burden, fell through into the hissing hell below!

A firm grasp seized me from the open window; I was dragged through, and had just consciousness enough to find that I was in the arms of a strong man on a ladder, when in my struggles to disengage himself, and return to the room, he, I suppose, lost his balance, and we went falling over and over to the ground.

That was all I knew for three months. At the end of that time I awoke up in a strange place, with many beds and kind, quiet nurses, and at last learned that *one* child was saved, my darling Clara. She and I were all who survived that hideous night.

Burnt, scarred, crippled for life, I yet had one staff to support my maimed existence. I thanked God, even in my agony of ruin, that he had spared her to me, and for her should my remaining years be dedicated. Oh, how often it came back to me, the sound of that dear wife's voice in the time of her illness, "If I should be taken, you will take care of our poor little Clara, won't you? She is so delicate, you know!"

It was long before I was suffered to discover that I had been the cause of all these horrors! In the apprehension of flight, a great quantity of linen and clothing had been prepared at the foot of the stairs for hasty packing, and, as I came down from taking my, alas! last view of those dear ones, a spark must have fallen from my candle among them. How some sparks will die and go out almost on gunpowder, and others ignite the least inflammable materials, is one of those problems that defy the calculations of the most experienced. Draughts from cracks or beneath doors will fan a spark into a flame in a few seconds—and thus it must have occurred.

The loss of my mill and of my property did not ruin me. I had ample private resources left to maintain me and my little daughter. I had no heart left in me for business, so I never attempted to restore the works which the rioters had demolished. Others did; and my old factory, I am told, is now a palace of industry of wonderful dimensions, and full of the latest inventions of science; and my dear little happy home is enlarged and amplified into a mansion. Ah, me! grand as it may be, it would never be so handsome in my eyes as the little rose-covered cottage, with its pretty garden, where I once was wont to see my dear wife with her three little golden-headed children, tying up her pinks and piccotees, or training her honeysuckle over the porch! They tell me it is all changed—all so fine now; but I have never been to see it.

For I turned my back upon the busy town as soon after my dreadful trouble as I could. My little girl was delicate and fragile; the smoke of towns was not an atmosphere for *her*—the scene of my past lost happiness was not a place for *me*. So we went to the southern coast and passed a winter.

My anxiety about the child was always filling my thoughts. Oh! the sleepless nights I have passed if she but coughed; for did I not fancy I already saw the pink spot upon her cheeks, which is the herald of our country's insidious enemy, consumption? The tearful, pitiful prayers I have sent up to Heaven to preserve her to me, and me to her!

And then, Fire! The nights and nights I have sat up, because I fancied there was a smell of burning in the house! My brain was always on the rack for her. Clogs to keep her feet dry—woollen jackets to keep her warm—hare-skins for her chest—comforters for her throat! Perhaps I only made her more delicate—the doctor intimated that I did. But what was I to do in my alarm and terror of the thought of losing her? She was my all now—my only hope—my only support—my only bond on earth; the dear legacy of my poor, loved, BURNT wife!

Whether the doctors were right or not—whether I was wrong or

not—it was a fact too plain for me to ignore that little Clara was growing more and more delicate every week. At length, as summer came on, I was advised to remove her to the more bracing air of the eastern counties—to put her out to be nursed at some farm-house in Essex or Norfolk, where she would have the benefit (“the *chance*,” they said) of pure air and pure diet.

“Put her out,” indeed! She should go—but I would be with her.

In former times I had known a worthy farmer and his wife in the eastern counties. I had been a wayward youth, and my father, the only parent left to me in my recollection, had—God forgive him!—been but an indifferent one to me, and had put me away to live with this kind but childless couple. I had never forgotten their goodness to me—their care of me—their patience with me—their screening of my youthful faults—their fond pride of me when they had won me round to gentleness and tamed me by their constant love. To them, in my trouble, my heart yearned—they would take care of my child. I was not mistaken; I wrote to them in my affliction, and by next post they entreated me to come and bring my little Clara, to stay as long as I liked. Oh, how she prattled to me over again the stories I had told her of the great farm-house with its gabled roof—of the famous cedar-tree that, in the course of generations, had grown to out-top the house itself, and covered a part of it with one of its fantastic planes, each of which might have been a century in growing—of the nice snug styes wherein the pigs lived—of the house “on the top of a stick,” with holes in it for its inmates, the pigeons, to go in and out—of Diamond, and Punch, and Boxer, and Pilot, the old farm horses, and of Polly, and Blackey, and Strawberry, and Miss Nancy, and the rest of the cows—of old Billy, the goat (old even in my time)—of Tray, the watch-dog, and Trim, the fat spaniel on the hearth-rug (ghosts every one of them, long since)—of the “dutts,” as the dear little creature called them, in the pond, and the geese, and the sheep, and the lambs—and the great swinging gates, and the black-berry hedges. Bless her! she had never lived at a farm, and all these things were so many exciting novelties to her imagination. How her blue eyes sparkled, and her cheeks burned (still that pink spot, alas!), as she talked of them all the way we travelled into Essex.

And, arrived at last, what too good for my little Clara! Eggs, cream, toast. The poor child must be hungry and in want of her tea after that long journey, so all was ready an hour or two before we could by any possibility have arrived.

“But wait a bit. A chicken—the wing—a piece of the breast—it can’t hurt her. Dear child! what sweet eyes—what lovely features—what golden hair—what a pretty little tongue—what sturdy limbs! Oh, you needn’t fret; *she*’ll be strong enough soon. There’s no consumption in *her*!” said my host and hostess in a breath. “You’ll soon be well, won’t you, darling?”

“Yes, please,” from a little hanging head, with a shy glance out of the corner of the eye, changed to “Yes, thank you,” still more shyly when she heard them laugh at her reply.

But next morning the shyness was all gone. The dear old couple could not exist without doing good, and had long since adopted the

child of a poorer brother, now a fine girl just bouncing into womanhood. Children have steady instincts, and, from the first moment of their meeting, my Clara had recognised her as a friend. To her she had attached herself, with her she elected to sleep; it was Hetty who dressed her, Hetty who curled her hair, Hetty who took her to see the young pigs, Hetty who picked fruit for her in the garden, Hetty who called her to see the young "chick-chicks" have their breakfast, Hetty who first introduced her to the ducks, and held her tightly by the hand whilst she threw crumbs of bread to them in the pond. She was full of "Hetty," and Hetty would go nowhere without "Pet," as she named her.

And when her fourth birthday came, and the good-natured girl rummaged up from among the wrecks of her own childhood a set of little tea-things, my little Clara gave a party to Hetty, and entertained Hetty with the plum-cake which the admiring old lady of the house had made for her, and poured out the tea "all by herself," and went off to bed tired enough, poor little dear, and kissing a doll on her pillow, which Hetty had bought and dressed for her.

Six months passed away, and the old people's prediction was realised. Consumption, if it had ever existed beyond my alarmed suspicions, had resigned its prey, and the roses had returned to my little darling's cheeks.

So far I had fulfilled my pledge to my lost Agnes!

But the winter was coming on, and I dreaded the mists which arise in autumn even in the higher parts of Essex, and feared the cold wind that would gather round that hill-seated house. Above all, as the evenings grew long and chilly, and great fires began to be lighted at sunset—and candles were carried about from room to room—and men were cutting chaff in hay-stored lofts after the horses came home at night—and tramps sought shelter in stables and under ricks (and tramps who can procure neither food, nor clothes, nor lodging seem to always have money to buy tobacco and matches)—and the stack-yard was full of hay, and corn, and bean-ricks—and the outbuildings were for the most part roofed with thatch—and the yard was thickly littered with straw—and the old-fashioned chimneys were twisted, and probably seldom or never swept—and incendiaries might be about—and country parish engines are always out of repair—and it was so far to send for assistance—and I don't know, indeed, how many more misgivings came into my head as the nights drew in; but my thoughts were always running upon Fire!—FIRE IN THE NIGHT!

So I at last resolved to carry my precious treasure into the greater security of a town for the winter.

The day for our departure came. I felt much distressed at removing my child from the house where she had been so happy and so kindly cared for. But the thought of fire ever haunted me. And, to my comfort, I perceived that the idea of parting seemed to trouble her less than I had feared. Change, novelty, the excitement of a new home, new scenes, and new people, are compensating influences in a child's mind for all she is leaving behind her. Her business on the morning of our journey was to take leave of all her pets and play-mates—to pat poor Tray—to kiss fat Trim—to see the chickens have

the last breakfast—to say a kind word even to the pigs. She was all over the farm before breakfast with Hetty. Then, as it wanted a full hour to the time when the coach would pass along the road, two fields off, she had to go round and take another look at them all, while I went up-stairs to pack my trunk.

I heard Hetty calling “Clara! Clara! the coach is coming! Clara! don’t you hear the horn? Where are you, darling?” And, when I came down, Hetty was still running about the yard, calling “Clara! Clara!” She had left her for a few minutes to put up some more little playthings, and, when she returned, Clara had rambled off again.

“Where can she be?” they all asked. “The coach is at the gate!”

The coach waited a few minutes, and then went on without us. We could find Clara nowhere. Presently the ducks came waddling up the field.

“Oh,” said Hetty, “I dare say she has been down to wish them good-bye. Let us go and see.”

We went down to the pond; but no Clara was to be found.

No!—only a little crape hat floating on the surface of the water.

Then I felt that I was indeed alone!

HOW HE BECAME COURT COUNCILLOR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT dined punctually at noon. At the royal table sat the Marquis d’Argens, the clever Algarotti, the witty physician, De la Metre, Lord Marshall, General Rothenburg, and the renowned Voltaire. The viands were not luxurious, but they were daintily prepared; and the wine was good and plentiful, although the king drank but little himself, and always diluted what he took with water. It was thus that the great Frederick dined on the particular day we speak of, his chamberlain stationed behind his chair, with his favourite dog, Biche, who, from time to time, received delicate morsels from his hand. Then the slender greyhound would spring up, and lay her two white paws coaxingly on her master’s knees. On this occasion the dog’s silver collar, and a little slip of paper attached to it, fell to the ground.

“Ha! what’s this?” asked the king of the embarrassed chamberlain, who stooped down to pick up the paper.

Fate was against him, however, for just as the document was about to be placed in the king’s hands Biche snapped at it, and in the contest the paper gave way, Biche escaping with half.

“How came that paper there?” cried Frederick, his features becoming sombre. “I will know the truth.”

"Your majesty," stammered the old man, "a poor devil ventured to present a humble petition to you through Biche."

"And you advised the proceeding?"

"I felt sorry for the young man, and I thought——"

"Imbecile! Biche has a hundred times your sagacity, and has given the insolent petitioner a fitting response. This time I will suffer the affair to pass; but if you corrupt my dogs, you shall feel my displeasure. Men are good for nothing, and will deceive me. My dogs, if let alone, are faithful."

With this he rose from the table, and retired to his study, where he took up his flute. Here, instead of Biche, he had a tame monkey to keep him company, called, in consequence of his ridiculous appearance, the Court Councillor. From time to time Fritz amused himself with the freaks and gambols of the animal; but when these became too wild and extravagant, the court councillor was ejected—but continued to scratch and rap at the door of the study until the good-natured monarch re-admitted him.

Meanwhile the crestfallen chamberlain had gone out to communicate the sad fate of the petition to its author, a poor secretary, named Laufert, whom he found hovering about the neighbourhood of Sans Souci.

"You must think no more of the affair," said the old man, after much invective of the ungrateful Biche and his own weakness. In trying to aid you I have jeopardised my own post."

"I deeply regret that I should have placed you in such a predicament," replied Laufert. "I have no luck. Everything I attempt fails."

"Fortune is a woman, and has her whims. Court her, and she will fly away from you; but take no heed of her, and she will run after you. She often comes unexpectedly. Take old Fritz, for example; he received many beatings, but at length he won Silesia."

With such counsel did the old man try to console the despairing youth, but in vain. Laufert's last chance was gone. He could never anticipate a union with his beloved, for there was more probability of melting a stone than of mollifying her terrible father, who had resolved never to marry his daughter to any one but a court councillor. Unhappily, too, he knew that a real councillor had solicited the hand of the rich and lovely girl; and, although the rival was a disagreeable old fellow, he possessed considerable property, besides the necessary qualification, while Laufert was as poor as a church mouse.

While the youth was standing by himself, buried in sad reflections, an elderly personage came gravely through the park, carrying a red portfolio under his arm. This was no other than the cabinet minister Eichel. Suddenly he stood still, opened the portfolio, and discovered that he had left the most important letter at home—a thing that frequently happened to him. In this dilemma, he desisted the secretary.

"Laufert," he shouted, "can't you hear me?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?"

"You can do me a great favour. I must return for a letter which I have left behind."

"Can't I fetch it for you?"

"No; it contains a state secret. Take this portfolio, and lay the other matters before the king, for his signature."

"The king! Am I to address his majesty?"

"Without delay. He will be annoyed if he has to wait. If he inquires for me, make my excuses, and say I will be with his majesty in less than a quarter of an hour. Make haste; you have not a minute to lose."

The astounded secretary did not wait for further instructions, but took the portfolio from the minister's hands, and hurried to the palace, determined to make the best of the chance.

"What! here again?" cried the old chamberlain. "What do you want now?"

"To make a report to the king."

"You? No jesting, sir!"

"I am come in the place of Minister Eichel, who has been unavoidably detained. Look, here is his portfolio—my authority."

"That is enough for me; but you must await your turn."

At last the dreaded moment came; Laufert felt his heart beat fast, and a momentary giddiness seized him. Nevertheless, he tapped at the door. No answer was returned; so he tapped again, and rather more loudly. "Come in!" cried a voice; but his courage failed him, and he did not dare to cross the perilous threshold.

"Come in—come in, I say, councillor of the court!" cried Fritz, fancying the monkey was scratching at the door as usual.

Almost overpowered with surprise and delight, the secretary threw himself at the feet of the king, who stared at him in amazement.

"Thanks, sire, a thousand thanks!" stammered Laufert.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked Frederick, thinking the young man must be mad.

"I am the secretary Laufert, whom your majesty has graciously appointed court councillor."

"What do you mean? I appoint you court councillor?"

"This moment, when I had the honour to appear before you."

"Bah! I was addressing my monkey. His nickname is Court Councillor."

"But I well know that your majesty never withdraws from his word," answered Laufert, with the courage of despair.

"Ha! You are right," smiled the king; "but are you so eager for a title that you will accept it from a monkey rather than earn it by merit?"

"I would accept it from a monkey or a dog," said Laufert. "I care not which, so long as I become court councillor."

"Then you are the person who ventured to present his petition by Biche?"

"Your majesty—I humbly entreat forgiveness. Necessity has no laws. My happiness, my life, indeed, depends on obtaining this post. I should not be so bold were it not that my patron, the minister Eichel, has given me hopes——"

"True. I remember; he has represented your claims. But where is Eichel? He ought to have been here."

"He begs his humble excuses, and will shortly appear before your majesty. He has commissioned me to bear the least important papers, and to give you all the information you may require."

"Good," said the king. "I can then test your qualifications for court councillor."

Taking the letters from the secretary's hands, Fritz read them through with care. From time to time he questioned the young man, and, notwithstanding the confusion of the latter, the shrewd monarch quickly perceived that he possessed a clear understanding and ability. Luckily, too, Eichel came in, and gave further testimony to Laufert's merit.

"Now I will examine the candidate," said Fritz, with a smile. "Do you write a good hand?"

"I hope so, sire."

"Very well. Sit down, and write as I dictate. 'We, Frederick, by the grace of God, et cætera, et cætera, do hereby appoint, in consideration of his services, and for especial merit, the secretary'—but why do you tremble?"

"Your majesty, I tremble for joy."

"Don't tremble now, but write 'the secretary of our territory and domain.' What's your name?"

"My name——" stammered the fortunate youth.

"Why, I believe, the fool has forgotten his name. Quick! you see I have no time."

"Wilhelm Gottlieb Laufert," said the secretary.

"'Wilhelm Gottlieb Laufert to our cabinet secretary and privy council.'"

This was too much. The pen fell from Laufert's hand, and he sank at the king's feet incoherently murmuring his thanks.

"Let me see," said Fritz, smiling: "everything is in order; the writing is good, and his talent is by no means despicable. He seems also to have a good character, as Biche would not otherwise have become fond of him. Animals have instincts that put many men to shame. Therefore I will trust him, and place my signature at the foot of his own certificate. So! And now you can enter upon your new duties as soon as you please."

With a graceful motion of his hand, the king took leave of the new councillor, who, on reaching the antechamber, embraced the chamberlain, exclaiming, "I am the happiest of men. Now I have a title!"

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF COMBINATIONS AMONG WORKMEN.

I.

THERE are in existence three principal kinds of combination among workmen—viz. trades' unionism, copartnership, and co-operation properly so called. It is the object of this article to point out the connexion which exists between these phenomena, and the relation in which they stand to the social economy in general. For this purpose it will be necessary to trace briefly the origin and objects of each form of association, in the endeavour to ascertain the law which presides over the development of all. If it appear that they are manifestations which correspond to, and arise naturally from, different conditions of one ruling force, we shall have succeeded in referring to their original cause some of the most striking moral phenomena which characterise the present times. This will be one addition more to the progress of scientific history, and a further inroad on the domain of the mysterious and the inexplicable. We shall also be led to infer the impolicy of laws against combination. It will be shown how much human progress has already been retarded by them, and, therefore, how great an error it would be to re-enact them in accordance with the wishes to that effect which are often expressed. In considering trades' unionism, we touch on a subject with regard to which much passionate declamation and invective has been used, both by the supporters of the system and by its enemies. The former stigmatise their opponents as wishing that the labouring classes should remain for ever sunk in the slough of degradation and ignorance whence they are now beginning to emerge. And they are in turn condemned as sympathisers, almost as participators, in the outrages which have lately filled every humane mind with horror, and made the name of Sheffield a by-word. Such angry recrimination cannot be too much deprecated at any time, as tending to import party spirit into the discussion of an important question, and to conceal truth in the mists of contention. In an inquiry like the present, however, it is especially desirable to avoid both passion and prejudice. Whilst reprobating, in common with every civilised person, the barbarous crimes which have of late been traced to a connexion with the unions, we must observe that there is no sufficient proof to show that they are a necessary and vital part of the system. It is true that the chief murderer asserted such to be the case in the course of his examination before the Sheffield commission. But the declaration of a man in his position, who would naturally seek for every possible excuse to palliate his crimes, cannot be taken as valid or sufficient evidence for so general a statement. On the other hand, there are very many unions which have been long in existence without having either crimes or coercion laid to their charge. As it is, therefore, manifestly impossible to condemn the system off-hand, we may be allowed to trace out the causes which have originated it, and the function which it has to perform with regard to other kinds of industrial combination.

The difficulties caused by associations like those which we are now

considering have been by no means confined to our own day. So far back as the reign of the Emperor Zeno, a law was enacted, whereby* "all monopolies or combinations to keep up the price of merchandise . . . or workmanship were prohibited on pain of forfeiture of goods and perpetual banishment." A prohibitory law indicates very clearly the existence of the practice which it is designed to repress, and we may safely conclude that previous to this time the Roman empire had been harassed by combinations analogous to the trades' unions of our own day. In the common law of England, enactments similar in design to that above quoted are to be found from time to time, up to the beginning of the present century. Adam Smith more than once mentions hostile combinations formed by working men and by employers, and the laws by which it was sought to repress the former.† These were afterwards intensified by the statute 40 Geo. III. c. 106, which provides that every person who should combine with others to advance wages, decrease quantity of work performed, &c., might be convicted before one justice of the peace, and committed to gaol for three calendar months. According to Blackstone,‡ a combination of employers to force down the wages of operatives would have been equally criminal.

From this time we hear little more of legislation on the subject until 1824. The theory of protection was then tottering to its fall—at least, so far as public policy was concerned—and, in accordance with the tendency of a report prepared by a committee of the House of Commons, all the statutes against combination were repealed.§ Immediately after this several large strikes took place, and, in consequence of events which then happened, a fresh statute was passed (6 Geo. iv. c. 129), in which the right of combination was acknowledged, but stringent provisions were made against compulsion and intimidation. It is commonly stated that trades' unions owe their origin to benefit societies, the organisation at first designed to effect the purposes of the latter having been in course of time diverted to those of the former. But the truth is that we have no account of their origin; for it has been shown that combinations of workmen for similar objects have existed|| since the earliest historic times. It is, nevertheless, possible to study the circumstances connected with their original development in those which give rise to similar associations at the present day. We may with safety assume that the laws which regulate human nature at present are the same as they have been during the most remote ages. Thus we may expect to arrive at a sound conclusion with regard to their former action by generalising from what we now see, as the geologist reasons concerning ancient changes on the surface of the globe by the help of laws which he finds in operation at the present epoch. It would be difficult to find a better opportunity for studying in their original condition the circumstances which originate a

* Blackstone's Commentaries, fifteenth edit. book iv. c. xii.

† *Wealth of Nations*, edit. 1793, book i. chap. viii. pp. 101—103.

‡ Blackstone's Commentaries, book iv. chap. x. p. 221, note. Compare *Wealth of Nations*, book i. p. 101. Smith considered that the law as then existing did not hinder the combination of employers; only those of workmen.

§ 5 Geo. iv. c. 95.

|| See an allusion to this in Question 2694 of the evidence taken before the Trades' Union Commissioners.

first attempt to combine, among workmen, than is at present offered by a little village in Derbyshire, called Church Gresley. The place is in a mining district, and the colliers who inhabit it are little removed from barbarism. They have hitherto worked from eleven to fourteen hours a day in the coal-mines, which are very numerous in that part of the country. A few weeks ago they formed a union for the first time, and we are given to understand that their immediate motive in so doing was a wish to shorten their hours of labour. Coupled with this was the belief that their request could be conceded without diminishing unfairly the returns upon the capital employed in mining, on account of the increase which has lately taken place in the profits of the employers. In fact, the combination may be said to have arisen from a spirit of discontent on the part of the colliers with their position, together with the dawn of knowledge among them, showing the possibility of improving it. These two forces by their action on one another always produce, sooner or later, a spirit of progress, to which all human advancement is due. In the case before us, it naturally took the form of a desire for shorter hours of labour, because without that preliminary step further improvement was evidently unattainable.

It is needless to multiply instances, for the same causes have originated nearly every trades' union of which the commencement is traceable. And since, as was before stated, there is no reason to suppose that the action of the mental laws has ever varied, we may fearlessly conclude that the same forces caused the constant attempts to combine with which past ages dealt so severely. Nor is it difficult to understand why the spirit of progress, when first generated among workmen, should invariably take the form of combination. The reasons for this are two, of which the first has reference to man's mental nature, the other to the position of the employed with reference to their employers. It is, in the first place, well known that men in an uncivilised condition have a great tendency both to act and to think in masses. They are unable to resolve singly on the course to be pursued under given circumstances, but naturally seek advice on every side, and act collectively. In the realm of thought a similar rule prevails. All history teaches that in backward conditions of society identical views and opinions on the most trivial subjects and the most important ones are prevalent among immense numbers of people. Any departure from established methods of thought is treated as criminal, and no attention is paid to those differences which, whether physiological or mental, render it almost impossible that, under circumstances favourable to the growth of individuality, any two people should think exactly alike on any given subject. It is one of the principal offices of civilisation to teach self-dependence, and to develop personal character. And its highest form is that in which the passions, capacities, and powers of the individual have the most scope for expansion, consistently with a due regard for the welfare of the community. Now the majority of the working classes even in this age, and certainly in former centuries, have always been in a backward state of civilisation. It would therefore follow from the law which has been just stated that, if a spirit of progress were widely spread amongst them, the actions directly resulting from its influence would be performed by them in combined masses.

Another reason why this should be the case may be deduced from a

view of the relations between employer and employed. If the latter want fresh privileges, or an increase in those which they possess, their desire is only attainable by the acquiescence of the former. This may be refused, and, singly, an individual workman has no power to force the will of an individual employer. But, by combination, the operatives can exercise a powerful pressure upon him, and by this means they may not unfrequently obtain their wishes when otherwise they could not do so. This cause also would tend to make them combine in order to give effect to their first aspirations after improvement. We have now seen that a spirit of progress, when generated among working classes, is forced into the channel of combination by the operation of two natural laws, which have doubtless acted unchangeably from the most remote antiquity. We have also seen that this, its first outward manifestation, has in all ages been kept down by repressive enactments, which have therefore hindered it from proceeding in the natural course of its further development. By these considerations the almost stationary condition of the working classes during so many ages is thoroughly accounted for. From the foregoing reasoning it may also be inferred, that the government which existed in 1824 was undoubtedly wise in yielding to the spirit of the times by annulling the combination laws. Not only did they, as we have seen, fetter the spirit of progress among the lower classes, but they were quite inconsistent with personal freedom. For it must always be a recognised principle of individual liberty, that every workman should be free to sell his labour, or not to do so, as may suit his wishes. It has been already shown, that any desire on the part of operatives to improve their position, whether by obtaining higher wages or in any other way, must necessarily take the form of combination. It, therefore, follows that to debar them from this is, in fact, to take from them the power of determining what price they will accept for their labour.

Nor are combinations among workmen to be reprobated from a moral point of view. Any number of men have a right to form themselves into a society for the purpose of promoting their own interests, and to bind themselves by such rules as they think fit, enforcing observance of them on members by means of fines.* The only limitations to this right are, that no persecution, physical or moral, should be used to induce others to join the association, and that every one should be free to leave when he pleases, without incurring annoyance as a result. The central principle of unionism is, therefore, the strictly natural result of the development of a spirit of progress among the working classes, and is in no way morally reprehensible.

We have next to observe what objects the societies, in which it is carried out, habitually propose to themselves, and the means which they adopt to attain them, now that, for the first time in the world's history, they have been rendered legal. We shall thus, perhaps, discover the position which the system occupies, and the function which it has to fulfil as regards other forms of industrial combination and the social fabric at large. The objects for which trades' unions are ostensibly formed may be divided into two classes. The first, and that which is at present of pre-

* See Fawcett's *Econ. Pos. of Brit. Labourer*, p. 197.

eminent importance in the minds of most unionists, has reference entirely to trade. In order to effect the ends which are comprised in it, trade rules are enacted which all members of the union are compelled to observe. Of these it is at present sufficient to say, that their tendency is for the most part unmixedly bad, and that they are generally injurious to the very trade which they profess to serve. Nevertheless, it is by no means surprising that they should be enforced; for they are the natural manifestations which arise from the action of the spirit of progress on ignorant minds. Similarly, the outrages and crimes which have disgraced unionism in the eyes of most people are the inevitable consequences of the operation of this great force on barbarous and unenlightened natures. It is melancholy that so noble an agency should produce such effects under any circumstances whatever. But there is no law of human nature more sure than that, when it acts on the mind without the presence of an amount of knowledge sufficient to direct its operation, it will, by arousing the selfish motives, produce attempts at progress which are more injurious than anything, save lethargy. And, for a like reason, its action on a debased heart will assuredly result in crime.

The second class of objects to which trades' unions devote attention regard the interests of the workman considered as an individual. From this point of view a union assumes somewhat the appearance of a benefit society. Its scope is, however, wider than that of an ordinary provident association, as in many ways it tends directly to the moral and intellectual elevation of the workman. In one instance also, and possibly in more, steps have been taken for the establishment of a complete system of education among children. It therefore appears, that of the two classes into which we have divided the objects which trades' unions endeavour to attain, the first are, at least, of very questionable utility, while the second are of great and ever-increasing importance to the working classes. We may, therefore, fix on the latter as being the true function which the system has to perform. And it is easy to predicate the average degree of intelligence prevailing among any given number of unions by noting the importance which has been attained by that department of the system which concerns the education and relief of the individual, as compared with that which busies itself about trade rules and customs certain to be overthrown by the spread of knowledge. It seems very probable that this will form an indication which will guide the future historian in his estimate of the gradual spread of intelligence among the working classes. A deep and tragic interest is lent to the rise of these great associations by the fact that, in accordance with a law of almost universal operation, the majority of their supporters fail to comprehend the true use and purpose of the system which they uphold. It is in the highest degree pathetic to observe the amount of well-intentioned energy which is lavished on puny attempts to control those vast agencies which are carrying the human race slowly forward to an unknown goal, while really important ends work themselves out slowly and in comparative neglect. We may expect that the gradual spread of knowledge among the workmen will soon make them look with ridicule on many things which they now consider worthy of the greatest attention. But in any case it is certain that posterity will remember with derision such futile attempts as

those which are now rife to fetter the wings of commerce, reserving applause for the few who have perceived the position which this system is destined to fill in the social fabric.

In order to show more clearly the functions really performed by unionism, we shall now briefly examine a few of the objects which its supporters endeavour to attain with reference to trade. In the first place, it will be necessary to analyse the causes of strikes, inquiring how far the latter may be considered justifiable, and whether, under any combination of circumstances, they can possibly be beneficial. From this we shall naturally be led to discuss the evils of which they are the proximate cause, and the principal trade rules which unionists attempt to enforce. Having shown the injurious tendency of the latter, and the results which ultimately arise from the discontent generated by the antagonism between employer and employed, we shall next consider that part of unionism which has reference to the workman as an individual, with a view to show the education given to his various faculties, both directly and indirectly, by connexion with it. We shall then speculate concerning the operation of the system generally on the working class. Considered theoretically, we shall find that it would tend to generate capacity for participating in higher forms of association and fitness for greater responsibilities, together with weariness of the present state of things and an eager longing for further progress. And we shall see that these forces would, presumably, manifest themselves in the gradual appearance of new kinds of combination, which would remove the existing causes of discontent, and bring into full use the training given to the faculties by unionism. Turning then to the history of copartnership and co-operation, we shall show the method of their genesis and their connexion with trades' unionism. We shall consider the relations which they bear to one another, tracing the functions which the former evidently fulfils with regard to the latter, and which both perform with reference to the future development of civilisation among the working classes. From this reasoning it will become apparent that the principal forms of industrial combination, far from being isolated through co-existent phenomena, are natural and successive manifestations of the spirit of progress when generated among working men. And, finally, we shall be able to predict the probable path by which civilisation will advance among the operatives during the next few generations, and to infer the folly of re-enacting combination laws from the manner in which they have already retarded its growth.

In considering the proximate causes of strikes, we find that the principal ones are two in number, namely, a desire for higher wages, whether expressed in a demand for more money or shorter hours of labour; and, secondly, a determination to enforce some trade rule or custom which has been violated by an employer. Of these two principal divisions we will at present disregard the second, and proceed to inquire whether the first is practicable by any means which it may be within the power of the unions to employ. Theoretically, the rate of wages depends on the supply of labour, as compared with the demand. This being a natural law, equally invariable in its action with that of gravity, it would appear as if no efforts made by any class of men could possibly alter its effect. But this law is, like those of the mechanical world, liable to great modi-

fications in practice. In order that it should act perfectly, it requires that all employers should be independent of one another, and, in case of an increased demand for labour, should compete for it, thereby increasing the rate of wages. But practically this does not in general take place, the operation of the great controlling law of supply and demand being interfered with constantly by that of the minor ones which regulate human nature. Every one who has ever lived in the country knows how unpopular a farmer would become in his neighbourhood who should offer higher wages to labourers than those which are customary in the district. Indeed there is, under such circumstances, literally no competition. Most farmers are short of hands, both at haymaking-time and at harvest; but he would be a bold man who should venture to bid for them against the employers of agricultural labour near him. The rate of wages, therefore, even in this extreme case, is not raised nearly so much as it ought to be if the laws of competition held good. There should, doubtless, be a competition between different districts, where different rates of wages are current. But this does not take effect, because the circulation of labour, theoretically free, is hindered by practical difficulties, such as distance, poverty on the part of the labourer, ignorance that better wages are to be gained elsewhere, and other obstacles of the same kind. What we have shown to be true in the case of agricultural districts is said to hold good also in those where large manufactures are carried on,* even when regular combinations have not been formed by employers, in opposition to trades' unions, for the purpose of keeping down the rate of wages. Since, then, it is the case that in certain trades unpopularity is incurred by offering higher wages than those which are current in the neighbourhood, and that consequently such a course is not generally pursued, it follows that, as was previously asserted, the local effect of the great laws of competition is almost entirely annulled by the operation of minor causes. Theoretically this evil should remedy itself, for labour would naturally be attracted to other districts where higher wages are being given. Then the want of it being felt in the former place, the minor laws which influence local competition would be unable to restrain the operation of the more general one, and wages would rise there also. But secondary causes interfere, as has been already shown, by trammelling the free circulation of labour. It occasionally happens that these minor laws are in turn modified by the action of a central trade association, which takes men to places where their labour is in demand, and pays the expense of the transit, being in such cases a compensating force of the highest value.† But this is of rare occurrence. The usual course which operatives pursue, when they think it right to demand an increase of wages, is to refuse to sell their labour for the price which the employers offer; that is, to strike work. This they are, undoubtedly, free to do, and it is difficult to say what other means they could find to supply the place of laws which, so far as they are concerned, have ceased to exist. Under such circumstances the employers will, most likely, find it more convenient to grant their demand—if the latter be

* See some good remarks by Prof. Fawcett, *Econ. Pos. of Brit. Lab.*, p. 172, *et seq.*

† See the evidence of Mr. Applegarth before the Trades' Union Commissioners.

reasonable—than to have their works stopped during the increase of trade which has given rise to it.

Theoretically, a supply of labour should be attracted to satisfy the sudden demand occasioned by the strike. But the minor laws, which hinder its free circulation, are not less severe on employers than on employed. It happens generally, therefore, that the original parties to the dispute come to a settlement as they best can, without extraneous interference. We see therefore that, owing to an abnormal condition of tacit association among employers, together with various inevitable impediments to the circulation of labour, a strike may have a beneficial effect in a case where the concession demanded is reasonable. When, on the other hand, the demand is, through the ignorance of those who make it, such as cannot possibly be granted by the employer, the strike in consequence is fraught with results which are sad to the last degree. The operatives are of course brought to great poverty and consequent misery, while trade is stopped entirely for the time, to the great loss of all concerned. But the worst effects are those which do not at once make themselves felt. One is the gradual withdrawal of capital from the business, leading to a future reduction in the demand for labour, and consequently in wages. The other, which is the more distressing, is the mutual distrust and jealousy thus generated between employers and employed. The restless discontent which arises from these bitter feelings finds, however, in the end a very important use, as we shall presently see. It is evident that the power of striking places a very formidable weapon in the hands of workmen, and from what has been above said we must conclude that it may at times be wielded with useful effect. But the direction of a trades' union is not always in the hands of men who are competent to form a correct opinion as to whether the state of trade at a given time justifies a demand for an advance of wages. Consequently this tremendous engine is sometimes set in motion* "at hap-hazard." In such cases the conflict is obstinate, and the results necessarily disastrous to the operatives, though it may be doubted whether the success of a strike for an unreasonable demand be not in the end a greater misfortune even to them than the suffering consequent on its failure.

* See the evidence of Mr. W. Macdonald before the Trades' Union Commissioners, Ques. 2424.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BRIGANDAGE IN THE PONTIFICAL STATES.*

THE system of robbery and kidnapping known as brigandage—a word which in its olden sense applied chiefly to the produce of robbery, but which in its modern sense has a much wider signification—is said to have had its origin, in as far as regards the Pontifical States, in the overthrow of social institutions by the French Revolution. As is the case everywhere when liberty or license come into the foreground, the enfranchisement, as it was termed, of North Italy by General Bonaparte, having led to a general uprising throughout the peninsula, several parties surged to the surface in the Roman States, but these merged into two great divisions, the Papal and the Republican.

These two great parties were in appearance not only opposed to one another, but placed on an utterly different basis. But such is not the case, nor ever has been the case, where Rome is concerned. It is true that while the first party pretended to defend the rights of the throne, the other announced that the era of tyranny had expired in Italy, and was for ever replaced by that of liberty! But when one day the republican party planted the tree of liberty in one spot, and pillaged the houses of the priests, whom they declared then, as now, to be enemies to the wishes of the Italians, next day the papal party arrived, cut down the tree, and pillaged the houses of the more wealthy classes under the pretext that they were Jacobins. In reality, then, both parties resembled one another, and each had the same object in view—that of enriching themselves and avenging themselves upon their private enemies without troubling themselves, in the slightest degree, with the common welfare. Both alike committed many murders, and both alike became equally odious to the middle classes, who generally remain in the minority, or in the background, in times of revolution.

At length the French came a second time, and Napoleon Bonaparte, who did not recognise that temporal power of the Pope by which his nephew holds so tenaciously, invaded Rome and Naples. The town of Terracina having ventured to oppose the progress of the French, a bandit chief, Barnabo by name, who had charge of one of the gates, offered to open it, upon the condition that the safety of himself and his band were ensured. The general promised, but Terracina having fallen, and its citizens having been massacred, Barnabo and his followers were arrested

* *Le Brigandage dans les Etats Pontificaux. Mémoires de Gasbaroni rédigés, par Pierre Masi, traduits par un officier d'état-major de la division d'occupation à Rome. Paris: E. Dentu.*

and put to death, to the number of twenty-four, without any form of trial, whilst their bodies were cast into a common sewer.

Napoleon had no sympathy for Italian brigands. No mercy was shown to them, and everything that could be done to eradicate this territorial plague was carried out. It was, however, in vain. The papal brigands and the republican brigands having been obliged, in many instances, to refund their ill-gotten gains, the more resolute and courageous among them united together, irrespective of parties, to form more or less numerous bands, and to carry on the congenial avocation of kidnappers and assassins.

One of the most famous of these bandit chiefs at that epoch was Giovanni Rita, who had established his head-quarters in a forest on the mountain of Sezza. He was surrounded by an armed force in 1809, but even then would have effected his escape only for his wife, who was in a cavern, the entrance to which he defended until he had killed or wounded eighteen of his assailants, when he fell from a shot in the thigh. The wily brigand then called Capucci, the leader of his assailants, to put an end to his sufferings. The latter, however, sent one of the sbirri, whom he shot dead with his pistol. The others then ran up and cut off his head, making his wife comb the tangled locks before it was carried in triumph to Frosinone. "I shall be quite willing to do that honour to my husband," said this wife of a bandit chief. "You cannot boast of having killed him, whilst if you count your flock you will find many missing." Maria Elelta, as this she-bandit was called, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, but she was liberated on the return of Pius VII. from France.

Napoleon was determined to put a stop to the abomination if possible, but the measures which he adopted with that view were more energetic than effective. All the relatives of brigands, even to the second degree, were arrested, and transported to Corsica, Elba, or Sardinia. Whoever did not give notice of the presence of bandits was liable to the penalty of death. Finally, by a law known as the *Ristretta*, all cattle of every description—cows, oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs—were placed at night-time within walled precincts, guarded by armed men. No one was even allowed to remove food from their premises under pain of death. The bandits fared well not the less, whilst the herds were decimated by disease and starvation. The transportation of relatives gave rise not only to the most painful and distressing scenes, but the brigands retaliated with increased desperation. They were headed by one Pascal Jambucci, who was surnamed "the madman of Valle Corsa." This daring bandit got possession of the person of the sous-préfet of Frosinone when travelling with an escort of dragoons, and, conducting him to his lair, made such an exhibition of bread, wine, cheese, hams, tongues, and other comestibles as to fully satisfy the préfet of the inutility of the law of *Ristretta*. He then set the functionary at liberty without exacting a ransom, and the préfet was so grateful that he annulled the law, and set many of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; but he had all the forests which bordered the highways cleared for a depth of a hundred yards.

The brigands were not always so successful. Three of them got into a window on the third story of the château of a Signore Salvatori, five or six miles south of Frosinone, by means of ladders. A servant overheard

them, watched through a keyhole, and when they struck a light he fired, and shot the leader, one Mangiafichi. The robbers decamped, carrying away the body, which they placed on an ass, and removing both to the forest of Siserno, they buried the bandit and the donkey in the same grave—in order that the latter should tell no tales. The precautions which they took were, indeed, as refined as the persecutions to which they were subjected were inveterate. The organisation of the band was most strict. No one was admitted to the brotherhood save the strong, the healthy, and the courageous, and all who had friends or relatives suspected of being favourable to peace and order were at once rejected. A novice was not admitted unless he had previously committed one or more murders. If accepted, he was supplied with arms gratuitously, but to be afterwards accounted for. The day was passed in the mountain forests, all marches being undertaken at night, and in the most perfect silence. The chief marched first. If a house, a ford, or a bridge had to be crossed, the chief got hold of a peasant, went over first with his prisoner, and if the latter did not give notice of the presence of danger, he was at once put to death. The night was spent in kidnapping or in the robbery of booty and provisions, the peasants contributing the latter to save the first, and by break of day they withdrew to the woods, placing sentinels whilst the others slept. If any peasants, men or women, came accidentally upon their lair when engaged in cutting wood, they were detained till night—neither to the satisfaction nor the welfare of the latter. Booty upon a larger scale was obtained by sacking country-houses and mansions, or by stopping conveyances on the highway. Prisoners were uniformly removed to the mountain, and a ransom demanded. The peasantry were obliged to carry out the necessary negotiations to obtain payment of the ransom under penalty of death, and if the money was not forthcoming, first the ears and then the nose of the unfortunate prisoner were sent to their relatives to stir up their charity. No great undertaking was entered upon without the consent of a majority of the band. A sick or wounded man was left in a hut, and the band removed to carry on its depredations to some distant spot, in order to divert the attention of the authorities. The life of a bandit was so conducive to health, that few, however, ever fell sick, and only two—Luigi d'Angelis de Fondi and Luigi Palombi de Vallecorsa—are known to have died a natural death in a quarter of a century.

The brigands of Italy have further even had friends not only in the country but in the towns and cities. This will be easily understood when we consider the character of partisanship which they always give to their infamous practices. They have their armourers, their tailors, their shoemakers, and other tradesmen in the towns, and they are paid out of the profits of their booty. They have also their receivers, and the peasants are employed as commissioners. The town friends are only known to the chief. Even persons in authority, who have rural property, or flocks or herds, are obliged to cultivate the friendship, or, at the least, to wink at their malpractices if they wish to preserve their property.

The wife of a brigand, for example, had been put to death under the Ristretta, by the mayor of San-Stefano. The husband set the townspeople to watch, and learned when he was going to Frosinone. Placing himself on the way, he shot him, although he was protected by an armed

escort. Jambucci, upon one occasion, carried off the Cavaliere Magistris from the town of Sezza, and only delivered him up for a ransom of five thousand golden crowns. In 1813, Monsignore Ugolini (recently deceased) was seized in his carriage, and as some difficulty was experienced in removing a valuable ring from his finger, it was cut off. Gaetano, surnamed the Calabrais, having made prisoners of the brothers Giuliani, in their palace at Rocca-Secca-di-Piperno, he not only exacted a ransom, but put them both to death. This, which was deemed to be a cowardly act, even among brigands, excited the indignation of the whole country, for the brothers were renowned for their many charitable acts. In cases like these the prisoners were generally betrayed by their own servants, or by persons living on the premises, and who counselled extreme measures, from reasons of private enmity, or to secure themselves from detection.

In the same year, a young man of good family, Vincenzo Panici, having, with the assistance of four others, murdered a priest, took refuge among the bandits. The latter told him they would receive his friends, but they could not trust him, and they should put him to death. In order to propitiate the brigands, he went off with his four companions, took up a position on the Appian way, and carried off the Princess of Etruria and her daughter, whom they grossly maltreated. This done, they went back to the brigands, who received them with a volley which broke Panici's shoulder. Panici then withdrew to his palace at San Lorenzo, but he was arrested by Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, put to death upon the spot where he had outraged the princess, and his head exposed in an iron cage on the walls of the Torre-tre-Ponti.

Napoleon having fallen before the allied powers in 1814, Pius VII. was restored to temporal power, and brigandage being "the eldest brother of revolution," the bandits were amnestied, Jambucci taking up his quarters at Vallecorsa, Decinno at Sezza, and the Calabrese Gaetano at Sonnino. But a quiet life no longer suited those who had tasted of the freedom of the mountain. Quarrels arose about some of the relatives of the bandit who had not been restored to their homes, and these attained to such a pitch that on Holy Thursday, 1814, Jambucci and his comrades massacred the mayor, Giovanni de Rossi, his wife, and servant, and all those who had occupied positions of authority under the Emperor Napoleon. Thirteen persons fell beneath the daggers of the assassins, who then took to the woods.*

Antonio Gasbaroni, the most celebrated of all the brigands of the Papal States, was born at Sonnino in 1793. He was, as a boy, nothing but a common cowherd. His humble position did not, however, prevent his falling in love with a girl of rare beauty. But Gasbaroni had a brother named Gennaro, as also a brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, who

* Murat, or Joachim Napoleon, when King of Naples, enacted very severe laws against bandits, whom he treated as enemies of the public. Alison and other historians have placed on record that the "beau sabreur" was shot in accordance with a law which he had himself enacted. But it was a law enacted against bandits, not against political offenders. The French were unable to distinguish men hung for assassinating a police constable from political offenders, and the Italians are sometimes unable to distinguish between political offenders and brigands.

had wedded his sister Guistina, and who had both joined the brigands to avoid conscription. They had returned to their native place—Sonnino—under the amnesty of the Pope in 1814, but the father of the young girl refused to give his daughter in marriage to a man who belonged to a family of brigands. The brother went so far as to threaten him with death if he attempted to prosecute his suit. Gasbaroni at once drew his dagger, and killed the young man beneath the window of his beloved. Such was the first crime committed by Gasbaroni, and all the rest may be said to have flowed from it. We have seen that, in 1814, all the brigands of the Papal States having been amnestied by Pius VII., had returned to their homes till the outbreak of Jambucci. It was not so, however, with the brigands of the kingdom of Naples, who were anxiously awaiting the restoration of Ferdinand I. to obtain the same favour. Gasbaroni having outlawed himself by the crime of murder, had no papal band with whom to seek refuge, so he joined that which still held together on the Neapolitan territory under Domenico the Calabrese. This Domenico, brother to Gaetano and Pietro, surnamed the Calabrese brothers, of the pontifical bands, was a rough, uncultivated, and licentious brute, who ruled with the stick, was exceedingly avaricious, and ungrateful to the peasants who lent him their aid. Five other youths having joined the band from the Pontifical States, among whom Alessandro Massaroni, as daring and enterprising as Gasbaroni himself, they agreed to separate themselves from a chief of so repulsive a character, and to constitute a band of themselves, and they selected Gasbaroni as their head. Thus it happened that the latter had not been a bandit many months before he became the chief of the only band of brigands at that time existing in the Papal States. The Calabrese had vowed destruction to him and his band as deserters, but he was shortly afterwards betrayed by a peasant, Marzo by name, whose wife he had outraged, and who seduced him and seventeen of his followers to a château near Fondi, under promise of plunder, plied them with wine, and then had the place surrounded by an armed force whilst in their orgies. Several were slain in a vain attempt to escape, but Domenico and others were captured and taken to Capua, where they were put to death. Marzo did not, however, escape the revenge of the bandits, who shot him eight years afterwards, when he ventured to return to his own country.

The other brigands who had been amnestied got on no better than Jambucci. Gaetano, who had turned butcher at Sonnino, used to pay for his beasts with blows of a stick, and woe to those who ventured to complain. Decinnove contented himself with simply levying contributions in money from the inhabitants of Sezza, whither he had retired; this, although these amnestied brigands were actually supplied with sufficient means to procure a livelihood by the pontifical authorities. When the Austrians occupied the country in 1815, all the Neapolitan and Papal brigands were once more amnestied, and Gasbaroni and his band left the mountains to assist in supplying the Austrians, who were besieging the fortress of Gaëta, held by Joachim Murat, with provisions. He is said to have even paid a visit to the British fleet during this brief epoch of a recognised existence. But after the fall of Gaëta, reports were current that the pontifical authorities would not abide by the amnesty tendered by General Bianchi; so Gasbaroni had no alternative

left to him but to gather together his little troop, and take once more to the mountains. Other reasons, probably, guided Gasbaroni in this determination. In order to assist in the supply of the Austrians, he had devastated the rural property of the Patrizi's near Itri—a family of such strong Jacobin tendencies, that as far back as 1799 they had organised a band in search of the royalist freebooter *Fra Diavolo*. He had, therefore, the hostility of many powerful families, who were opposed to the Bourbons, to encounter upon the withdrawal of the Austrians. Gasbaroni, although not of an avaricious disposition, but, on the contrary, exceedingly free with his money was—like most strong, hardy men, with sanguinary and lustful instincts, kept under little or no control—exceedingly partial to the fair sex. It is, therefore, probable that he felt that he could give a freer vent to the worst impulses of his nature as an outlaw than as a dweller in cities, and subject to the pains and penalties incurred by open infractions of the rules of rectitude and morality.

Love had been the cause of his first becoming a bandit, and love was the cause of his final incarceration. His passion for the fair sex had left him penniless at the end of all his exertions to provision the army of Gaëta; so no sooner had he taken to the open country, than he seized upon the person of a wealthy priest, who dwelt in the village of Campo di Miele, and from whom he exacted a ransom of two thousand crowns.

At this epoch—the last months of 1814—the pontifical government had issued edicts promising a reward of fifty crowns to whoever should kill a brigand chief, and twenty-five for every bandit slain. An amnesty was also promised to any bandit who should bring in the head of a comrade to Frosinone. To the infinite amusement of the brigands, the bells of the churches were also ordered to be rung whenever they were supposed to be in the neighbourhood, to call the population to arms. Nothing answered their purpose better than letting them know that their presence had been discovered. The band of Gasbaroni received continued reinforcements notwithstanding all these edicts, and, curiously enough, one of the origins of this predilection for a life of outlawry lay in a municipal proclamation against long hair and ribands in the hat—decorations attributed peculiarly to brigands, but common to most of the peasantry. One of the bravest of Gasbaroni's recruits—Decesaris of Prossedi—joined the band because he had shot the provost of that place for having insulted him by pulling his long locks. Ugolini, Bishop of Frosinone, had also issued an edict to arrest all those who had been amnestied by the Austrians, which caused many to take to the open country; whilst others, who had persevered in their faith in government, were arrested, and among them, Jambucci, Gaëtano, and Decinnove; and the latter, having attempted to escape, he was shot by the gendarmes. Among others who had married and led a life of quietude for many years, and who were forced to take to the forest by the new edict, was Louis Masocco, a veteran bandit of such proved courage and well-known experience, that Gasbaroni felt himself called upon to resign his chieftainship of the band in his favour.

This was in the month of March, 1816. It was at this epoch that Gasbaroni received his first wound. A capture had been made, the ransom asked, and a messenger sent to bring it to the hut of a charcoal-burner in the mountain. The gendarmes caught the messenger, obliged

him to reveal the spots where the bandits awaited him, under a free administration of the stick, and posted themselves in the hut. The brigands, on coming down from the mountain, suspected something wrong from no charcoal-burners being about; but Gasbaroni volunteered to approach by himself. He was received by a volley which laid him, to all appearance, dead on the ground. The gendarmes then rushed forth to cut off his head; but Masocco hurried forward at the same moment with all his band. The brigadier and two gendarmes were killed, and the rest fled, leaving behind them swords, cloaks, and hats, as also the ransom. Gasbaroni, who was shot through the body, was removed to Monticello di Fondi, where, thanks to youth, a vigorous constitution, and the skill of a well-paid professional, he ultimately recovered, but he never afterwards walked so upright as he did before his wound.

The reward promised for the head of a brigand—a reward for treachery, as Bishop Fenelon long ago remarked, unworthy of a secular government, and still more so of a sovereign who is at the same time the head of the Catholic Church—induced four gendarmes to simulate an attack upon a carriage in order to be admitted into the brotherhood. Disturbed by other gendarmes, they had to separate; Gasbaroni met one, and killing him, he cast his body into a cavern in the mountain of Terracina; the other three were put to death by Massaroni's band. This effectually cured the gendarmerie of attempts at treachery.

But not so with the bands themselves, where the promised rewards did not fail to beget traitors. There were in Masocco's band two brothers named Usecca, and two others named Monacelli. One of the Monacelli being ill, an Usecca was left in charge of him. The latter killed the sick man, and carried his head to Frosinone, where he received the promised reward and was admitted into the gendarmerie. The brother of Monacelli insisted, in consequence, that the brother of Usecca, who remained with the band, should be put to death; and Masocco was obliged to permit the sacrifice of another bandit as an expiatory victim for the treachery of his brother.

Gasbaroni's brother, Gennaro, and his brother-in-law, Angelo de Paolis, were, we have observed, kept in confinement. Gasbaroni resolved upon setting them at liberty. To effect this, he, with Masocco's consent, separated himself from the band, and gave currency to a report that he had quarrelled with his chief, and was determined to take his life. This coming to the ears of the Bishop of Frosinone, he offered Gennaro and Angelo their liberty, if they would join Gasbaroni, and together slay the terrible Masocco. They agreed; but once free, they killed the gendarme who had first arrested them, and then hastened to Masocco, not to kill him, but to reinforce the band. Never was a bishop more signally duped. The authorities and the bandits were, indeed, perpetually at cross purposes. The same year (1816) an universal amnesty was proclaimed. All the bands were to assemble at Vallecorsa, to be emancipated by the authorities. Masocco was there with the rest, but, mistrustful of the loyalty of a priestly government, only Gasbaroni and Massaroni presented themselves as delegates of the band within the walls of the town. The authorities, who only intended to dupe the bandits, were enraged that Masocco and all his band had not fallen into the trap. They were especially annoyed that one Varoni, a bandit of especial

renown for his ferocity, was not at least one of the delegates. Gasbaroni and Massaroni found in this the means of extricating themselves from a most perilous position—for they had been disarmed, and were at the mercy of the authorities. But they said they would go and bring in Varoni, and they were trusted! Masocco laughed heartily when his two lieutenants rejoined the band without their rifles, daggers, and girdles for cartridges, or patroncina, as they called them, to all of which they attached the greatest value, as tried friends, and on which they expended large sums of money. The decoration of Gasbaroni's patroncina alone cost him fifty crowns.

Such cross purposes ead really more like child's play than a struggle for life and liberty between the established authorities and a group of reckless adventurers. Decesaris and fifteen men of his band were foolish enough to accept of the promised amnesty. The consequence was that instead of being allowed to join his family—the boon he sought for in giving himself up—Decesaris found himself condemned to thirty years of galleys. He then swore that he would spare no means of evasion, and if he could only succeed, he would for the future renounce all belief in amnesties; nor was he long in finding an opportunity for carrying his oath into effect.

The French had introduced the Ristretta. The pontifical government adopted the same system for starving out the brigands, only they improved upon it in this way, that the cattle and sheep being gathered within the folds of a paternal government, many never found their way out of it. Not being able to capture the men, the authorities also wreaked their vengeance upon the women, one of whom was shot, for a few bullets found in her possession, another because she was detected washing some shirts of a better quality than those usually worn by the peasantry. The shepherds were likewise bastinadoed in every direction, but with no better result than to exasperate the whole country against a cruel and impotent government.

Masocco's band was now divided into three detachments: one under himself, the other two under Massaroni and Gennaro Gasbaroni. Thus divided, yet acting in concert, they killed a spy close to the gates of Vallecorsa, in order to draw out the gendarmes; but they only succeeded in shooting five of the latter. The next day a similar trick was practised at San Lorenzo, where three gendarmes and two belligerent tailors fell before their rifles. The authorities met, indeed, with nothing but bad luck. A squadron of sbirri was sent from Vallecorsa, and another from Sonnino the ensuing night, to surround the convent of San Manno, near Fondi, where the brigands were supposed to have taken refuge. In the dark, and in their terror, one party fired upon the other, and a corporal and three men were killed.

In 1817 Monsignore Pacca set the example of leniency, and gave some of the female relatives of the bandits at liberty; and in 1818 Cardinal Gonsalvi invited Masocco to a conference at Terracina. The bandit chief exacted a hostage for his personal safety, and then presented himself, armed and in full bandit costume, before the cardinal minister and his followers. The bandits, as before observed, take great pride in the richness of their costume and the decoration, as well as efficiency of their arms and accoutrements; and they are always very fond of displaying

these in towns and villages, when they can do so with impunity. In this respect Naples and the Papal States have ever been a kind of Mexico.

Masocco was a very handsome man. Barely thirty years of age, he was tall, strong, and well proportioned. He had a splendid head of dark hair, with beard to match, expressive eyes, and good face and forehead. Not only was he a remarkable man in outward appearance, but he was very intelligent, and could speak well and to the purpose. He had as a youth, indeed, been educated by an estimable priest—his *nominal* uncle. The curiosity excited by the appearance of the renowned chief of bandits at Terracina was great. After a lively discussion, the cardinal succeeded in winning over the bandit to accept an amnesty, the only conditions of which were a year's confinement in the castle of San Angelo, at Rome, where they were to be allowed to see their wives and families. Masocco accepted the conditions, and returned the next day in company with Antonio Gasbaroni, De Paolis, and the rest of the band, and they were at once transported under an escort of dragoons to the Cortile del Oglio, in the castle of San Angelo. Gennaro Gasbaroni and Massaroni, annoyed that the cardinal secretary of state should have only addressed himself to Masocco, took no steps towards obtaining an amnesty; but the band known as that of the *Vellitrains*, who exercised their profession under a certain Barbone, beyond the limits of Frosinone, submitted to the same terms as had been accepted by Masocco.

Guisseppa Decesaris had escaped with three others from the dungeons of Civita Vecchia six months previously. Fortune seems to favour the daring, for not only was their escape almost miraculous, but no sooner out of prison than they stumbled upon a brigade of gendarmes bathing in a river. To seize upon their carbines and accoutrements, and to shoot the unarmed men in the water, was with the bandits the affair of a few minutes. They then made a desperate attempt to secure the person of Cardinal Fesch, uncle to Napoleon, in order to set them up in the world. Unfortunately for them they only captured a French artist in the palace of Frascati, for whose ransom the cardinal had, however, to pay five hundred crowns. This, however, with four thousand crowns derived from the capture of a merchant of the name of Felicetti, gave them a good start. They also made prisoner a certain Count Sylvestris; but as he was fat and infirm, and could not walk as fast as they wished, the wretches put him to death, after they had received five hundred crowns towards his ransom. A peasant had come into the dungeons at Civita Vecchia whilst Decesaris was there, and had grossly insulted him. No sooner free, than he sought him out and cut him to pieces. Decesaris was one of those who refused to accept the proposed amnesty. He had taken an oath to perish in the mountains, arms in hand.

Antonio Gasbaroni was in the mean time a prisoner within the walls of Fort Angelo. De Paolis, who had married his sister Guistina, was also there, with his wife and his own sister Demira. Gasbaroni, not to be alone, married the latter in the chapel of the fort. But if pleasures were to be found in confinement, so were also pains and penalties; for one Francesca Antonelli denounced Gasbaroni and De Paolis as resolved to take to the mountains at the expiration of their sentence. This he did to curry favour with the authorities. The consequence was, that whilst

at the end of the year Antonelli, although his charges had been disproved, was appointed gaoler in one of the prisons of the capital, Gasbaroni was exiled to Cento, on the frontier of Modena, and De Paolis to Comacchi, amid the lagunes of the Adriatic.

As to Masocco, he was appointed lieutenant of sbirri, or archers, in Frosinone. The price of the head of a bandit was at the same time raised to five hundred crowns, and of a chief to a thousand. Masocco devoted himself to his new duties with zeal and honesty, and his intimacy with the habits and lairs of the brigands made all the other officers look up to him. There were at that time only eighteen brigands in the mountains, twelve under Gennaro Gasbaroni, and six with Decesaris and Massaroni; but the persecution of Masocco soon obliged them to act in concert. Masocco having shot one of the brigands, cousin of Gennaro, the latter shot Masocco's sister-in-law, and his brother, in return, murdered Gennaro's child in its cradle. It must be admitted that what was termed brigandage was assuming a very desperate and despicable character.

A commissary, Rotoli by name, was deputed by the secretary of state to aid and abet Masocco, with plenipotentiary powers of amnesty and even pardon. Decesaris and Massaroni turned this very circumstance to the detriment of Masocco. They put themselves into communication with Rotoli, and said they would deliver up the band under Gennaro Gasbaroni, if the commissary would give them the aid of a few sbirri. The latter proposed, as they expected, the assistance of Masocco. It was in vain that the latter represented that the whole thing was a plot, and that it would cost him his life, the commissary insisted. He then, accompanied by Masocco, went forth from Prossedi on the night of the 15th of August to an olive-grove on the mountain. They were followed at a distance by five gendarmes, relatives of Masocco's. The commissary and Masocco, having entered the wood, found there Decesaris and Massaroni. Decesaris took the commissary aside as if to speak with him, whilst Massaroni entered into conversation with Masocco. At the same moment one of the band, Luigi d'Angelo, shot the chief in the side, another brigand, Panni, rushing forward to secure his double-barrelled rifle. This cost him his life; for the gendarmes, perceiving the act of treachery, discharged their carbines on the group, killing Panni, and at the same time mortally wounding the unfortunate commissary. This tragedy was followed by another still more lugubrious. The lieutenant of sbirri, Pietro Avarini, enraged at the death of Rotoli and Masocco, had all the relations of Decesaris and of Vittori, including their wives and children, altogether thirteen in number, old men, women, girls, and children, arrested and massacred, without trial or form of trial. No wonder that brigandage flourished when the sbirri were no better than the bandits!

The rage and exasperation of Decesaris and of Vittori, when they learnt how cruelly their wives and children had been treated, may be imagined. In the first burst of their fury they went the same night, burnt the cottages of all their relatives, and slaughtered the cattle and sheep and all living things. They then set fire to the house of the governor of Prossedi, and put five peasants to death. For some days not a night passed but one or more of the inhabitants of the place fell

victims to their sanguinary and insensate rage, merely because they had done nothing to save their families from immolation. At length Massaroni, ashamed of the brutality of his colleague, got him away from the scene of massacre into the Neapolitan territory. On the way he thought that he recognised one of the officials who had been concerned in the outrage upon his children, and who was escorted by *sbirri*; but Decesaris never hesitated; alone he attacked the travellers, wounding some, and putting the rest of the escort to flight. As to the official himself, he is said not only to have slain him, but to have devoured his heart. Let us hope, for the sake of human nature, that this is a popular exaggeration; but the tradition that he devoured human flesh remained for ever afterwards attached to the name of Decesaris.

Long habit of brigandage not only placed the bandits of the Pontifical States in a peculiar and anomalous position with regard to the authorities, but they themselves cherished the most erroneous and perverted ideas as to the nature of their avocations. Almost all took a pride in what they considered to be indications of intelligence, courage, and heroism, overlooking the horrible atrocities of robbery, plunder, and murder. When these atrocities were made to assume the character of a political partisanship, it only made matters worse. It was just like Fenianism in this country. The Fenians may shoot policemen, blow up or set fire to prisons and public and private buildings, murder and outrage all who are obnoxious to them, and if the guilt is brought home to them, the penalties of the law are tempered by mercy, whilst others may both openly palliate crime, preach disorder, and give themselves up to all kinds of treasonable language, without any notice being taken of them. Nay, there are some in high places who are ready to aver that no outrages can be punished till real or imaginary grievances are removed. The bandits of the Roman States had, as we have seen, their grievances also. But to defend their malpractices on account of their grievances, as was done by some in the Papal States, only attested the same disorganisation of the moral sense, as is to be found among the humanitarians of our own country in the present day.

The time of retribution, however, invariably comes, and neither indifference, perversity, or political animosities can long shield culprits from a deserved fate. Massaroni was one day leaning against a tree, humming a song, when he received a ball in the abdomen. He was removed by his comrades, and recovered after an illness which lasted a whole year. Decesaris was also shot in the month of March, 1820, in the very olive-wood on the side of the mountain of Prossedi, where Masocco had fallen. Two gendarmes had got notice of his whereabouts, and lay in ambuscade. He was walking quietly along, when four barrels were almost simultaneously discharged at him from a distance of a few paces, and the much-dreaded bandit lay a corpse at their feet. Three thousand crowns had been put upon his head, which was carried in triumph into the town; but, as usual, many were to be found who pitied the fate and regretted the death of the ferocious bandit.

Antonio Gasbaroni was, in the mean time, leading a pleasant life enough at Cento, in the Romagna. He was lodged with his wife in an hostelry, and allowed thirty sous a day. A son had been born to him during this interval of repose. A great drawback to his happiness pre-

sented itself, however, in the contempt with which he and his wife were treated. The good people of Romagna could not appreciate the heroism of a bandit, and they only wondered that he was not hung instead of being pensioned off upon nine crowns a year. As to De Paolis, all he did at Comacchio was to gamble in public-houses. At length, the body of a fisherman who was known to have won money from the ex-bandit having been found in the town-ditch, he was removed to Ferrara. Here he established relations with another bandit, Pietro Rinaldi by name, and, purchasing guns and accoutrements, they started for Cento, where they appear to have experienced little difficulty in inducing Gasbaroni to join them.

This was on the 20th of August, 1820, and it was thus that these incorrigible rogues abandoned their wives and families, for Paolis had four children, and gave up a protected and pensioned existence to take once more to the mountains. The small band resolved to make its way by Tuscany to the Papal States. But arrived at Bologna, they found that the news of their evasion had spread over the country, and so sharp was the look out, that Gasbaroni, being more indifferent to comfort than his companions, set off by himself, keeping to the woods and mountains till he arrived at the forest of Carpineto, in Frosinone. As to Paolis and Rinaldi, they were less fortunate. Having stumbled on their way on a carriage in which was the Countess Mariscotti, Paolis fired at the coachman, and missing him, killed the countess. For this the two bandits were arrested, and the heads of both were cut off on the place of Bologna. Paolis ascended the scaffold smoking a cigar, but Rinaldi was far from manifesting so great an indifference to that death which he had so often inflicted on others. It is not quite certain if Gasbaroni was not one of the party, and that he fled afterwards. His wife perished from grief a week after she had been abandoned by him, but his child was removed with the widow and children of De Paolis to Rome, where it also died at an early age. As to Signora de Paolis, who was very pretty, she fell a victim to her beauty, for she was killed by a lover who had been rejected in favour of another. All the children perished one after another from sickness entailed by close confinement.

Gasbaroni took refuge at first in the hut of a shepherd well known to him, and where he remained until he had recovered from the fatigue entailed by his long and harassing journey. He had also lost his arms. So when he set forth from the shepherd's hut, restored to health, he had a stout cudgel as his only weapon, yet he managed with its aid to kill a spy whom he met on his way. Arrived at Terracina, he established communications with his brother Gennaro, who was at that time within the walls of the town with his band, awaiting an amnesty from Cardinal Gonsalvi. Gennaro having declined to take to the mountain, Antonio Gasbaroni was obliged to pass into the Neapolitan territory, where he joined the band under Massaroni, which only numbered at that time ten men.

Man cannot affront nature without suffering for it one day or another. Gasbaroni regretted to a degree, that would scarcely be expected of a bandit chief, his conduct towards his wife and child. The only relief he could obtain to his torture was in active employment. With the aid of only one comrade, a certain Pasquale de Girolami, who had been reduced

to distress by a wound and long illness, he carried off a wealthy proprietor of Terracina, for whose ransom they obtained a thousand crowns. With this sum they were enabled to decorate their persons with cartridge-girdles adorned with silver plates, with silver buttons and gold earrings. The vanity of a brigand seems to be among the most repulsive of all vanities. But nature is the same in all, no matter under what slight differences of form it may present itself—a peculiar cut or colour of garb, a waistcoat, a neck-tie, or even gold earrings.

The two bandits were thus enabled to dazzle Massaroni and his men when they returned to head-quarters, and the former was so jealous of Gasbaroni's success that he organised an expedition against the seminary of Terracina, situated on a hill outside the town. This expedition entailed the death of the father-rector, the capture of seven students, one of whom was sent home because he was wounded, and the murder of two youths in cold blood, although their ransom (four thousand crowns) had been duly received for them as well as for the others.

In 1820 a revolution in Naples drove Ferdinand I. from the throne, and an Austrian army was sent to punish the rebels. The latter, under Prince Caracosi, established relations with the bandits, the two principal bands of which were Massaroni's, in the Pontifical, and Michele Magari's, in the Neapolitan States. They were offered the village of Monticello-di-Fondi for head-quarters, and thirty sous pay per diem, if they would only harass the Austrians as the celebrated Fra Diavolo of Itri had previously done the French. Massaroni himself was accoutred in a red uniform with a captain's epaulets. It is thus that the Italian states have in all times of trouble organised brigandage, and consequently strengthened its footing in the country. Even Garibaldi himself has in his time been denounced as a brigand, and a price of thirty thousand crowns placed upon his head.

The two bands united did not at first number more than twenty-five men; but a recognised and paid banditti was another thing, and in less than a month a hundred and twenty-five criminals and outlaws came to seek employment at Monticello. They had their chaplain and their surgeon. Such as were married and had families were joined by them, others took to themselves women of Monticello. Festivities and orgies became the order of the day. A guard was mounted, it is true, and the business of the bandits was transacted at Naples by one Antonio Mattei; but as to the rest of the outlaws, they thought of nothing but indulgence in sensual and riotous debauchery. Massaroni, whose wife, Matilda, was as much given to excesses as her husband, encouraged him in his orgies, until the wound, which we have before noticed, re-opened, and he was laid up with a dangerous illness. Gasbaroni was, if anything, still more licentious in his conduct, and he spent all his money upon vile courtesans attracted to the spot by the rumours of prodigality. Poverty soon obliged him to have recourse to the highway—a proceeding which was not precisely in the programme of their political duties at Monticello; so government interfered, and the bandits were obliged to send four unfortunate young volunteers to be shot in their places. Even Italian consciences were shocked by such an outrage upon human nature.

When the Austrians arrived on the frontiers, the Neapolitans disappeared as if by magic, and the brigands also hastened to evacuate Monti-

cello. Gasbaroni, who was one of the last to quit the arms of his mistress, recognised among the officers who came to take possession of the place, one whom he had known at Mola-di-Gaëta in 1815, and, entering into communication with him, he obtained through his mediation an order that Monticello should continue to be an asylum for brigands.

An anonymous letter, announcing that the village would be attacked, however, induced Gasbaroni to withdraw from it shortly afterwards, and selecting fifteen of the most enterprising youths in the place, he formed a band of his own. Among those who stood by him was a priest named Nicola Tolfa, and under his guidance a descent was effected upon the monastery of Chartreux, at Frascati, and four of the monks were led off to captivity. But Nicola Tolfa, who was also employed in negotiating the ransom, fell into the hands of the authorities, and he was condemned to perpetual seclusion, while the gendarmes, following up the band, killed one of their number and wounded one of the captive monks. All that the band got by this daring exploit was some two thousand crowns. This was very little for such men as Vittori, Feodi, Girolarni, and Minoeci, all of whom belonged to Gasbaroni's band, and whose heads were like his, valued at three thousand crowns.

Whilst Gasbaroni was thus plying his avocation on his own account, Monticello, where Massaroni had remained confined by illness, was invested on the night of the 21st of June by the united Pontifical and Neapolitan forces; most of the band made their escape, but Massaroni was captured, exposed on the place of Fondi, and dying the same night, his head was cut off and conveyed to Frosinone. Several other brigands were either slain or made prisoners on this occasion. One of them, Mastroluga, a man of singular ferocity, was hid in a stable, and would have escaped, but that, seeing among the sbirri a man to whom he bore a deadly enmity, he could not resist the temptation of shooting him. The rest being thus made aware of his hiding-place, rushed upon him and put him to death. It was all over, however, with what were designated as the pleasures of the enchanted Castle of Monticello; some who escaped joined the band of Magari in Naples, others returned to their homes. Mattei, whom we have before noticed as acting as secretary at Naples when the outlaws were quartered at Monticello, and who was the man who led to their extermination, was encountered by one Ugolini, a refugee from head-quarters, and was by him put to death. This Ugolini was incorporated into the sbirri, who, at that epoch, being organised into ten companies of a hundred men each, were more generally known by the name of *Centurioni*.

Gasbaroni, after his exploit at Frascati, entered upon a campaign in the Abruzzi, passing on his way the towns of Arpino and Sera, where he had the audacity to display himself in the cafés, without any one daring to molest him. Thence, after levying contributions from merchants and others, he took to the Appenines, near Leonessa. Here he and his band were surrounded by an armed force, but Gasbaroni, having remarked a certain anxiety among the shepherds of the vicinity, withdrew with his band into a rocky defile, whence they were enabled to drive off their assailants, with the loss of only two men wounded.

Winter coming on, and the mountains becoming clad with snow, the band was obliged to return to the maritime region of Frosinone. Govern-

ment was at this moment very active in putting down brigandage. All the relatives of bandits were arrested, and their houses demolished. As to Gasbaroni, he was placarded as a "tiger who devoured the hand that fed him, as well as the hand that struck him." The bandit chief, determined to show that he was not the tiger that he was represented to be, made two successive visits on the occasion of the fair at Veroli, one to the inn at Alatri, the other to the inn at the bridge of Tommacella, when they were full of people—merchants and tradesmen, priests and soldiers, women and children—and supping with them, and treating them, left every one delighted with his affability and generosity.

The peasantry were, however, influenced by the hostility of government, and began to denounce the movements of the banditti. The latter, however, soon put a stop to this by massacring all who ventured to denounce them—Magari and his band at Reisonna, Gasbaroni in Frosinone. A favourite spot had been selected by the latter for carrying on business, and this was on the high road to Naples, between Portello, the custom-house of the Neapolitan States, and Epitafio, the custom-house of the Pontifical States. Here they stopped whatever conveyances pleased their fancy which were plying between Fondi and Terracina. Among other captives thus made was an Austrian colonel and his servant. The colonel, Gutnohen by name, wrote for his ransom, fixed at twenty thousand crowns, to the police at Terracina and to his general at Naples. The latter replied, "Ai signori briganti di Valle-Marina"—such was the superscription of the missive—that he would send twenty thousand soldiers instead of the twenty thousand crowns demanded. The general accordingly arranged with the armed force of Frosinone that the banditti should be surrounded by the former coming over the mountains to the north, whilst a strong force of Austrians advanced, also over the hills, from the Terra di Lavoro. The bandits were thus fairly entrapped; but Gasbaroni, having perceived that the troops of the Pontifical States had put white kerchiefs round their hats, so that they should be known to the Austrians, he made his band adopt the same insignia, and they were thus enabled to pass through the Austrian lines with their prisoner unscathed. Gasbaroni, fearful, however, that the Austrians might take reprisals on their families, set the colonel free—against the wishes of Vittori and others, who were desirous of putting him to death; and the latter was ever afterwards grateful to Gasbaroni, and when a general he set some of the relatives of the bandits at liberty; and when the bandit chief was himself a prisoner at Civita Vecchia in 1834, he visited him, and did everything in his power to relieve the privations of his captivity.

Upon another occasion, and in the same locality—that is to say, in the group of hills and valleys that come down to the shore between Fondi and Terracina—Gasbaroni attacked a whole brigade of gendarmerie who had ventured into the hills in pursuit of the bandits, and put them to flight, killing four and wounding many others.

Gasbaroni made his second campaign in the Abruzzi in the summer of 1822, and upon this occasion he lost his lieutenant, Vittori, who was shot in an ambuscade by the Neapolitan gendarmerie. Gasbaroni himself received a ball through the leg and arm in the winter of the same year, as he was stooping to pick up his rifle, not far from Terracina. He was obliged, in consequence, to lay up in a hut near Monticello. It is said

that the ointment procured at Fondi for dressing his wounds was poisoned by the authorities. This having failed, a strong party was organised to capture him in his retreat, but Gasbaroni, having received intelligence of the movement, had himself transported to another mountain, whence he could contemplate at his ease the arrival of the armed force, and their useless exploration of the hut and the surrounding woods.

A third campaign was entered upon in 1823, Gasbaroni having recovered from his wounds. Nay, so perfectly had he recovered his health, that seeing one day some women busy gathering wood in the forest, he bade his band bring them in. Never was order obeyed with greater alacrity. Gasbaroni, as usual, selected the prettiest; but she was as virtuous as she was fair, and opposing force to the approaches of the bandit, Gasbaroni got into such a passion that he put the unfortunate young woman to death.

Luckily the accursed bandit was not always so sanguinarily disposed. Meeting a noble lady on horseback accompanied by only one servant, he arrested her, and demanded a ransom of two thousand crowns. But the lady declaring that her husband, although wealthy, did not like her sufficiently to pay a ransom to procure her freedom, Gasbaroni was so much amused by the incident that he consented to set the lady at liberty on condition that she would give him information regarding the whereabouts and resources of her relatives. The lady appears to have been nothing loth, and he was enabled by these means to obtain possession of the persons of the intendant of Prince Colonna and of his son-in-law, and a ransom of two thousand crowns—a feat which, however, cost him dear.

The victims, on their liberation, set all the sbirri of Palestrina and Anagni on the traces of the robbers, who were caught in an ambuscade, and in the skirmish that ensued, although the sbirri were driven off, Gasbaroni received a third wound, this time in the back and shoulders. He was once more obliged to lay up, selecting the territory of Veroli until he was cured, after which he descended into the maritime districts, where he learned from the peasants that a plan had been organised for capturing him during the winter in the farm of Pia, a spot situated at the extremity of the Pontine marshes, not far from Terracina, and close to the high road to Frosinone, but sheltered by two deep streams and beds of reeds, and which was one of the favourite resorts of the banditti. Here they were invaded on Shrove Tuesday, 1824, by a strong force of dragoons, gendarmes, and sbirri. But Gasbaroni's luck did not fail him; fearing a plot, he had withdrawn to the forest of Rocca-Secca, and the rest of the band escaped by a ford over the Amazeno, which had been left unguarded, after killing one of the sbirri. Soon afterwards, Gasbaroni revenged himself for the treachery of the peasants of the Pia farm by putting four of them to death, and burning down the house of one of the leaders of the armed force.

These incidents happened at the epoch when Leo XII. had just succeeded to Pope Pius VII., and all attempts to conciliate the brigands were frustrated by the inveterate animosity of Gasbaroni. The latter, after massacring the peasants at Pia, withdrew to the hills of Piperno, where he stopped the diligence, but only got seven hundred crowns and a sackful of sweetmeats. The band was in return pursued by the gendarmerie, who were, however, beaten off. This done, they took their way

to the Strada d'Appia, at the entrance to which they stumbled upon an English carriage, which they stopped and plundered of eighty crowns, a gold watch, and a good deal of linen. A shepherd, upon whose person some of this linen was afterwards discovered, was hung in consequence.

In 1824, the episcopacy of Frosinone was converted into a legation, and the bishop was succeeded by Cardinal Pallotta, who removed the seat of jurisdiction to Ferentino, and at the same time relaxed the laws against brigandage. This was, indeed, the golden age of bandits. Gasbaroni and his band were enabled, under the new edict, to spend the nights in villages and country-houses, enjoying unlimited hospitality. But this happy state of things was soon put an end to by Gasbaroni's violence, he having penetrated with his band into the church of Pisterzo, on the occasion of the celebration of grand mass on Ascension-day, and massacred the governor, who had manifested great hostility to bandits. A thing incomprehensible without the Pontifical States, the archpriest, who was performing mass at the time, invited Gasbaroni and his band to dinner after the murder. Cardinal Pallotta, however, sent his commissary to Pisterzo, to levy a fine of five hundred crowns for the scenes enacted there, as also the same sum at Veroli, where Minocci and his band had been ravaging the women.

Cardinal Pallotta was succeeded by Monsignore Benvenuti, who showed much greater vigour in suppressing brigandage. Gasbaroni, after enjoying himself some time at Piperno, had taken up his quarters in the forest of Caserta, a vast wood which stretches from near Terracina to Rome, a distance of seventy miles, and is designated, according to the towns it neighbours, forest of Terracina, of San Felice, of Cisterna, of Nettuno, of Campo Morto, and of Conca. The high road, known as the Strada d'Appio, is carried along the line of demarcation between this forest and the Pontine Marshes. The first capture made was of two Austrian officers; but as no ransom was to be got, they were robbed and allowed to depart. A next exploit was the capture of a wealthy proprietor in his own mansion at Montellanico, and who was ransomed for four thousand crowns, besides considerable booty found on the premises.

Treachery began at this epoch to manifest itself among the bandits. First, one Bracci slew another bandit named Iranelli, and took his head to Frosinone in order to pocket the reward. Next, a traitor of the name of Ciovaglia, not only carried the head of his comrade Mandatori to Frosinone, but he also denounced the movements of the banditti, and the names of their accomplices. This was followed by Olivieri and Vittori slaying the bandit Orsini, and then enrolling themselves among the sbirri. The most fatal of all betrayals was, however, that of the shepherd Vallecorsa, who, to save the life of his brother, denounced the whereabouts of Minocci and his small detachment. They were surrounded, and Minocci, Simoni, Grammana, and Percari were slain, and Feodi was grievously wounded.

It happened with Gasbaroni's band just as with Minocci's. The brother of a shepherd, named Mangiapelo, had been condemned to death for having linen taken from the English carriage on his person. Mangiapelo denounced the whereabouts of Gasbaroni in order to save his brother's life. All the available force at Frosinone was accordingly

despatched in three detachments into the forest of Caserta. The consequence was that the bandits were obliged to disperse in various directions, and many fell victims to the treachery of their own comrades. Gasbaroni made his escape into the territory of Naples, with only six of his band remaining.

Disorganisation of the banditti once set in, it proceeded at a quick pace. On the 15th of July, 1825, Feodi and a small detachment, betrayed by a peasant, were caught in an ambuscade by the civic guard of Naples; two of the bandits were killed, and Feodi, wounded, was made prisoner, and perished in tortures in the Place of Pastena. The system of exportation of the families of bandits had also been once more put in force, and tended to increase the already existing demoralisation. Gasbaroni's last murder was that of a shepherd, who had betrayed his band at Predaporci, near Terracina. He had some time previously fallen in love with the daughter of a well-to-do peasant of Sonnino—Gertruda Demarchis by name. His affection was returned; and the two used often to meet in the daytime, for at night the girl could not get out, the gates of Sonnino being closed. In the fervour of his new passion the veteran bandit was induced to listen to promises of amnesty held out by Monsignore Pellegrini, sent to the legation by the secretary of state with especial power to seduce the bandits from their evil ways. An interview with the prelate was arranged near Monticello. Gasbaroni stipulated at this interview that the church of Madonna della Pietà, situated close to the gates of Sonnino, should be ceded to him and to his little band until the terms of the amnesty could be arranged. This was granted; the prelate knew that all that Gasbaroni sought for was to be with his beloved Gertruda Demarchis, and he felt sure of his victim. Gasbaroni was soon afterwards joined at the church, which served as an asylum, by the rest of his band, as also by that of Magari. On the 19th of September, 1825, the prelate Pellegrini dined with the assembled bandits, eight of whom agreed, upon the faith of his promises, to lay down their arms, and to proceed to Rome under his safeguard. Gasbaroni was one of the eight.

Arrived at the capital, they were confined in Fort San Angelo, whilst Gertruda, who had been promised in marriage to Gasbaroni by the prelate, as a reward for his submission, was removed to another place. The number of prisoners was soon increased by other submissions brought about by the same fallacious promises. On the 24th of May, 1826, Gasbaroni and ten others were removed to Civita Vecchia, and they remained there until the Revolution of 1848, when they were removed, first to Rocca di Spolett, and then to Civita-Castellana.

There were fifty brigands in Gasbaroni's band in the pontifical states, and eight in Magari's in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1824. Out of the first-mentioned fifty, seventeen were killed or betrayed, eight by the gendarmes or their acolytes, nine by peasants; seven were betrayed by their own comrades. All the rest capitulated, and must have since died in prison. On the 18th of November, 1866, Gasbaroni was still alive, with seven only of his band and one Neapolitan; but he was racked by rheumatism contracted in damp dungeons; his beard was white as snow; his teeth were gone; and he was awaiting to appear before that judgment-seat which may be more merciful than that of men, but where he had much to account for.

THE DEEPPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE FOURTEENTH.

I.

SUSAN'S LAST APPEAL.

MRS. ASHTON was very busy with her cutting out; it was longcloth now, and she was carefully snipping it into tiny garments called shirts, only unless you had been told what they were you would never have found it out from their appearance and contour; Grace was out, taking down the names of such poor women as were especially desirous to place an infant in the nursery as soon as it should be opened, when Josiah came in fresh from a committee meeting, at which he had agreed to sundry propositions without knowing in the least what they were. The cutter-out looked up from her work.

"You are tired, I am afraid, with all these meetings," she said, glancing at his face.

"No, not very. How are you getting on, Mrs. Ashton?"

"Oh, very nicely. I have given out sixty-four little shirts to the sewing party this morning. The longcloth is so broad that I can get two out of the width; if I did not do so, there would be a great piece wasted."

"Yes, certainly, that would be desirable," Josiah answered, rather at random. "Where is Grace?"

"Gone out to visit the poor mothers who wish to take advantage of the nursery—to find out those who are most in need of some assistance in taking care of their children. She has been gone about an hour."

Josiah sighed.

"Does the house feel dull and empty to you without her?" he asked, in his abrupt way.

"Yes, indeed, more than dull and empty. I found her late, after a very long separation, but it seems as if no daughter ever was to a mother what my Grace is to me. I dare not even think of what life would be to me without her."

Josiah turned round suddenly.

"There, you have just expressed my own feeling," he said then. "I, too, do not dare to look into a future apart from Grace."

Mrs. Ashton paused for a moment before she answered him.

"This does not in the least take me by surprise; it is some time now since I saw it first."

"And Grace, does she know? Does she suspect?"

"Probably she may have some idea that you love her, but I would not advise you to hurry matters on. She has had a great deal to suffer, and she may not just now be prepared to receive a new and absorbing subject into her mind."

"But you give me hope; you do not tell me to despair?"

Josiah's eyes grew bright with eagerness as he held his breath to listen to the answer.

"No. I think that you deserve to win her, and that in time you will probably be successful. There is a French proverb, is there not, about everything being possible to him who has patience to wait? But, oh, Josiah!" with a sudden change of tone, "you will not, in any case, separate her from me, will you?"

"Certainly not," he answered, emphatically. "My home is yours as long as we both live."

"But perhaps you don't know," the poor mother falteringly continued, "how dark a cloud has rested on me, all through my own sin and wickedness. It may come back; I am not always sure that it is gone." And she looked half fearfully round the room.

Josiah was naturally kind-hearted, and as he caught sight of her restless eyes and agitated face, he forgot for a moment the acuteness of his own trouble, and only thought of soothing and comforting her.

"My office requires me to rebuke the sinful and impenitent," he said, gently, "and to comfort all who are convinced of sin. I am sure that you are deeply penitent for the sins of the past; accept from my mouth the assurance that they will not be remembered against you, either in this world or in the world to come. I feel certain that in any case Grace will not be separated from you while you both live; she cleaves to you like Ruth to Naomi, and I promise that if I should ever be so happy as to have a right to influence her, I will never remove her from you, even for a day."

She looked at him with eyes that had lost their wild and woful expression, and were filled with tears. She took his hand and pressed it in both of hers without saying a word; but from that moment Josiah possessed in her the strongest partisan that Fate could possibly have given him. If his words of comfort and sympathy had been dictated by the most profound and far-seeing cunning, they could not have been better adapted to further the one intense desire of his heart, or of that unregenerate corner of it that he had found out lately.

That evening Mrs. Ashton began to plead Josiah's cause, telling Grace what she knew already, that not one man out of a thousand, raised to great wealth from absolute poverty, would have willingly, and as a matter of course, handed over his fortune to the poor.

"Not one in a thousand," she repeated, emphatically, "no matter what his profession of Christianity might have been."

"We all know that," Grace answered; "but I, at least, had some insight into his character, and some idea that he would do as he has done."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes; when he first told us that he could not afford to keep up a large establishment, I knew perfectly well that he had devoted his fortune either to the poor or to the heathen, the spiritually poor."

"I am glad to hear you say so, love, because it shows that you understand him thoroughly, exceptional though his character may be, and undoubtedly is. I do not believe that there is one among his whole circle of acquaintances who understands and appreciates him as you do."

Grace was silent and a little uncomfortable ; the conversation was taking a turn that she did not like.

But day after day, and week after week, it took the same turn, however it might begin. Josiah was always the one person who understood Grace, and Grace was always the one person who appreciated Josiah, the effect of which mutual understanding was that Grace got rather tired of hearing him talked about in connexion with herself, and was inclined to wish that they could leave off appreciating each other.

One evening, when the tea was on the table, and Josiah and the two ladies were discussing the great event of the morrow—the opening of one wing of the nursery—there came a ring at the door-bell, very sharp and jerky, and rather like one of those appeals known to indignant domestics as “runaways.” It was answered by the prim and tidy housemaid, who immediately afterwards retreated from the door and entered the parlour with a scared and shocked expression of face. Being questioned as to who had rung the bell, she answered that she did not know, that they had gone away, and had actually left upon the door-step a live baby!

“And have you let it stay there, in a north wind?” Josiah hastily demanded; and, without waiting for a reply, he hurried into the passage, and returned in a few moments with a brown-paper parcel in his arms. The contents of the parcel were evident by reason of a very small head, covered with a flannel hood, that protruded from it. In other respects the child had been packed up much as the baby of an Indian squaw is prepared for a journey through the forest. Mrs. Ashton, in whose mind the maternal sentiment had reawakened with singular vividness, stretched out her hands to take the queer little bundle from Josiah, and began to undo the string that secured the sheet of brown paper. When this was removed, a very small and very wizened baby was disclosed, dressed in a long white frock and a flannel wrapper and hood. The little creature’s head appeared to be too large and heavy for its body, and was covered with a kind of fluffy down; its face was preternaturally old and wrinkled, with brown staring eyes and a creased forehead; its hands were little claws, and its arms were red and skinny.

“Poor little creature! it cannot have been properly fed,” Mrs. Ashton declared; “but it looks very clean, and its frock is of fine material.”

She was examining the latter article, when she suddenly perceived a letter pinned to the baby’s frock; she took out the pin, and found, to her great surprise, that the letter was directed to Miss Grace Ashton. Grace had concluded, as they all did, that this was some child deserted by its mother, who hoped that it would be fed and sheltered in the new nursery, and she had been looking at it with a pitying and half-curious gaze, as young women who have had no experience with infants will often look at a very small and sickly specimen of the genus. But when she saw the letter she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and stretched out her hand for it eagerly. She knew the writing well; it had been often sent to Mr. Renshaw as hers, while she was still obliged to bear a name that was not her own. It was the writing of Susan Marsh.

“Dear Grace,” it began, “I am writing to you in my sore need and trouble, because I do not know who else to ask to take pity on baby, now that I am soon going to be taken from her. I am with friends that are kind to me, but I cannot leave her with any sort of confidence to them,

and she is your own flesh and blood, your twin-brother's child, and I think you will have pity on her, and save her from being sent to the workhouse. Dear Grace, you were always good-hearted, and when we lived at Basnet I did what I could for you, and tried very hard to persuade you to be sensible, and to accept the good things that Providence put into our very mouths, only you would not see it so. I have never understood how it was that everything was found out, and I have never once seen Robert since I left Basnet. I found a refuge with some friends, but they are poor and out of luck, though they mean kindly by me, and I tried to do all I could, as I was such an expense to them, and I got about too soon after baby was born, and took a cold with shiverings, and it settled on my chest and turned to inflammation, and I know I shall not be here much longer. I breathe very short, and I can only write this a little at a time. Dear Grace, you will not refuse to take baby, she will be so fond of you, and will repay you for what you do for her; she has such pretty eyes, with long eyelashes like yours. She is thin and poorly, for I could not nurse her after I was taken ill, and the milk that we get is bad, and though we thicken it with flour it does not do much more than keep her alive. If she had good milk from a dairy she would soon come round. Oh, I wish I could see her looking plump and well, but I know I shall be gone before that time comes. I should like her to be christened Mary, after my mother, and to be brought up to be respectable, but not to be too good, for that was the ruin of me. It is so hard for the young to think that they must deny themselves everything nice and pleasant, or else go to the bad place. It seems better to give up the bird in the bush, and to take what pleasure you can, while it is to be had. Dear Grace, I trust her to you, and I feel as if I could die happily, only I shall miss her so at night. Do not try to find me out; and if you know anything of Robert, get him to leave England quietly, and to give baby up altogether to you. Kiss her for me; she has a double set of clothes on, as you will find. I am so tired. Tell her, when she is older, that I loved her very much. Thank you for what you will do for her.

“Your grateful

“SUSAN.”

The ink varied in its shades of colour, showing that only short portions of the letter had been written at one time. Grace's eyes filled with tears as she stooped to kiss the shrivelled cheek of the queer little atom. Mrs. Ashton was bewildered.

“You never told me that Robert's wife was likely to have a baby,” she said to Grace.

“No, mamma; but I knew that it was so, and I have often wondered what had become of poor Susan; the whole subject is so very painful that we have both felt it better not to discuss it, at least for the present. But this little one belongs to us by right, and we must do all we can for her. Do you think that she will live?”

Mrs. Ashton made no answer; she was hushing the baby on her knee, with strange, sad recollections of the time when she had held in her arms feeble little infants of her own, and had watched them fade and die.

“Grace,” she said, softly, “I feel that this is really something of our own flesh and blood, and oh, I am so sorry for the poor mother!”

Josiah spoke now. "She is doubly welcome here," he said, "for your sakes, and for His who loved little children. We will do all that is possible for her, and if, after all, she is taken away in infancy, we will believe that this world's ways would have been too hard and thorny for her."

Grace thanked him with a look, and Mrs. Ashton, even in the midst of her surprise and bewilderment, did not lose the opportunity of privately pointing out to Grace the exceptional kindness of Josiah's nature.

"Most young men think babies such bores, dear; even young women do, before they have had one of their own; but he only sees in this little creature something that wants help, and he is ready to give it directly."

"He is very kind," Grace answered, briefly.

She could not fail to understand the tendency of such remarks as these, or to see that there was an understanding between her mother and Josiah, and that their desires pointed in one direction. She would not have been a true woman had she failed to perceive the love that she had unconsciously awakened, or had she been in any degree indifferent to it; do not believe that a true and womanly woman can ever be indifferent to love, though she may be quite unable to return it. In Grace's case the discovery smote her with a keen sense of pain, opening the old sore that had been very thinly healed over, making her live again through that short span of restless happiness on which the shadow of a stormy future was already falling. She would fain have had the dead past bury its dead, but every nameless sign of a love, to which she could not respond, brought back with strange vividness the memory of those days when earth had seemed so much brighter, and heaven so much nearer, because she loved, and was loved again. She did not say to herself, "I will not marry Josiah because I cannot love him," for to her mind the idea of marriage included and pre-supposed the idea of love. She only felt that love was impossible; she did not so much as reason with herself that the marriage was therefore impossible. When we know that a person is dead, we know that he cannot walk and talk as usual, and we know it so well that we do not reason about it. He is dead, and that is enough for us; Grace knew that she did not love Josiah, and that was enough for her.

The baby was baptised by Josiah, and received the name of Mary. He hoped, in set phrases, after the manner of the school, that she would resemble the three Marys of Scripture—she who was blessed among women, she who sat at the feet of the Divine Teacher, and she who was the earliest at the door of the empty sepulchre. But this Mary seemed destined rather to join that happy company of little children whose angels behold always the face of our Father in heaven. In spite of the utmost care, she drooped and wailed continually, always seeking, it would seem, for something that never came. New milk was bought for her from a dairy of unimpeached integrity, but she did not thrive upon it; various kinds of food for infants were purchased for her, but with still worse success; and the little creature pined away, in the midst of unceasing care and attention. Grace had never been associated with a very young child until now, and all the instincts of maternity seemed to be suddenly awakened in her nature, as she watched and tended this

one. She had had no experience with infants, and she hoped against hope; but Mrs. Ashton feared that the child had but little chance of life. And so the winter passed away, or at least the darkest portion of it, and Josiah's love was still unspoken.

II.

DEARLY BOUGHT SUCCESS.

BUT silence does not last for ever, and Josiah broke through his at length, and on this wise. He had written a sermon to be preached on the following Sunday, and he read over the leading portions of it, as was often his custom now, to Grace and Mrs. Ashton, that he might have the advantage of their opinion and criticism. The subject of the sermon was the imitation of Christ; and the doctrine enforced by the preacher was the orthodox one, that at all times and in all places we should fix the eyes of our mind upon the Great Example, striving to do and say what He would have done and said under circumstances similar to ours. Josiah treated the subject, as usual, with a certain breadth and originality, that freshened the old idea, but did not make it less distasteful to Grace.

"I differ from you altogether," she said, when he had concluded. "It seems to me that this kind of copying from a given pattern would reduce us to the level of mere machines, and would be valueless, after all. The true imitation of Christ must be something quite different from this, and I believe that we attain to it when our hearts are so filled with love to Him, that spite, and resentments, and angry passions fade and die out of them because there is no room left for such things any more. This is as different as possible from the servile and mechanical copying that has degenerated, as the history of the world tells us, into most lamentable burlesques."

Josiah's reply was conclusive. He did not say that she had thrown a new light upon his theology, and that he was not too bigoted to receive it; but he put his sermon in the fire, with one end in a convenient hollow, among the blazing coals. Mrs. Ashton made an attempt to save it, but she was a moment too late.

"Let it be," he said, putting back her arm; "I will write a better one, with God's blessing. Grace, you have given me a higher idea than any that I had yet attained to, and one that must have shone into your mind from the fountain of light itself. Once I was so presumptuous as to think that you were dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death, and that I could lead and guide you, and all the while you were learning a far higher wisdom than mine."

"No—oh no," Grace interrupted, eagerly. "By their fruits ye shall know them, and I know you by yours. On points of doctrine I may differ from you; but the rare argument of an unselfish life is one that can never be answered."

She held out her hand for his, and pressed it warmly; she forgot for a moment all those signs of scarcely repressed passion that had stirred up the troubled waters of her memory—she only remembered the one noble instance of unselfishness that he had given to the world.

But then Josiah spoke.

"Grace," he said, retaining her hand, "you put it there yourself; let it stay there altogether. You have confessed to me, and I to you, that our intercourse with each other acts upon our souls for good; in what better words could we agree to live and work together to the end?"

But he thought he could feel her hand grow cold in his, and she withdrew it, not in sudden confusion, but with a kind of composure that struck upon Josiah's hopes; he held to them, however, all the faster.

"Perhaps it is better that you should speak plainly," she said then, "and that I should answer you once for all. I have no love to give you in return for yours. Do not press me to say more; surely, surely, that should be enough."

Mrs. Ashton was looking at her with pleading eyes, but Grace was not even conscious of her gaze; she was looking back into the past, and what she saw there absorbed her thoughts so completely that the present scarcely troubled her.

"That is not enough," Josiah answered, steadily. "I am content to wait for love, and to believe that it will come. The Great Example poured out His love upon us without waiting till we could return it, and in time it did its work, and kindled love again, as surely as one flame kindles another. I am content to do the same, with full faith in the result. No, don't answer now;" for he saw that she was about to speak.

But Grace wanted to be quite sure that she understood him.

"Is it possible that you can really, in any case, sanction a marriage that is not hallowed by love?"

"No," he answered, at once. "I should think it a dreadful thing to marry one who could not love me, but I will be satisfied for the present with the degree of love and affection that you have already shown me, believing that the love which belongs to marriage will come with marriage itself. I will not be exigent, Grace; I know how much you have suffered; give me what you have to give, and time shall win me all the rest. But don't answer now."

Grace thought it better to do so, however.

"There is one subject," she said, "on which I never thought to speak again——"

She paused for a moment.

"Do not speak about it now or at any future time, if it gives you pain," Josiah implored.

"It is better that I should tell you—and you too, mamma," as she met Mrs. Ashton's look of entreaty. "Before I went with my cousin on that visit to Deepdale that brought death to her, and long months of suffering to me——"

Josiah knew what was coming now, and he would not let her go on.

"I know," he interrupted, "and I do not want you to tell it. You went there full of hope, with every prospect of happiness before you, and the conspiracy to which you fell a victim separated you from your betrothed. Do not speak of it, but believe, dear Grace, that the future shall atone for the past. Oh, do believe it!"

Mrs. Ashton looked at her with a perplexed and pained expression.

"I never heard of this," she said, presently.

"But I did," Josiah interrupted. "Mr. Renshaw mentioned the cir-

cumstance when he told me that Grace had reasons for wishing to live in retirement for the present."

He paused here, fearing to give additional pain by touching on this sore subject. But Mrs. Ashton did not yet understand it.

"Why should the conspiracy have separated you from your betrothed, if you really loved each other, Grace? Ah, I begin to see how it was; he believed you to be dead, and then——"

"Yes, mamma, you were going to say it. He believed me to be dead, and then he entered into another engagement. No one has a right to blame him."

"No; but I must blame myself now for this as well as for all the rest! Oh, Grace, whatever you have to bear, be thankful that you have so little to blame yourself for, because that is the sharpest pang of all!"

She covered her face with both her hands, and sank into an attitude of utter despondency; and Grace, fearing lest all the good that had been done should now be lost or endangered, made every effort to soothe and console her, seconded by Josiah, who had thus no further opportunity of pleading his own cause, at least for the present.

But Mrs. Ashton, when she was sufficiently composed to think calmly over the subject, saw two things very clearly—first, that Grace's lover could not have been worthy of her, since he had so speedily replaced her by falling in love with some one else; and secondly, that as she had been, indirectly, concerned in robbing Grace of her prospects of earthly happiness, she must now strenuously endeavour to repair the evil, and must live in earnest hope that death would not be permitted to close her eyes until she had seen Grace a happy wife. Her thoughts dwelt constantly on this one subject, and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke often, and to the purpose. Josiah said very little—he feared to give pain—but his love was of the restless and passionate kind that refuses to be hidden, and it might have been said of him, as of Juliet, that he spoke, though he said nothing. And presently Grace began to feel that continual dropping can wear away a stone.

She had very little time for reading now, but she never failed to look every day at the list of marriages in the *Times*, hoping, as she always told herself that the name of William Brooks might appear among them, and that her time of retirement was at an end. Whether she told herself the exact truth when she called this feeling a "hope," is a point on which we cannot decide with certainty; no notice of the marriage had as yet appeared, and so she did not write to her friends, as she would in that case have done, with the particulars of her present circumstances and address. Once the word "Deepdale," in capital letters, arrested her attention among the advertisements on the first sheet of the newspaper, and she read and re-read the following words:

"Deepdale.—G. A. is earnestly requested to send her address to J. Renshaw, at Deepdale, and to believe that she is concealing it under a mistaken idea, and that he has reasons of the utmost importance for making this request."

"Under a mistaken idea!" She thought she knew what this meant very well indeed. Good, kind Mr. Renshaw had busied himself in her affairs with the best intentions, and had probably succeeded in convincing William Brooks that it would be his duty to fulfil his first engagement.

As Grace pondered over these things, she unconsciously crushed up the newspaper in both her hands, and Mrs. Ashton, who just then came into the room, was surprised to find her gazing intently into the fire, with the crushed and battered journal on her knee.

"My love, the newspaper-boy will be here in ten minutes for the *Times*, and see how you have spoilt it!"

"Have I? We must pay for it, then," Grace answered; and presently added, "I really think that unintentional injuries are the worst"—a remark that Mrs. Ashton thought must refer to the injured newspaper.

They were still speaking when they heard the voice of Josiah and the name of Miss Ashton. "She will be glad to do it for you, I am sure," he was saying; "come in and ask her yourself." He opened the door immediately afterwards and came into the room, followed by Stephens with a parcel in his hand. He showed Grace a list of names, many of which were familiar to her now, and were associated in her mind with poverty, squalor, and uncleanness.

"These here is about the wust in the parish," Stephens explained. "I've got a grant of tracks for 'em from the society, and I can send round convenient to each house to-morrow, as there won't be no day-school in the morning, and the scholars can take 'em out instead. If you'd be so kind as to make up the tracks and direct 'em, one track of each kind to every name on the list, you'd be doing a act of Christian charity; not as we ought to take credit to ourselves for what we does, miss."

Grace promised to do what he asked her, though she had little belief in the efficacy of the tract system.

"Both of these here has been very much blest," Stephens continued; "there's words in season in 'em. One's called the Dedicated Soot-bag, by a Converted Sweep; there's real experience in that. T'other's a good un, too—Lessons from Bedlam; or, Sermons by an Enlightened Lunatic; and it was really wrote by one, miss."

"I dare say," Grace assented, dryly.

"And one of his keepers got converted by him, and is a patient there now himself through fretting night and day over his sins; so you see even a lunatic may have his spere of usefulness, miss, and may bring others to serious thought."

Grace, in the mean time, had been absently touching the tracts.

"Don't you think," she asked, "that as the scholars will be disengaged, they might manage to take out some heavier parcels—something with the tracts? I should like to send a pound of soap to every one of those houses, if it would not be overtaking the children."

Stephens stood aghast.

"Soap, miss!" he ejaculated. "What next? It's something for their souls as I wants to send 'em, and you wouldn't go for to mix up soap with it, would you? There ain't nothing about soap in the Scripture, nor starch, nor soda, nor blue-bag, as ever I heard of."

"No," Grace replied. "But it is by improving their condition, and making war upon dirt and disease, that we may hope to raise these poor people to a higher level, and fit them for receiving the Gospel message."

Stephens turned round to Josiah.

"To think as I should ever hear such doctrine in an 'ouse of yours, sir!" he exclaimed, reproachfully. "Salvation through soap!—the Gospel in a wash-tub! Then when Paul went for to preach to the Gentiles, I suppose he must have took a portable laundry with his luggage and a gross of clothes-pegs in his carpet-bag? This is what we're coming to now, in these here days of unbelief and reason-worship; it's wus than popery, that's wot it is. I'd rather believe in the sign of the cross itself than in the sign of the clothes-peg."

He emphasised his remark by spitting into the coal-scuttle, as Josiah's carpeted floor presented unusual difficulties in the way of this expression of his feelings.

"We'll send the soap another time," Josiah interposed. "It was a kind thought of Miss Ashton's, although I cannot admit either cleanliness, or morality, or any other good thing, as a preparation for Christianity," he added, looking at Grace with a smile. "We'll send the tracts now, and Miss Ashton's present in a little time."

"No, sir, no," Stephens replied, gathering up his tracts; "we won't have no temporising, no mixin' up of suds and souls. I'll find ways to get them tracks directed, without troubling them as would like to put a wash-house between the poor and heaven. I did think as your hair would have rose on your head, sir, at the mention of such a doctrine. It's wus to me than home-made sausages—a beastlier idea!"

He metaphorically shook the dust from his feet, and departed.

"What a dreadful fellow!"

"How can you tolerate him!"

These exclamations from the two ladies followed the slam of the street-door.

"He is terribly unrefined and uneducated," Josiah replied; "but still he is a very hard worker in the parish, a vestryman and churchwarden, and a thoroughly safe man to resist to the utmost any Romanising innovations. The standard of education here is very low, and Stephens is thought a great deal of as the leader of a party in the parish. He rather patronised me when I lodged with him; but just imagine what my predecessor, a Highchurchman, must have suffered from him! He means well, and is active on the right side; and I think I must call on him to-day, and make him understand that Grace did not intend to put cleanliness in the place of godliness—that is the idea that he has gone off with."

And, in fact, by taking very great pains, Josiah succeeded in convincing this zealous champion of the narrowest form of Christianity, that Miss Ashton was not resolutely opposed to the doctrines and precepts of the New Testament. Josiah was especially anxious to avoid any strifes and divisions in that section of the parish which he especially headed, and presently his efforts so far prevailed, that Stephens half apologised for having been too hasty in his judgment, and gave him a list of books and other things which he needed for the school.

"And please, sir," Stephens continued, "don't forget to horder two 'undred of them 'a-penny books with green covers, published by the Society for Promoting a stricter Observance of the Sabbath."

"What is the name of the book?" Josiah asked, taking out his tablets and a pencil.

"I can't call it to mind at this moment, sir; but there's a picter on the cover as you may know it by, of Satan a-contemplating of a clean pocket-handkercher, and a-howling over it with rage and despair, because the little boy with a cold had resisted the temptation to blow his nose on Sunday."

"I will order the book if you have found it useful," Josiah replied; "but the instance given appears to be rather an extreme one, works of necessity being permitted on the Sabbath."

"Yes, sir, because of the weakness of the flesh; but who knows how far the spirit can triumph over it till they tries? You don't suppose as Adam in Paradise ever left off his dewotions to use a handkercher? Such inventions came in with the Fall, and was never wanted before, nor wouldn't be now, leastways of a Sunday, if our minds was wholly give to 'eavenly hobjects. I've a little boy in the school wot always blows his nose double of a Saturday night to save needless work on the Sabbath, and that same boy used once to fetch his mother's dinner from the bake 'us every Sunday morning of his sinful life!"

"I wish we could close the bakehouses altogether on Sundays," Josiah observed; "but as to the use of a pocket-handkerchief, I really think that, in this climate, and with the complaints that are prevalent in the winter, it becomes to most persons a positive necessity, even during the hours of divine service."

The sausage-maker shook his head reproachfully.

"Oh, sir, is it any wonder as worldly people derides us, when we sits in the sanctuary a-thinking of our noses instead of our sins? To think of the luxuries wot we must perwidge ourselves with and carry about with us, all for the poor perishing body, as will soon be in a climate where we shan't ketch no more colds, if we would only remember it!"

During this particular epoch of Grace's life, she worked with great diligence in furtherance of Josiah's plans for the good of humanity—plans to which Josiah himself now gave nothing but outside attention. He did all that he was expected to do, and it was certainly a great deal; but he was glad when his work was over, and his attention released from duties in which he had once found so much pleasure and interest. Grace was beginning to take his place in the thinking and planning department; he wondered how it was that she took so vivid and personal an interest in the very poor and the deplorably ignorant, forgetting how his own heart had warmed to the work not so very long ago. He was concerned about the baby, that did not thrive, although it had now been nearly a month under the care of Grace and her mother, and one or other of them was almost always watching it. Its limbs were wofully thin and shrunken-looking, and its head appeared unnaturally large to Josiah; he thought it might as well have grown strong, as Grace was fond of it and anxious about it; it seemed as if the very fact of her loving it ought to make it expand into a fair and blooming baby.

One evening, Grace had been proposing to her mother that they should try some new kind of food, said to be a remedy for all the ills of babyhood, and had listened to Mrs. Ashton's opinion, which was unfavourable to any such experiments.

"I wish we could think of anything that would do her good," she said, wistfully.

"I wish so, too, dear; but I fear that the little creature misses her mother, and will not be brought up by us."

"Could we not engage some poor woman to nurse her? I know one who has lost her own baby."

Grace made the suggestion with an anxious face.

"I fear it would be useless; the poor child has forgotten all about her mother by this time, and does not know what it is that she misses. But, Grace, I did not know that you were so fond of little children. Did you know it yourself, or have you only found it out now?"

"I always liked children, mamma, but I had not been much in the way of very little ones. If baby is to be taken, I shall miss her, oh, so much!"

"Then think, my dear, how greatly you will miss all those sweet home ties that are so essential to a woman's happiness, unless she is unnaturally self-sufficient. Just think for a moment how you will be able to endure a loveless life, with none of the tender cares and anxieties that occupy a mother's attention every day and all day long, but also with none of the true heart-sunshine that falls upon her lot. Ah, Grace! do you remember the poem you were reading the other day on the coronation of Queen Victoria, and how the poet wished her, as the greatest possible happiness, to enjoy the blessings that fall to the lot of happy peasants?"

"Why do you tell me of these things?" Grace asked, falteringly.

But she knew why all the time, and her mother's words made the future look very dark and dreary to her. And just a little while afterwards, Josiah was warned by some nameless instinct that if he spoke again he would have a better chance; and he did speak accordingly. He did not tell Grace how much he loved her, because she knew that already; but he wisely told her how much she was to him, how much she could do for him, how happy she could make him by consenting to unite her lot with his. Grace answered him with grave composure.

"It is better that I should reply fully and frankly. You know how it happened that my prospects of earthly happiness were destroyed by what took place at Deepdale; but I think you ought to realise to yourself as fully as possible the effect that this must have upon my future life. I do not think that I could ever love again; and I do think that where there is a strong and passionate attachment on one side only, the seeds of unhappiness are sown, and only need to be developed by circumstances. Still it is quite true, as my mother says, that a lonely single life must be dreary and loveless as time goes on, and that I am, perhaps, even less fitted for it than the generality of women. And if, after this warning, you like to take me as I am, knowing how very little I have to give, I will try to do my duty in all respects, and I think that such a life will probably grow into a pleasanter one for me than the solitary life I spoke of. But my advice to you would certainly be not to enter upon such a marriage as this. The chances of happiness are sadly against you, because you love, and it is principally through our affections that we can suffer. I am tolerably safe, because Fate has already done the very worst that it can do for me."

Such an answer would have daunted any suitor, unless he happened to be obtuse, mercenary, or hopelessly blinded by passion. Josiah was in this last predicament, and from all that Grace had said he only perceived

one thing clearly, that she was willing to accept him, with a certain understanding between them. He seized this idea with all the powers of his mind; he had no perceptions left to expend upon the conditions, but passed over their existence at once.

"You make me so very happy," he said, "that I have no words left in which to thank you. My cup runs over, and I am satisfied that, when your life is one with mine, some of this overflowing happiness will fill up the measure of your cup, too. Believe it, Grace, I *know* that it will be so."

He leaned forward, his face all aglow with the earnestness of his speech, and for a moment he did not perceive that the door had opened, and that Mrs. Ashton had entered the room. She saw at a glance how matters stood, and she gently took Grace's hand in hers, and told her that she had done well. She told her, too, how great a load had been lifted from her own mind by the knowledge that Grace would not, through her fault, be excluded from the pure and natural sources of a woman's happiness. And Grace, as she listened, owned to herself that perhaps she had done well in thus taking from her mother one great cause of self-reproach, which might probably impede her entire recovery.

She did not know whether she might hope that Mrs. Ashton had indeed completely recovered, for she knew the strength and subtleness of a long-established delusion, and she had never dared to apply the one sure test, by speaking of the subject that had for years absorbed and perverted her mother's mental powers. Now she felt as if she might soon venture to do even this, her patient looked so radiantly happy and contented; and, after all, she had not sacrificed much, for all the heart-sunshine that she had ever known, or ever could know, had faded out of her life. Perhaps she could make other lives happy, and that ought to be something, surely.

But when Mrs. Ashton asked her to name some time in the spring or summer for her marriage, anticipating some degree of shy reluctance at the idea of the great change, some plea for a longer time that the preparations might be more complete, Grace answered that the matter was one of indifference to her, and that the marriage could take place at any time which might be convenient to Josiah. Mrs. Ashton inclined to the opinion that a suitable marriage, founded on mutual esteem, offered the best chance of lasting happiness, so that it did not trouble her at all to perceive that this would be no love-match, on Grace's side at least. But even with the idea in which she had been brought up, she did think it strange that Grace should be so little interested in this great event, and that she should not feel for herself all the little tremors and anxieties that her mother was feeling for her. She thought it strange, and was not quite happy about it; but still she believed with all her heart, that this marriage would be the best thing possible for Grace—she never doubted that for a moment.

ABOUT NOVICES AND ADEPTS IN THE MELTING MOOD.

BY FRANCIS JACOB.

I.—NOVICES.

WHEN your stoic of the woods, your man without a tear,* is surprised into shedding tears wholesale, it becomes a phenomenon as strange and noteworthy as Horace's thunder out of a clear sky, or *bos locutus*, or any *ἀπαξ λεγόμενον*. The tragedy of the Moor of Venice culminates in his self-portraiture

of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.†

It is the fact of his being a novice in the melting mood that makes this unrestrained effusion the more impressive. *Unused*,—therein lies the effect. Shakspeare's self applies the term to his own experience, in a passage of ravishing beauty in one of his Sonnets :

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.‡

Coriolanus, moved to tears, and so won over from his stern resolve, by the appeal of mother, wife, and child, turns to ask Aufidius whether *he*, to such supplications, and by such suppliants, could have found it in him to deny them. Aufidius owns, "I was moved withal." "I dare be sworn you were," Caius Marcius replies ; adding half apologetically, half proudly—

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion.§

Aufidius has his revenge, in an after scene, when he stigmatises Caius Marcius before the lords of Corioli, as one who gave up Rome for "certain drops of tears"—

At his nurse's tears
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering each at other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars ?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.||

* Hartley Coleridge, by the way, contends that this is a very unusual character among savages; that barbarians are generally lachrymose.—See his *Life of Captain Cook*.

† *Othello*, Act V. Sc. 2.

§ *Coriolanus*, Act V. Sc. 3.

‡ Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, xxx.

|| *Ibid.*, Act V. Sc. 5.

Measureless liar, is the best invective the choking wrath of Coriolanus can retort on his slanderer. That measureless liar, Richard of Gloster, in his wooing and winning of the Lady Anne, expatiates on the power her eyes have of subduing his, albeit unused to the melting mood :

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—
Not when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him :
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death ;
And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedashed with rain : in that sad time,
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear :
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.*

Having won by thus wooing her, Gloster promises to solemnly inter, at Chertsey monastery, the royal corpse she is following,—“and wet his grave with my repentant tears.” Crocodile tears, by which the credulous fair is caught.

The tools he employs for murdering the young princes in the Tower are more capable than the crookt-back king of tearful remorse. Of them Tyrell bears record,

Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children,†

in telling how the two children were by them done to death.

Hubert has to steel himself, as best he may, against the same kind of weakness, when about to fulfil the same kind of commission.

Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]
Turning dispiteous torture out of door !
I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.‡

Happily, in this instance, the foolish rheum prevails ; and through the dimness of Hubert's eyes, the brightness of young Arthur's is spared.

Fierce Soliman, in Tasso's epic, as Englished by Fairfax, when he beholds his Lesbine slain and lost, “his marble heart such soft impression tries, that midst his wrath his manly tears outswell. (Thou weapest, Soliman ! thou that beheld thy kingdom lost, and not one tear couldst yield.”)§

Otway's Pierre, in the parting execution scene that winds up the tragedy of “Venice Preserved,” utters a “curse on this weakness” of

* King Richard III., Act I. Sc. 2.

† King John, Act IV. Sc. 1.

‡ Ibid., Act IV. Sc. 3.

§ Jerusalem Delivered, book ix.

his, that wrings from his astounded comrade the incredulous exclamation—

Tears? amazement! tears?
I never saw thee melted so before.*

Dryden's Ventidius is betrayed into the like weakness in the famous scene with Antony:

Look, emperor, this is no common dew—
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.†

Racine shall give us Achilles melted at the doom of Iphigenia:

Ce héros, si terrible au reste des humains,
Qui ne connaît de pleurs que ceux qu'il fait répandre,
Qui s'endurcit contre eux dès l'âge le plus tendre,
. . . Elle l'a vu pleurer et changer de visage.‡

But Owen Feltham, a man of observations as well as resolves, gives it as a fact of his observing, in general, that the most illustrious heroes have approved themselves the possessors of compassion as well as courage, and "have often had wet eyes as well as wounding hands."§

Alexander of Phœæ—the tyrant who buried men alive; who dressed others in bears' skins and boars' skins, to be then baited with dogs, or despatched with darts; who perpetrated massacres wholesale without compunction; who consecrated the spear with which he slew his uncle Polyphron, and offered sacrifice to it, crowned and garlanded as to a god; this worthy had to quit the theatre once in undignified haste, lest the people should see how much he was overcome by the acting. To the actor—it was in the *Troades* of Euripides—whose skill had so wrought upon him, Alexander sent a complimentary message, importing that "he was ashamed the citizens should see him, who never pitied those he put to death, weep at the sufferings of Andromache and Hecuba."|| For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba that he should weep for her?

Of Marcellus, as he gazed from the heights of Epipolæ on the fair view of Syracuse and its environs beneath, history relates that "even his rude nature was so affected by the beauty of the scene and the greatness of his success, that he burst into a flood of tears."¶ Old soldiers who had served with Marius shed tears at the restoration of his Cimbrian trophies, which had been thrown down by Sylla, and which in one night the popular Ædile, Cæsar, contrived to have set up again, with suitable inscriptions, so that at daybreak men were astonished by the unaccustomed sight.** Noteworthy in the life of so rugged and ruthless a soldier as Marius himself, is the fact of "iron tears" being seen to roll down his cheeks, while the audience at large sobbed aloud, at that sensational turn in the trial of M. Aquillius, when his advocate, the orator Antonius, concluded a pathetic appeal to the feelings of the jury by tearing open the tunic of the old soldier, his client, and displaying the scars which seamed his breast.††

* Venice Preserved, Act V. Sc. 3.

† All for Love, Act I. Sc. 1.

‡ Iphigénie, Acte IV. Sc. 1.

§ Feltham's Resolves.

|| Plutarch, Life of Palopidas.

¶ Liddell, History of Rome, vol. i. book iv. ch. xxxii.

** Id. *ibid.*, vol. ii., book vii. ch. lxiv.

†† Id. *ibid.*, book vi. ch. lvi.

Marius once again was betrayed into a passion of tears, when imploring the sailors to save his life.* So was Cato of Utica, when interceding with extended hands in behalf of the senators.† Dr. Merivale, in describing the compassionate emotion of Titus at the taking of Jerusalem, exemplifies his remark, "But the Roman generals were often moved to tears,"‡ by Marcellus weeping over Syracuse, and Paulus Æmilius at the fate of Perseus. "Cet inconcevable mélange de pitié et d'inflexibilité est tout Romain," says M. Dubois-Guchan.§

Deprived by death of his son Paralus, which left his house without a legitimate representative, Pericles, though he strove to command himself as before, yet at the obsequies of the young man, writes the best historian of Greece, "when it became his duty to place a garland on the dead body," found his grief utterly beyond control, "and he burst out, for the first time in his life, into profuse tears and sobbing."|| It is, according to the Roman satirist, terribly earnest in his satire, Nature's own avowal that she has bestowed on man a keenly susceptible heart, inasmuch as she has set up therein, and consecrated, a sacred fount of sympathetic tears:

—mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se Natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit.¶

In Homer, the rugged companions of Odysseus, restored to their shape by the same magic wand of Circe which had before degradingly transformed them, clung to their master with a long embrace, while "with tears each eye ran o'er." Around him pressed "the weeping sailors, with cries and agonies of wild delight."** So, listening to the celestial strain which mourns Achilles dead and gone,

Each warlike Greek the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted heroes melt in tears.††

We are told of Clearchus, on his attempt to quell the mutiny in his ranks, that, on first appearing before the assembled soldiers, "this harsh and imperious officer stood for a long time silent, and even weeping; a remarkable point," is Mr. Grote's comment, "in Grecian manners—and exceedingly impressive to the soldiers, who looked on him with surprise and in silence."‡‡ From the same admirable historian may be cited the story of the news reaching Sparta of the "tearless battle," won by Archidamus over the Arcadians, at the cost to them (Diodorus says) of ten thousand men, to the Lacedæmonians of not a single one. So powerful was the emotion produced by the herald's report, that all the Spartans who heard it burst into tears; Agesilaus, the Senators, and the Ephors, setting the example. Mr. Grote compares this effect with the inflexible self-control which marked their reception of the disastrous tidings from Leuctra, and takes it to be a striking proof how much more irresistible is unexpected joy than unexpected grief, in working on those minds of iron temper.§§

* Plutarch, Life of Caius Marius.

† Merivale's History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vii. p. 48.

‡ Tacite et son Siècle, ii. 288.

¶ Juvenal,

** Odyssey, book x.

‡‡ Grote's History of Greece, vol. ix. ch. lix.

§§ Ibid., vol. x. ch. lxxvi.

† Life of Cato the Younger.

|| Grote, History of Greece.

†† Ibid., book xxiv.

At that "frightful ceremony," as Michelet terms it, the execution of the Maid of Orleans, the demeanour and expressions of the victim were so devout, humble, and touching, that "the Bishop of Beauvais melted into tears, the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed, and the very English cried and wept as well, Winchester with the rest."^{*}

When Columbus, after his arrival in Spain, in irons, appeared at court, on the 17th of December, 1500, Ferdinand and Isabella received the venerable man with "unqualified favour and distinction," and the Queen was even in tears as she saw him approach. Columbus, says his biographer, had borne up firmly against the rude conflicts of the world, —he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men; but when he "beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth; he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings."[†]

Montezuma's formal recognition of the supremacy of the Spanish emperor was pronounced in a voice choked by emotion; and it "even moved those hard men" who were present to enforce it; insomuch that, although, in the words of an old chronicler, "it was in the regular way of their own business, there was not a Spaniard who could look on the spectacle with a dry eye."[‡] Cortés himself, on the *noche triste*, as he looked wistfully on the thinned and disordered ranks of his followers, — "though accustomed to control his emotions, or, at least, to conceal them," had to cover his face with his hands, and the "tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul."[§] Pizarro's narrative of his toilsome adventures, before Charles V., was so affecting, that "his royal auditor, though not easily moved,"^{||} shed tears. Tears of Pizarro's own shedding are on record, when he turned away from the Inca's piteous supplication for life. "I myself," says Pedro Pizarro, "saw the general weep."[¶] And when he received tidings of the death of his rival, Almagro, his whole frame, we read, was agitated, and he remained for some time with his eyes bent on the ground, showing signs of strong emotion. He even shed many tears, *muchas lagrimas*, according to Herrera, who, however, gives him small credit for them.^{**}

At the abdication of Charles the Fifth in the great hall of the palace at Brussels (Oct. 25, 1555), sobs were heard from every side,—the Fleece Knights on the platform, and the burghers in the background, as Mr. Lothrop Motley depicts the scene, being all melted with the same emotion. The Emperor himself, ashy pale, "wept like a child." Charles was of a phlegmatic, stoical temperament, until shattered by age and disease; "a man without a sentiment and without a tear. It is said by Spaniards that he was never seen to weep, even at the death of his nearest relatives and friends, except on the solitary occasion of the

* Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. v. l. x. ch. iv.

† Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, book xiv. ch. i.

‡ See Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*, book iv. ch. v.

§ *Ibid.*, book v. ch. iii.

|| *History of Conquest of Peru*, book iii. ch. i.

¶ Cited in Prescott, book iii. ch. vii.

** *Id. ibid.*, book iv. ch. iii., notes.

departure of Don Ferrante Gonzaga from court.* The icy Philip, his son, inherited this temperament; and though "almost softened" at the abdication scene, is not said to have wept. Alva, his rigid, frigid, ruthless general, is at any rate recorded to have wept once. At the execution of Count Egmont "tears fell from the eyes even of the Spanish soldiery;" and "tears were even seen upon the iron cheek of Alva," as, from a window in a house directly opposite the scaffold, he looked out upon the scene.† Other tears of Kaiser Karl's are on record—as when Metz could not be taken, and the imperial generals, after trying it for a couple of months, with one voice declared the feat impracticable, and pronounced for a retreat. "Karl listened in silence; but the tears were seen to run down his proud face, not now so young as it once was (1552): "Let us march, then!" he said, in a low voice, after some pause.‡

It makes one all the better disposed to that chilly potentate, William of the pious, glorious, and immortal memory, that the loss of Mary was sensibly felt by him. Anthony a Wood records the presentation of the University authorities to the King at Kensington, "with an address of condolence for the loss of his queen, which, while reading, caused tears to stand in his eyes."§—So it does, again, towards Mr. Carlyle's rough hero, Frederick William—to see his majesty "blubbing" at the death of Uncle George, the first of the royal Four. "And the rugged Majesty blubbered with great tenderness; having fountains of tears withal hidden in the rocky heart of him, not suspected by every one."||

The sorrows and family affection of Marie Antoinette and the princesses caused the members of the Commune on one memorable occasion to regard each other with moistened eyes; and even the brutal Simon was seen to wipe *his*, and was heard to mutter, "I believe these infernal women would make me cry."¶ As soon would one expect tears from Peter Bell, the potter. And yet we know that Peter Bell was surprised into a flood of them :

And Peter Bell, the ruffian wild,
Sobs loud, he sobs ev'n like a child,
"Oh! God, I can endure no more!"**

It was "with tears in his eyes" that iron old Blucher, in 1805, driven up to Rackan, in the extremity of German territory, agreed to a capitulation.††

Dr. Channing may be mentioned among good men unused to the melting mood. Very seldom, indeed, according to his biographer, was he known to exhibit the usual signs of grief. In the midst of persons excited by a pathetic appeal, some one said to him, "How can you be so unmoved?" "My tears," he answered, "do not lie so near my

* Motley, *Hist. of the Rise of the Dutch Republic*, part i. ch. i.

† *Id. ibid.*, part iii. ch. ii.

‡ Carlyle's *History of Friedrich II.*, book iii. ch. vii.

§ *Life of Anthony a Wood*, Jan. 31, 1695.

|| Carlyle, *History of Friedrich II.*, book vi. ch. ii.

¶ Lamartine, *Histoire des Girondins*, l. xxxii. § xvii.

** Wordsworth: *Peter Bell*, part iii.

†† Alison, *Hist. of Europe*, ch. xliii.

eyes."* Gentle Bernard Barton, again, bears witness of himself, "I never could cry—nor do I remember, since childhood, to have shed a tear, save once in a dream about Lucy's angel mother; when sleep had won from me what the waking reality of her loss never could."†

Turning next to classical and miscellaneous fiction for illustrations, mention may be made of those so piteous lamentations of Claudia, in Cervantes, which "forced tears even from the eyes of Roque, where they were seldom or never seen before.‡ In that scene of Fielding's masterpiece in which Mr. Allworthy, on a sick bed, takes leave of his assembled friends, as we are told of some of the company in general that they "shed tears at their parting," so are we of Mrs. Wilkins, in particular, that she dropped her pearls as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gums; and, also in particular, that "even the philosopher Square wiped his eyes, albeit unused to the melting mood."§

No lack of tears shall we find in Scott's novels, from eyes equally unused to the melting mood. Here are a few cases of ocular demonstration. Hugo de Lacy, stalwart warrior of the Crusade, overpowered by his feelings of tenderness for Eveline, pressed her hand "fervently to his lips, and, ere he parted with it, moistened it with one of the few tears which he was ever known to shed."|| A tear stood in the eye of the rough Thane, Cedric the Saxon, at the devotion of his poor fool, Wamba—a mark of feeling which even the death of his kinsman Athelstane, hope of his house, had failed to extract.¶ The Templar even is moved to weep at Rebecca's resolve to face a cruel death: "Who would not weep for thee?—The tear that has been a stranger to these eyelids for twenty years, moistens them as I gaze on thee."** At good Master Holdenough's remembrance of the catastrophe which cost him his best friend, the tide of emotion, we read, was all the more fierce and agitating, that indulgence in strong mental feeling of any kind was foreign to the severe and ascetic character of the man: "large tears flowed down the trembling features of his thin and usually stern, or at least austere, countenance;" and loud sobs betokened how overpowering was the sorrow that had thus surmounted all restraints.†† Sir Edward Manley, the Solitary, better known as the Black Dwarf, is overcome, despite his severity of temper, at parting with Isabella Vere. He resists her entreaties, and stands fixed and motionless, till at length the large drops which gather on his eyelashes compel him to draw his hand across them. "I thought," he says, "that tears and I had done; but we shed them at our birth, and their spring dries not until we are in our graves."‡‡ And, once more; we have Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell himself moved to

* Memoir of Dr. Channing, vol. ii. pt. iii. ch. vii.

† Hence the stanza that concludes one of the mild Quaker's poems:

"I watch'd thee silently, and while
I mused on days gone by,
Thou gavest me one celestial smile,
One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years!
I woke and found myself in tears."

Poems and Letters of BERNARD BARTON, p. 288.

‡ Don Quixote, part ii. ch. ix.

§ The Betrothed, ch. xix.

¶ Ibid., ch. xl.

‡‡ Black Dwarf, ch. xvii.

§ Tom Jones, ch. xlviii.

¶ Ivanhoe, ch. xxxiii.

†† Woodstock, ch. xvii.

tears at contemplating the future of his sons. Much affected by the sight is Francis Osbaldistone—like most of us, the more readily melted by the distress under which a strong, proud, and powerful mind is compelled to give way, than by the more easily excited sorrows of softer dispositions. "I did not think the eye of man would again have seen a tear on Mac-Gregor eyelash," says the Highlander, as he dashes the moisture from his long grey eyelash and shaggy red eyebrow with the back of his hand.*

In the passionate scene between the quasi-ruffian Heathcliff and Catherine Linton, on the night of her death, the two are at one period described by Ellis Bell as silent, their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. "At least," adds E[mily] B[rontë], "I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff *could* weep on a great occasion like this."†

In Victor Hugo's romance of Notre Dame, we have frequent instances of those who are constitutionally and habitually unused to the melting mood, being surprised into tears. For example, when Paquette is heard bewailing the loss of her little child—whereby hangs a tale, *the tale*, in fact, that M. Hugo has to tell—"it was quite cutting, Oudarde!" exclaims one of the gossips, "and I assure you I saw a very hard-hearted man, Master Ponce Lucabre, the attorney, shed tears at it."‡ When Esmerelda, in answer to tortured Quasimodo's entreaties for water, hitherto unheeded, looses a gourd from her girdle, and nimbly mounting the platform, gently lifts the gourd to the parched lips of the exhausted wretch,—"*a big tear*," we read, "was seen to start from his dry and bloodshot eye, and to trickle slowly down his deformed face so long contracted by despair. It was perhaps the first that he had shed since he arrived at manhood."§ In the sensation scene at the close of the story, while the archdeacon, Claude Frollo, is clinging for dear life to the gutter, when thrust by Quasimodo from the tower of Notre Dame, the latter, ignoring even the presence of the priest, is intent on watching the Grève and the fate of the Egyptian there,—"*whilst a stream flowed in silence from that eye, which*," says M. Hugo, apparently forgetting what has gone before, "*till then had not shed a single tear*."|| In the previous scene of recognition, too late, between mother and daughter,—when the agonised recluse began to speak, before provost and soldiers who had forced her little stronghold in the Trou-aux-Rats, it was, for her daughter's sake, "*in a voice so suppliant, so meek, so subdued, so cutting, that more than one old trooper who could have eaten flesh had to wipe his eyes*."¶ And when she had ended her wild, rambling, incoherent harangue, the provost, "Tristan l'Hermite, knitted his brow, but it was to conceal a tear which started into his tiger-like eye:"

While eyes that mocked at tears before
With bitter drops were running o'er.**

M. Dumas, père, gives us in *Aramis* a man neither imaginative nor sensitive; at fifty-five years of age, hard and indifferent of heart; who, however, on visiting the Bastille, is overcome by his feelings as he treads the worn stone steps, along which so many wretches had passed, and passed away—"his head was bowed, and his eye became dim, as he fol-

* Rob Roy, ch. xxxv.

† Notre Dame, l. v. ch. ii.

‡ Ibid., ch. i.

† Wuthering Heights, ch. xv.

§ Ibid., ch. iv.

|| Ibid., l. x. ch. ii.

** Lady of the Lake, canto ii.

lowed Baisemeaux without uttering a syllable.”* More than a hundred chapters later, in a work which comprises nearly three hundred chapters, Aramis is once again betrayed into the melting mood, by the death of his old comrade Porthos. He passed the night on the deck of the *Valencelle* which had taken him, leaning upon the *bastingage*. “Yves remarked next morning, that ‘the night must have been very humid, for the wood upon which the bishop’s head had rested was soaked with dew.’ Who knows!—that dew was, perhaps, the first tears that had ever fallen from the eyes of Aramis.—What epitaph would have been worth that? Good Porthos!”† At the reading of which good Porthos’s will, again, the company cannot help seeing “a large tear roll from the thick lid of D’Artagnan on to his aquiline nose, the luminous edge of which shone like a crescent enlightened by the sun”‡—whether the “which” refers to the large tear or the aquiline nose, being left, as translated, just a little uncertain.

To be constitutionally unused to the melting mood, undisposed to it, un-predisposed to it, may be a slight matter. But it is "hard lines" when the tears one fain would shed are not forthcoming.

Desdemona, in the bewilderment of her distress at the Moor's cruel insults, exclaims to her waiting-woman,

Do not talk to me, Emilia ;
I cannot weep ; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. §

Richard of Gloster professes a like incapacity when he and Edward his brother are told the tale of his princely father's death :

I cannot weep : for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
Tears, then, for babes ; blows, and revenge, for me !!

"J'ai bien souffert, moi, Paul," declares Laura, in Frédéric Soulié's romance, "j'ai souffert des tortures qu'aucune autre femme n'a pu sentir. . . Eh bien ! tant que j'ai pleuré, je n'ai pas été tout à fait méchante ; c'est le jour où la vengeance a tari les larmes dans mon cœur et dans mes yeux, que tous les germes du bien sont morts en moi, desséchés et dévorés à tout jamais. Regarde-moi. Je vis de fièvre et je mourrai jeune, parce que je ne pleure plus."[¶] Creusa, in the second (and by far the second-best) of Talfourd's Grecian tragedies, bending over the urn of Creon, in the funeral grove at Corinth, opens the fourth Act with a soliloquy of perplexed self-questioning :

'Tis strange !—I cannot weep for him ; I've tried
To reckon every artifice of love
 recall'd
From Memory's never-failing book of pain
My own neglects of dutiful regard
Too frequent—all that should provoke a tear,
And all in vain—

* Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. xcix.

† Ibid., ch. cclviii.

† Ch. cclxii.

§ Othello, Act IV, Sc. 2

|| Third Part of King Henry IV., Act II. Sc. 1.

¶ Si Jeunesse Savait, si Vieillesse Pouvait, 144.

. Gods, let me know again
A touch of natural grief, or I shall go
Distract.*

If Wordsworth's despondent Solitary was a sufferer when the household wreck occurred which made him a Solitary, words fail him, in the evening of his life, to tell what he suffers now,

—not seldom, from the thought
That I remember, and can weep no more.†

Clarissa writes to Lovelace—to whom she had never intended to write another line: "My head is gone. I have wept away all my brain, I believe; for I can weep no more."‡ If Lovelace, in his eventual remorse, had expressed a similar incompetency, it might have been in the strain of a modern stanza:

I could not weep: still raged in me
The agony that scars
The very brain: and can there be
Repentance without tears?§

Goethe's Young Werther, when he is getting to be at his worst, complains piteously that his eyes are now dry, and that his senses, no longer refreshed by the influence of soft tears, wither and consume his brain. "Oftentimes do I bend my knee to the earth, and implore God for the blessing of tears, as the desponding labourer, in some scorching climate, prays for the dews of heaven to moisten his parched corn."|| Just before the end, however, in the farewell letter to Charlotte, the closing sentence records a change: "I was calm when I began this letter, but the recollection of these scenes makes me weep like a child."¶ Contrast with the Wertherian temperament—albeit resembling him for the nonce in the mere fact of an incapacity for tear-shedding—the Miller's wife in George Eliot's story, who tries to be lachrymose, but can't, at her sister Pullet's lackadaisicals. "Mrs. Tulliver felt that she ought to be affected, but she was a woman of sparse tears, stout and healthy—she couldn't cry so much as her sister Pullet did, and had often felt her deficiency at funerals. Her effort to bring tears into her eyes issued in an odd contraction of her face."**—In another of Goethe's tales there is a lady, a Charlotte, too, but not Werther's, who, like Mrs. Tulliver, is sparse of tears, and who, when she does cry, makes therefore almost a sensation. For example: "There were visible traces of emotion about her. She had been crying; and tears, which with weak persons detract from their graces, add immeasurably to the attractiveness of those whom we know commonly as strong and self-possessed."†† An earlier work of George Eliot's had given us another "soul feminine" chary of tear-shedding—in that Mrs. Sharp who was sufficiently overcome by the bereavement of Caterina, the heroine of Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, to "shed a small tear, though she was not at all subject to that weakness; indeed, she abstained from it on principle, because, as she often said, it was known to be the worst thing in the world for the eyes."‡‡

* The Athenian Captive, Act IV. Sc. 1.

† The Excursion, book iii.

‡ Clarissa Harlowe, vol. v. letter xxxvi.

§ C. H. Townsend: The Law of Love.

|| Sorrows of Young Werther, Nov. 3.

¶ Ibid., Dec. 21.

** The Mill on the Floss, ch. ix.

†† Wahlverwandschaften, c. xi.

‡‡ Scenes from Clerical Life: Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, ch. iii.

ALEXIS PIRON.

II.

For some time Piron laboured with varying success for the Opéra Comique. His most pressing anxieties were quieted, and his ambition slumbered upon the unexpected though modest height it had attained. He clung with easy-going contentment to the very meagre advantages afforded by his present position, and looked with disfavour upon whatever might tend to ruffle the tranquillity, poor and precarious as it was, that had fallen to his lot. Pressed, however, by Crébillon and others, and inwardly assured of possessing qualifications that pointed to a higher order of intellectual creation than he had yet aimed at, he entered upon a course which finally placed him upon the highest stage of the drama. His first essay in this direction was a piece entitled "*Les Fils Ingrats*," represented at the Théâtre Français in 1728. Though this production obtained for Piron little substantial success, it raised him to his rightful position in the literary world, gave a salutary impetus to his ambition, and is remarkable as being the first attempt to introduce the melodramatic species of the drama upon the French stage. Whether it was that this, being his first important and pretentious work, gave it a fictitious value in his estimation, or that he conscientiously placed it first in merit as it was in time, certain it is that Piron regarded it with an affection which surpassed even that which he entertained for the "*Métromanie*"—"a monster," he exclaimed, in a moment of testy humour, "which has devoured all my other children." Though no competent authority has ever doubted for a moment the injustice of this partiality, there can certainly be little hesitation in ranking Piron's first drama immediately below his greatest. But this inferiority being very considerable, it may be assumed that, though several of Piron's dramatic offspring are as worthy consideration as many of the best contemporary productions of a like character, not one of them enjoys sufficient importance to call for special mention, much less to encroach upon the limited space we can afford for remarks on the "*Métromanie*."

Possessing few elements of ability, and no element of character calculated to make more than an ephemeral impression upon the tragic Muse, Piron inevitably suffered disappointment in all his obviously elaborate attempts to win a noticeable place among the list of her wooers. On the other hand, it would seem natural to have anticipated that Comedy, less fastidious in her exactions, and of a nature highly congenial and propitious, would not only grant him a smiling reception, but impart to his intellectual powers a degree of inspiration which would surely promise him the most brilliant successes; yet there is no doubt that—one instance apart—he made no greater advance in his addresses to her than the most favoured of his contemporary rivals. His wit sparkled with incomparable lustre when it flashed forth in impromptu utterances. At such times every hearer seemed disposed to echo the observation which Rousseau, overcome by the exciting vivacity of a conversation he had just had with

Piron, made to Dussault as they were descending the stairs: "I am fatigued, and actually out of breath! What a man! The Delphic Priestess herself could certainly never have been more animated and inspired." But when his wit had to wait upon premeditation—when it shone with an artificial polish, as in the bulk of his dramatic productions—it showed little brilliancy and often much embarrassment. Freed by the pressure of circumstances from the possibility of study or elaboration, as in the case of his first work, "*Arlequin-Deucalion*," which, at the pressing instances of Francisque, at that time director of the Opéra Comique, he composed in less than three days; or dealing with a subject intimately associated with his every-day thoughts and experiences—a subject with which he could identify his own feelings, and rarely stumble upon any cause of hesitation at the decisions of his own judgment—the beauty that he was able to impart to his writings almost rivalled the universally acknowledged charms with which he could adorn his conversation. In "*Callisthène*" and "*Gustave-Wasa*" he attempted to describe actions and states of mind beyond the powers of his appreciation or the scope of his feelings, and he sank at once to the level of a second-class writer. Without the sphere of his own inner consciousness, or the limited circuit of his external experiences, his mind groped about and stumbled. Rarely did his imagination fail, when disporting itself in such unaccustomed regions, not only to lead him astray, but to strip him even of those captivating ornaments of wit in which he seemed to possess a special property. In the "*Métromanie*," on the contrary, he introduced no character or event that could question his experience or affright him into hesitation. He is himself the hero of that drama, the subject-matter of which had been his chief study and the chief occupant of his thoughts from childhood. The conjunction of no other conditions, therefore, could possibly display his powers to better or fuller advantage. The "*Métromanie*" strikingly disproves the universal applicability of a maxim which, however, Piron himself sarcastically generalises on the following occasion: Being told that "*Le Fat*" (the Fop), a comedy acted at the Théâtre-Français in 1751, had been unsuccessful because the author failed to realise the principal aspects of such a character, Piron exclaimed, "I fully expected it; no man possesses sufficient self-acquaintance to portray himself in a manner perfectly natural."

Upon the "*Métromanie*," which was first represented in 1738 at the Théâtre Français, rests Piron's fame, and his chief claim to posthumous attention.* Nor is such consideration, to a certain extent, misplaced, for the "*Métromanie*" was not only unequalled by the dramatic production of any contemporary poet, but the most distinguished French critics fully subscribe the opinion of Jules Janin, that "no comedy of equal merit had appeared since the '*Misanthrope*.'" If, then, it may be asked, the assumption be justifiable that Piron was "the legitimate successor of Molière," why should the popular neglect fasten upon him with such lasting tenacity—why should he fail to conciliate a just amount of consideration, whilst lavish applause is invariably bestowed upon his celebrated predecessor? There is no hesitation in answering, that the very

* The "*Métromanie*" was revived during the autumn of 1865 at the Théâtre-Français, the chief personage of the drama being ably sustained by M. Delaunay

foundations on which repose the most attractive features of his masterpiece furnish the principal, if not the sole, basis of this indifference.

The "*Métromanie*" admirably delineates and colours with the richest fancy a peculiar phase of human weakness, but then this weakness happens to be amenable as much to artificial as to natural causes. What it typifies is more strictly a human eccentricity than a human frailty, and therefore appeals to sympathies of very rare occurrence. In the estimation of the multitude, the many exquisite beauties it possesses cannot compensate its inability to touch any of the springs which set in motion the more widely-diffused feelings of our nature. It does not, however, forfeit its title to rank in the category of "works of genius," with which M. Villemain classes it, because of its very limited applicability.* No production of Molière, indeed, surpasses it in the finished polish and beauty of its poetry: none equals it in elevation of sentiment. The quiet keenness of its satire, and the easy, natural flow of its dialogue, have rarely been surpassed. The whole is crowned by a nobility of aim which presents a contrast, at that time unusually conspicuous, to the frivolous, often licentious, sometimes altogether aimless, nature of the dramatic literature which was then so prolific.

Keenly sensitive to the contumely and even insult to which poets—especially those who were unproped by riches—had long been subjected, Piron was anxious to create—we cannot say restore, for that would imply too remote a retrospection—a juster and more considerate feeling towards the condemned poor of the class to which he belonged. If he doubted the possibility of imparting to others his own faith in the divinity with which his imagination loved to "hedge" the Muses, at least he strove in the "*Métromanie*" to render current a high and in many respects just estimation of the position and capabilities of poetry. He was especially anxious that diversity of external circumstances should colour but faintly the respect due to the poet. That his efforts failed to produce even the least appreciable amelioration in the relationship which then subsisted between the world and the class to which he belonged is what might have been expected from the peculiarly unpropitious disposition of society at that time to favour any but the grossest material claims to consideration. The object of the poet's enthusiastic efforts, if not altogether illusory, anticipates what must be the slow growth of many generations. If, however, his aim was far too lofty, Piron might reasonably have expected from the class for whose exaltation he laboured at least some outward show of gratitude. But even this poor recompense was denied to him. The scorned, poverty-stricken *littérateur* gave him no thanks for insisting

—qu'un ouvrage d'éclat
Anoblit bien autant que le capitoulat.

On the contrary, both authors and actors conspired with unflagging pertinacity to prevent the appearance of the "*Métromanie*." Voltaire was the chief inspirer of this malicious host: he was, indeed, as much a slave to envy as to vanity, and had for many years deliberately sought to injure Piron. Besides, he was rich and influential, and then the

* Laharpe calls it a "chef-d'œuvre d'intrigue, de style, de verve comique et de gaieté."

"*Métromanie*" was an eloquent protest against the literary supremacy he had assumed. In accents eminently persuasive, it sought to instil heretical opinions upon certain social dogmas in reference to which Voltaire was perhaps the most orthodox and bigoted of his generation. This opposition from his ancient persecutor Piron, no doubt, fully anticipated; but that the poor-devil author, the man patronised and despised, should emulate, or, we would rather believe simulate, Voltaire's horror of innovation in such a direction was, indeed, a wondrous triumph of envy. In vain Piron pleaded his cause; in vain, by the mouth of Francaleu, the banker, he gave a semblance of reality to that which, in the imagination of a poet-habitant of a garret, had heretofore been supposed for ever relegated to the land of dreams:

Ma fille est riche et belle. En un mot, je la donne
Au premier qui lui plaît; je n'excepte personne.

LISSETTE.

Pas même le poète?

M. FRANCALEU.

Au contraire, c'est lui
Que je préférerois à tout autre aujourd'hui.

LISSETTE.

Je ne le crois pas riche.

M. FRANCALEU.

Eh bien! j'en ai de reste.
J'aurai fait un heureux. C'est passe-temps céleste.
Favorisant ainsi l'honnête homme indigent,
Le mérite, une fois, aura valu l'argent.

Then, again, Damis, the poet, unhesitatingly and proudly affirms that

Le bel-esprit en nous n'exclut pas la bravoure,

casting, in the fervour of his enthusiasm, a halo of chivalry around the members of a class, until that time little suspected of harbouring a claim to participate in what, clothed in its higher conventional forms, was regarded as appertaining in a special manner to the aristocracy. It was all no use. The votaries of the Muses, whether rich or poor, distinguished or insignificant, united to prevent the brilliant pleading of their champion from being heard upon the stage. Nothing less than a peremptory order from M. Maurepas, at that time a very influential member of the government, could induce the authorities of the *Théâtre Français* to permit the representation of Piron's drama. The great success which the "*Métromanie*" achieved could not be denied; but, in spite even of that potent modifier of ill-will, an overflowing exchequer, the comedians, after a few nights' concession to authority, thrust malignantly the noble production into the darkest corner of the darkest shelf, where for ten years it was consigned to the sleepless guardianship of envy in her most despicable form. In the provinces, however, especially at Toulouse, so renowned aforesaid as a cherished seat of the Muses, the high appreciation and applause which attended its representation tended to soothe Piron's vexation at the perverse ingratitude and spiteful opposition which immediately surrounded him.

The depressing influences of prejudice and petty jealousy which, at its

first appearance, the "*Métromanie*" had to encounter have not even yet, perhaps, completely passed away. But, whilst the beauties of Piron's great drama remain as consummate and incontestable as ever, the evil genius that presided at its birth has slunk into obscurity. Many of the chief causes which contributed to the unmerited ostracism of the "*Métromanie*" from the boards of the *Théâtre Français* are not far to seek. Is it possible that the most credulous imagination can refer any one of them to the indignation of a highly sensitive virtue? During the regency and the reign of Louis XV. morality in France stood conspicuously low; it was an epoch when, as Voltaire says, every act was possible but that of penitence. Are we to suppose, then, that, at such a time, an isolated act of impropriety committed in a past generation could account for the smallest grain in the crushing weight of opposition which the "*Métromanie*" experienced? The idea is preposterous. Piron nowhere hints at the existence of such a gross inconsistency. He was fully aware that there existed very little super-sensitive virtue to look askance at him. By all—high or low, rich or poor—his company was highly esteemed; so much so, that rarely was there heard an expression of dislike towards him. Yet, in spite of all this, Piron was perpetually suffering from a shamefaced ill-will, actively working in the dark, which he could not but be aware was ascribable, at least in most part, to that fearless spirit of independence, to that complete freedom of thought and behaviour, which he would never sacrifice, and to the generous, broad action of his mind which kept him away from all petty cabals and intrigues. The distinguished and more fortunate, because less scrupulous, poets despised him on account of his poverty; and this contempt was embittered by the presence of an uneasy feeling nearly akin to malice, that his genius was equal, if not superior, to their own: and they feared him, because his disinterested sarcasm went straight to its mark, never deviating to the right or the left in deference to adventitious environments. The jealous feelings of minor and less fortunate poets were chafed because his intellectual resources were not, as were his worldly means, on the same humble level as their own: "he stood among them, but not of them." Then, again, his sympathies were radically at variance with the general tendency which showed itself among the writers of the day to represent and glorify extravagant or premature social changes. He was heartily loyal to the existing institutions. He was ever among the first to celebrate the birth of a Dauphin, or the rare occurrence of any kingly act performed by Louis XV. As a song writer, indeed, he ranked in popularity next to his friend Collé, whom the people in their admiration were wont to call "the King of Paris." Often would Piron wend his way to the Pont-Neuf, and loiter there listening with intense satisfaction to some one of his numerous ballads hummed or shouted by the passing peasant or artisan. His pleasure on such occasions was complete. He had neither the ability nor the wish to interpret the signs of the time. He would have mourned and regarded as impious all attempts to cramp the proper work of centuries into decades. Yet such attempts were close at hand, and were destined virtually to place ages between him and the very next generation of his countrymen. "We hear no more," says a French writer, "the frank and joyous songs which delighted our fathers; Collé and Piron seem to us as antiquated and peruked as Corneille and Racine."

No dissentient voice was heard in the French Academy when it was proposed in 1753 to elect Piron a member of that body. This unanimity was surely a valid, if not an infallible, proof of the poet's eligibility—affording, it may be presumed, besides the most direct evidence of his intellectual ability, a very satisfactory inference as to the impression which his character had made upon those who should have been best qualified to estimate it fairly and judiciously. But, on this occasion, the moral sensibility of Louis XV. surpassed in susceptibility that of the illustrious Forty of the Academy. The king's latent delicacy was shocked by an intimation of the Abbé Boyer, Bishop of Mirepoix, that the elect of the Academy had in his youth written a few indecorous lines which had been treasured up against him, and, in consequence, the royal pen erased indignantly the poet's name from the renowned list. Even the customary efficacious intercession of Madame de Pompadour failed on the present consistent and just occasion to dissuade the king, momentarily possessed by a ludicrous spirit of morality, from sacrificing the unlucky poet. Through life Piron had endured, with rare and brief intermissions, the frowns and buffets of Fortune, and this was her crowning insult. It was, indeed, a merciless retribution which thus, for the perpetration of one long-since expiated sin against decorum, forced upon him the ignominy of bending before the moral scrupulosity of Louis XV. ! Yet it should not be forgotten that, in a very short time, influenced by weighty protestations and a little reflection, the king—not naturally disposed to inflict wrong—was induced to lighten the effects of his egregious injustice by granting, principally through the representations of Montesquieu, a pension of one thousand livres to the injured poet. This concession to the strongly expressed opinion of those who ranked, with few exceptions, among the most worthy both in intellect and in moral character—this confessing the wrongful perpetuation of a stigma which the most exacting justice must have declared fully effaced by forty years of irreproachable behaviour, could not, to the upright and unprejudiced, legitimate the exclusion of the author of the “*Métromanie*” from the Academy. Fontenelle and Crébillon had been foremost in promoting the election of Piron; and the boldest repudiator of the king's veto was Montesquieu, who persisted in always addressing the poet as “*mon cher confrère*.”

Unjust as Piron had often been in the sarcasms which he had not unfrequently directed against the members of the Academy—on one occasion pointing them out as “*Forty with the wit of Four*,” on another, designating them as “*Les invalides du bel-esprit*”—for a time the satirist disappeared behind the man so inconsistently smitten and besalved, and, unsatisfactory as the compensation made to Piron for his disappointment appeared, the Academy hastened to confer upon him the unusual honour of deputing four of its body—Mirabeau, Mairan, the Abbé du Resnel, and Duclos—to congratulate him upon the pecuniary consolation which the king had been induced to afford him. It appears extraordinary that Piron, usually so independent and unaffectedly direct in his dealings with the world, should on this conspicuous occasion have diverged with inexplicable perversity into a tortuous and inconsistent course. Yet so it was. To say that he had no serious desire to be numbered among the most illustrious literary assembly in France would unfairly assume his insensibility to legitimate ambition, and would, indeed, be in direct con-

tradition to his own oft-expressed aspirations. The riddle is insoluble. The man who

A tout l'or du Péron préfère un beau laurier,

could not be induced to pass through the few slight formalities prescribed to those upon whom it was proposed to bestow the highest honour which France had decreed to literary merit! Rarely amenable to the charge of harbouring the meaner passions, he suffered envy, and, we are constrained to believe, no slight degree of malice, towards the assembly that had unanimously recognised his merits to take up their permanent abode in his mind, and to show themselves conspicuously even in his celebrated epitaph:

Ci-gît Piron, qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Académicien.

It was invariably the lot of Piron, in the few successes which brightened his life, to pass into the same dubious light of fortune which shone upon his attempts to enter the Academy. He enjoyed ample liberty, but it was a liberty always dreading the apparition of want. The fame he achieved was so depressed, and disfigured by malevolence so completely a stranger to fortune, that it usually yielded more pangs than pleasures. He was endowed with a handsome person and an engaging presence, but his shallow means obliged him to defer marriage until late in life; and although he was blessed beyond ordinary measure with a good wife, who was also a most congenial companion, he endured the agony at the end of five short years of beholding her acute and well-cultivated mind shaken and deranged through the attacks of a severe illness; and thus with shattered intellect the bosom friend, so lately obtained, continued for five long years to sadden him with her presence. His spirit, which had hitherto borne him triumphantly over many a dangerous pitfall of disappointment, failed under the weight of this calamity to maintain its elasticity. To the assaults of poverty—persistent as they often were—Piron never allowed his mind to succumb. It is known, indeed, that by some ingenious stratagem he managed to wring from out his poor means a pension—strange as the word may sound coupled in such a way with the needy poet—to his mother. Equally incapable of permanently depressing his buoyant nature were the far more dangerous attacks of calumny and envy. He had a firm persuasion—arrived at through much unpleasant experience—of the futility of any attempt to rectify the false light in which contemporary critics persisted in viewing his character and the scope of his genius; but he appealed with full confidence from the injustice of his own generation to “the indulgence of posterity.” In friendship he was no less sensitively steadfast than in love, presenting at these broad inlets of the affections the only sure approaches by which to wound his peace of mind. These were, indeed, traits of steadfastness that, from their rarity in those days, merit peculiar notice and eulogy. Most of the other qualities which form the complement of his character afford remarkably faithful representations of the corresponding qualities which distinguished the French people, though not in many aspects French society, at that period. Piron was no bastard Frenchman; he did not attempt to associate philosophy with licentiousness, nor to reconcile the “rights of man” with the principles of

the existing absolute monarchy. Speculations of this nature, however specious, had no charms for him. He was satisfied to follow the path which the tramp of many generations had made palpable and easy. He cared not to look back : of to-morrow he was little inquisitive. Like the vast mass of his countrymen, he had not forsworn his character : neither the plausible sophistry of a crowd of social-system mongers, nor the palpable defects in nearly every department of the Church and State, could induce him to damp, either by a breath of religious doubt or an aspiration towards objects only dimly figured to the imagination, the full enjoyment of the present. But this concentration of attention upon the passing moment—a cramp of the intellectual faculties conspicuous in most Frenchmen during the eighteenth century—led naturally enough to an obliteration from his mind, and from the minds of his countrymen, of nearly every vestige of both religious and political faith. The superficiality and frivolity of feeling thus engendered finally lacquered over even the present with a scoffing, though often elegant, wit. “Reckless jesting,” says Montesquieu, “imparts an obtrusively distinctive colouring to the whole French character : it makes its appearance everywhere, on all occasions—there is jesting at the council-board, jesting at the head of an army, and there is a vein of jesting running throughout even the most momentous diplomatic discussions.” Upon the whole, then, Piron may be accepted as a very passable representative of the old French society—a society so notoriously impatient of all restraint, that it put neither a curb upon the licence of its actions, nor modified the jesting character of its discourse, even when it had reached the very brink of destruction.

THE BURIAL OF A YOUNG OFFICER AT SEA.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SICKENING, he died, far on the Tropic Ocean,
Where skies seem flame,
His last words, as he quiver'd with emotion,
His mother's name.

The sun was dropping westward, slowly, slowly,
Winds lull'd away ;
Each wave caught heaven's rich splendour ; something holy
On Nature lay.

The nautilus his painted shell was guiding,
Dolphins gleam'd past ;
The vessel, on the burnish'd billow riding,
Long shadows cast.

We brought him upon deck, the awning under,
Bravery now low,
No more to hear the cannon's rolling thunder,
Or front the foe.

The Burial of a Young Officer at Sea.

We look'd again upon his face, and, stooping,
Kiss'd his young brow,
Then placed him in his serge-shroud, colours drooping,
All silent now.

There lay he ready—he late mirth and gladness—
For his sea-grave;
And many a heart, ne'er touch'd before by sadness,
A deep sigh gave.

We stood with folded hands, and heads uncover'd,
Before the dead;
The albatross above the vessel hover'd,
As the priest read.

Oh, didst thou hear those solemn words, thou Ocean,
Making low moan?
Thou azure sepulchre, with murmuring motion,
Asking thine own!

The clay to thy cold keeping must be given,
The soul above;
One would have died to save him—pity, Heaven!
That heart of love!

How would she weep when told the mournful story!
Her darling brave,
Not slain in fight, and giv'n a wreath of glory,
But this sad grave?

We lower'd him slowly, gently to the billow;
We gazed once more;
Sleep, much-loved comrade, sleep on thy cold pillow!
One splash—'twas o'er.

Thus to the depths mysterious we committed
The mother's pride;
The waves above him swept, the sea-bird flitted,
And low winds sigh'd.

On ocean's verge the golden sun was resting,
Twilight brought balm,
Beauty, solemnity, the scene investing
With holiest calm.

There let him slumber, far from gentle weepers,
In coral caves,
Till the last trumpet calls the long, long sleepers
From their sea-graves.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXXVI.

WRAPPED in a large silk shawl, Christine descended to the carriage, and in the unwonted enjoyment of driving along the streets her elastic spirits rose to a state of great buoyancy. On entering the theatre, her father hurried her into a small stagebox on the third tier, where, ensconced in a dark corner, she could sit concealed while seeing and hearing all that was going on around her. The entertainment—composed of alternate instrumental and vocal music—did great credit to the dilettanti of Palermo, and the débutante listened with extreme pleasure to a treat so new to her as an amateur concert. This treat was not the less agreeable that it inspired no fear on her own account; on the contrary, when some solos from favourite operas were given, she felt an intense desire to go down on the stage and sing them herself, detecting, as she so frequently did, a want of expression, power, or finish of execution. San Isidora sat opposite to his daughter, watching every change of her eloquent countenance. He had well calculated his chances in bringing her forward for the first time among private performers. It inspired confidence in her own talents to hear singing more defective than that of people purely professional would have been; and when to this advantage was added her youth, extreme beauty, and her appearing in the midst of her high-born connexions, he felt that his forethought and management had secured her success. At length her turn came. It had been settled that she was to sing before the last great piece of orchestral music which was to close the entertainment; and while a celebrated violoncello player was melting the souls of all present with the mellowed tones which he drew from his instrument, the youthful cantatrice descended the stairs with her father to wait at the side-scenes the moment when she was to appear upon the stage. During this trying interval, San Isidora felt his daughter shiver slightly as she clung to his arm. He looked down at her fair face, and almost started at the lustrous paleness of her polished cheek.

"Mia figlia!" he softly whispered, "surely you cannot have any fear in singing after the bunglers you have heard to-night?"

"No, father," she answered, hesitatingly, while gazing at the crowded house with an appalled expression. "I do not fear to sing, nor am I much afraid to show myself before that sea of heads; but yet I feel as if my destiny hung on this night. I have sensations of awe which oppress me."

"Throw them off, my child," hurriedly answered her parent, perceiving that in a minute she must appear—"throw them bravely off, and think only of how much depends upon this moment; that your success is necessary to render us both independent and happy. Coraggio! now for it!"

His words dissolved the icy spell that had fallen on his daughter's faculties ; it brought realities before her eyes, and roused the powers of her bright imagination and energetic character. She hastily cast aside the shawl that enveloped her, and giving one hand to her father, while she held her music in the other, she advanced at the proper moment on the stage. A buzz greeted her appearance, accompanied by a universal movement throughout the house. "*La Signorina San Isidora—la cugina del Principe—la figlia di Ascanio—quanto è bella !*" was murmured round and round, until she could have no doubt whatever of the favourable impression she had made. It is needless to talk of people carrying desired aims by force of mind alone : this seldom or never occurs ; and had our *débutante*, with all her genius and amiable qualities, appeared an ugly, awkward, ill-dressed person before the Palermo audience, the effect would have been very different.

Christine not only "*se sentait belle,*" as the French aptly express it, but she likewise knew that she was attired in a manner that enhanced her beauty, while it could not excite any animadversion. She therefore walked forward and took her position with the quiet self-possession of one who is equally secure in major and minor points. During the first minute her cheek retained its singular dazzling paleness, making her appear like an alabaster figure draped with black, while an indescribable feeling of awe hindered her raising her beautiful eyes from the ground ; but when the prelude to her recitative began, everything seemed to change around her. It was so exquisitely played that she felt as if she imbibed inspiration in the melody-laden air she breathed, while the words uttered by her father fixed her mind on the necessity of her present appearance. She glanced aside at him as he sat at the piano regarding her with anxious attention, and seeking to awaken her musical feelings by his masterly symphony. She saw his uneasiness, and gave him a reassuring smile ; then, turning round, she took one rapid survey of the house before fixing her attention on the music in her hand. That sweet smile, that bright glance, had a magical influence on the assembled crowd. There reigned the stillness of death when the first thrilling words of the recitative came forth from her chiselled lips, and as she continued the deep, distinct, and touching tones, a spell seemed to fall on all those who were present, binding them in motionless silence. At last, when she had concluded the more impressive part of her piece, and burst into the flow of song, the effect was electrifying ; the delicious gust of youthful juicy voice, the ringing tones of happiness, the extraordinary facility with which she executed the most complex passages, the clearness and fulness of her very high notes, and the strength and roundness of her low ones, were marvellous to hear combined in one human organ.

The effect produced by her splendid singing was little less than wonderful, while the beauty of her face, the remarkable gracefulness of her least movement, even in turning over the leaves of her music, conveyed to the spectators the conviction of her being the possessor of mental as well as of physical distinction, equally powerful, and as much under her control as her extraordinary gift of voice, of which she had so completely acquired the management. The bravura concluded

by some passages of intricate composition, which tried to the utmost the united properties of accuracy of ear, variety of expression, and brilliant execution. Christine stole another rapid glance at her father, conveying the assurance of the perfect confidence she felt, and then threw herself into those complex roulades with as complete an *abandon* as if she had a positive luxury in revelling in the midst of musical difficulties. So immense was the sensation she excited, that when the last beautiful cadence died away on the air, there was a burst of universal enthusiasm throughout the theatre. San Isidora rose in triumph from the piano.

"Brava, brava, figlia mia!" he exclaimed, with exultation, as he extended his hand to conduct her from the stage. "Your fortune is made from this night, cara."

The cries of "*Fuori, fuori!*"* did not, however, permit Christine an instant either for congratulation or reflection. Her father was again obliged to lead her on. Forward she came with her elastic and graceful step, while her eyes, smiles, and glowing cheeks all harmonised in a dazzling expression of gratified feeling in receiving the almost frantic plaudits that greeted her reappearance. She was in the act of curtsying round her thanks, when her eye suddenly rested on the stage-box in the second tier, just under the one which she had occupied the beginning of the evening. In the front of this box sat a beautiful girl, seemingly about fifteen, whose large blue eyes, light-brown curls, and clear, fair face proclaimed her English, while an old lady, with hair as white as snow, and of a singularly pleasing but melancholy expression of physiognomy, sat beside her. It was true that those two figures at first arrested Christine's attention, not only as something sympathetic with her feelings, but likewise as conveying an impression peculiarly gratifying to her vanity by the excess of their approbation, particularly on the part of the youthful beauty, who sought in every way to testify her extreme admiration; but a second view discovered a third person in the box, who, by a kind of magnetic attraction, riveted the triumphant songstress so as to make her forget for a moment all that was before and around her. Drawn up behind stood a gentleman with folded arms, tall, grave, and pale; he might have been taken for a statue had it not been for the glance of living light that shot from his large dark eyes, and fascinated the young girl upon whom he fixed them. So remarkable was the effect produced by his intense observation, that when their eyes met it seemed as if a ray of mutual intelligence was communicated which blended their thoughts and feelings. He did not approve of her—no, she *felt* that he did not approve of her—standing curtsying there to that superficial multitude; he gave no sign of applause himself, and yet the expression of his face left no doubt that he observed her with a fixed and absorbing interest. There was a singular reaction instantly operating in her mind. She experienced no more gratification in being the object of so much approbation; on the contrary, she felt degraded by it, and, regardless of the thundering plaudits, she almost immediately withdrew. She was not to escape thus, however; she was again

* To come forward.

called forth, but she only appeared at the bottom of the stage, and, like a pure sparkling star just setting, gleamed for a moment in the distance and disappeared. Great excitement reigned in the house, for everything in Christine's début was calculated to give her singular notoriety; her extraordinary vocal powers and excessive beauty, her high connexions and dubious position with a father of bad character, all tended to throw a certain halo of mysterious interest around her. A more universal and unqualified feeling of admiration was, perhaps, never before inspired; the ladies, in their surprise, threw aside jealousy, and joined with the gentlemen in lauding her; and even la Principessa San Isidora had caught the infection. In a flutter of excitement and delight she had listened to the beautiful piece so exquisitely sung, and when it finished gave noisy demonstration of her approbation. Her dignified caro sposo smiled at her unwonted enthusiasm, and he was in the act of leaving his seat to hasten behind the scenes in order to congratulate his young relative on her wonderful powers and universal success, when, all at once, he was arrested in his progress by his lady calling out in an excited manner, waving her fan at the same time in the direction of the stage:

"Gregorio, Gregorio! Dio mio! Dio mio!"

"Che c'e mia, moglie?"* asked the prince, with much surprise, not perceiving anything to create alarm in the lovely cantatrice curtseying her thanks to the audience.

"Oh, Gregorio, Gregorio, siamo rovinati—ecco Tadeo!"† replied in despairing tones the unhappy mother, pointing to a box near the orchestra, from which her beloved son appeared, bending forward in a frantic state of rapturous animation, as if he were ready to jump on the stage and eat up his beautiful cousin.

The prince quietly levelled his glass in that direction, then shrugged up his shoulders, and soothingly replied to his wife's appealing looks of misery:

"Why are you in such a fright, Gianetta? In a few weeks Tadeo will be married to the Albertini, so what harm can come of his admiring la bella Cristina?"

"Oh, Gregorio, you do not know our Tadeo!" replied the more quick-sighted lady. "If he becomes innamorato della cugina‡, he will not, in his madness, care if the sposa, you, and I, with all our possessions, were at the bottom of the sea. I know his way, well; he fell so quickly in love with the Albertini that he will very soon come out of it, having had no opposition to fix him in his fancy; but with that vera strega di bellezza, la Cristina§, he will never get cured; for, besides its having the attraction, for *him*, of being out of all rule in his position, quella ragazza|| is endowed with everything calculated to obtain an empire over a man, and to fix it when it is obtained."

"But Tadeo has a good heart and high principles of honour," observed the father, rather anxiously.

"Bah!" replied the lady, "what signify a man's heart and his high principles of honour when his head is bewildered by a beautiful woman,

* What is the matter, my wife?

† Smitten with his cousin.

‡ We are ruined—there is Tadeo.

§ Very witch of beauty.

|| That girl.

who sings to his senses? Oh, Gregorio, Gregorio! remember how you were yourself committed with the Catterina!"

"Well, well, may be so," replied rather nervously the husband, fearing the turn the subject was taking. "But there is another view of the affair, mia moglie; perhaps la Cristina may not fall in love with Tadeo."

"*Impossibile!*" frowningly answered the princess, haughtily tossing her head as she spoke, being almost more offended at a supposition so degrading to the dignity of her son than she was afraid of the danger of his becoming a captive to his cousin. Her mind would not have been at all tranquillised had she at that moment peeped behind the scenes, where she would have beheld her beloved Tadeo enveloping la cantatrice* in her silk shawl, while professing his rapture in having been fortunate enough to come from Naples in time to hear his bella cugina cantare come una vera angela.†

From this night of triumphant success the world became quite a new world to Christine; everything grew bright and animated; visits, complimentary messages and notes poured upon her; musical professors flocked around her whenever she appeared abroad; and even San Isidora became courted for his daughter's sake, whose fortune the world *now* knew to be secure by her great natural gifts, genius, and beauty. He continued, however, to guard his treasure carefully. She was permitted to receive no visits, on the plea of being engaged in busy preparation for another exhibition. To hear her sing in opera was the universal cry, and at last her father *allowed* himself to be prevailed upon to permit her appearance in that of "*Roberto il Diavolo*," provided the parts were sustained by amateurs, the purpose charity, and the audience to be select.

This announcement was hailed with delight, and innumerable applications for permission to perform were made to the committee who charged themselves with the arrangements. San Isidora—though acting as king, on the strength of his daughter's importance—left, nevertheless, all the responsibility of casting the parts to those gentlemen, except in that of Roberto, which he insisted on taking himself; for as his daughter was to appear in Isabella, he did not choose to permit her being associated with a stranger. This was all very right and proper, although it was to be regretted the general effect should be spoiled by the hero being represented by a man no longer young, and whose voice was not adapted for the part. The thing progressed rapidly, however; the rehearsals took place almost every morning at the theatre where the concert had been held, and regularly at those rehearsals attended Tadeo, devoting his attentions to his fascinating cousin.

As a relation, Christine liked the young man amazingly; she admired his polished manners and aristocratic appearance, and she had much pleasure in watching the lightning changes of expression passing over his handsome countenance, more particularly as he never said or did anything that could offend, but, on the contrary, was full of talent and good feeling. His fine grey eyes, it is true, did look unutterable

* The singer.

† His beautiful cousin sing like a real angel.

things occasionally at the bewitching cantatrice; but, nevertheless, those languishing glances had no other effect on Christine than to make her smile, for she had the conviction that *if* Tadeo were really in love with her—for she was far from being sure on the subject—it would not prove a deep passion; in short, she was convinced that nothing very serious *could* happen to her volatile relative. And yet she felt a great regard for him. He was the only one of her father's family whom she really liked; but not one spark of the tender passion mixed itself up with her purely friendly sentiments; no, the deeper feelings of her soul were absorbed by the recollection of the melancholy marble-looking countenance which she had seen in the stage-box. She had ventured to ask her father one day if he knew who the party were, describing them personally as she did so; and she had been startled by his answering that it was the English family who lived in the villa Zernini.

"The young person," he continued, "is, I believe, the gentleman's daughter, and the old one her *dame de compagnie*, but they rarely show themselves. The ladies seldom leave their grounds, and the gentleman is almost always at sea in his yacht; he is reported to be immensely rich, but, like *un vero Inglese*,* he keeps all his luxury and grandeur to himself."

"Ah! no," thought Christine; "he could quit his luxuries to watch over and sustain poor Ernest Arnheim on his death-bed, and he could so far forget his grandeur as to visit the chapel where lay the cold remains of his humble friend—ay, and to bring his lovely daughter too, for *she* is Emmeline. But where is his wife?"

Christine ruminated on the subject until she believed that she quite understood it, and from the recollection of his mournful reflections and quotation, as she had heard them in the church, when coupled with his saddened tone of voice, she concluded her musing thus:

"His wife is dead, and the world has lost all charm for him. It must be so; he mourns a fond, devoted partner, who has been everything to him, and now he only wishes to be laid at rest beside her. No wonder he despised a poor silly girl like me, on hearing me sing, and in seeing me curtsying before a crowd of idle, trifling people. But he does not know how I am situated; if he did, I am sure that he would not condemn me."

In this way Christine settled the matter, while almost persuading herself that the next time her father took her in a carriage to the Marina she should see him. But her expectation was in vain; she beheld him no more, and even the villa was still concealed by the full foliage of the trees, whose luxuriance was yet undiminished by the approach of winter.

* A true Englishman.

XXXVII.

THE night of the opera at length arrived, a night in every way calculated to attract great attention, not only from the marvellous reputation which the beautiful young prima donna had acquired in her appearance in concert, but likewise from its being the first time that the celebrated German composition of "Robert le Diable" had ever been brought forward in Palermo. It had been carefully translated into Italian, and the choruses and orchestra selected and rehearsed with much attention. A professional German girl had been chosen to perform the part of Alice, San Isidora having declined it for his daughter on the plea of its being too fatiguing; and that of Bertramo was likewise to be represented by a much-admired public basso, whose conception of the character was wonderfully successful; the others were amateurs, and all, without exception, excellent singers. The getting up of the piece, in short, was first rate, and, from the scene of the opera being laid in Sicily, the *dramatis personæ* felt themselves quite at home, and entered with wonderful zest into all the mystic parts of it. The ballet-dancers were, at a considerable expense, brought from Naples expressly for that night, and with them came the impresario* of San Carlo, in order to judge himself of the new cantatrice, no one having the least doubt that San Isidora destined his daughter for a public career. On their way to the theatre her father never ceased to impress on Christine the necessity of her saving her strength for the sleeping-scene, well knowing his daughter's inspired manner of singing the admired piece of "Roberto, Roberto, non amo che te,"† and fearing that by over-exertion in the preceding parts she might fatigue herself too much to give it in her usual impassioned style. She only replied by smilingly vaunting her strength, and assured her father that she considered as nothing what she had to perform in the opera with the exception of that single piece, which she professed to like above everything else she sang. On reaching the theatre, she immediately retired to prepare herself, and was quickly arrayed in the singular ancient Sicilian costume in which Isabella is always represented. When her toilet was finished, she left her room to seek her father, in order to hear if he thought she was dressed according to rule, and knocked at his door with that intention. He did not answer immediately, and, after waiting for a minute, the bolt was undrawn, the door thrown open, and Roberto, splendidly attired, and looking like a youthful Apollo, stood before her; but it was not San Isidora—it was Tadeo! Christine remained motionless, gazing at the brilliant apparition as if she doubted the evidence of her senses, not being able to understand what appeared at the first instant a miraculous metamorphosis; and it was only on her cousin approaching, and playfully assuring her that he had all along been intended for the part, and had privately rehearsed for it, that she recovered in some sort from her astonishment. Tadeo ran on explaining that, *il padre e la madre essendo molto puntigliosi*,‡ he had despaired of obtaining

* Manager.

† Robert, Robert, I love none but thee!

‡ His father and mother being very captious.

their consent, and, thinking it better not to risk a refusal, had therefore arranged with il buon Ascanio that he should insist upon taking it himself, in order to reserve for him the honour e felicità of enacting the adoratore della cugina. San Isidora saw a cloud gathering on his daughter's brow, and hastened to settle matters by assuring her that Tadeo was one of the finest tenors in Italy, and as he had carefully instructed him in all the minute points to be attended to in the character, there was no doubt whatever of his making furore. "Besides your having the advantage of performing with a first-rate singer, Christine," he continued, "this arrangement leaves me the liberty of being beside you when you are not engaged in acting, for it is not desirable for a young woman to remain alone at the side-scenes awaiting the moment when she must appear on the stage."

This observation was enough to silence the remonstrance that was rising to her lips, particularly when it was followed up by his observing that it was so great a relief to him to find a substitute for a part—neither suited to his age nor to his voice—in so near a relation and a giovanotto tanto buono come Tadeo.* The sound of the overture, however, left no more time either for explanation or discussion, and Roberto was called upon to hold himself in readiness for the first scene. On the handsome youth stepping forth in answer to the summons, there was a shout among the assembled amateur performers, very few of whom were in the secret of the transfer made by Ascanio; and when he appeared on the stage, the whole house seemed mystified as to who il bell' giovanotto† could possibly be. Conscious of his extreme personal beauty, as well as being confident in his fine vocal powers, and delighting in the wonder and speculation he occasioned, Tadeo made a most imposing and fearless début. Christine, leaning on her father's arm, watched his progress with much interest and curiosity, clearly perceiving that on his first appearance he was not recognised. Then her eye rested on the princess, his mother, who was bending forward, intently observing him with a disturbed countenance; but the moment he began to sing she sprang upon her feet, and, turning towards her husband, seemed in so great a state of nervous agitation as to be in danger of going into convulsions. The prince, however, succeeded in calming her to a certain degree; for, after a little, she sat back in her box and continued to fan herself violently, which exercise she only discontinued to glance hastily at the stage from time to time, then to strike the cushion before her with her closed fan whilst nodding her head at her husband in significant despair.

The gaming-scene went off with immense éclat: the chorus was excellent, Bertramo as sinister as possible, both in his tones and looks, and Roberto himself inimitable, the reckless, dare-devil part he represented being quite in keeping with his natural character. The attention he drew, however, immediately gave way when Christine's turn came to appear; while his success inspired her with courage, and prevented any feeling of nervousness which she might otherwise have had. If she had astonished and charmed in merely singing in

* A young man so amiable as Tadeo.

† Handsome youth.

concert, the effect may be imagined when to her magnificent voice was added her extreme beauty and exquisite acting. There was nothing in the part of Isabella that called forth much power in the commencement of the piece; but her loveliness of person, enhanced as it was by the singular dress she wore, her harmony of motion, her repose of appearance, created an immense sensation, and proved that she possessed a combination of qualities which approached as nearly as possible to perfection. The little she had at first to sing sounded superlatively fine, from the fulness and fineness of her *organ*, in contrast to that of Alice, whose voice, though true, was thin and shrill, while her intonation was so admirably adapted to the sense of the words, that passages came with splendid effect from her, which from an inferior performer would have passed without notice. The truth must also be acknowledged that Christine felt herself in her element; the excitement of acting aided her vocal power; she had got a character to sustain peculiarly adapted to her taste; and, what was more, the unexpected circumstance of having her handsome cousin for her amoroso amused her mind, and gave her an élan which she could not possibly have had if her father had represented her half-demon lover. Several times she glanced furtively at the well-remembered stage-box, to find out if it were occupied by the inhabitants of the villa Zernini. The first time only showed her an immense bouquet of beautiful flowers which lay on the front cushion, but a minute after she descried the lovely face of the young girl behind it. She looked paler and thinner than on the former occasion, and at the commencement of the evening leaned languidly back in her seat; the benevolent-looking old lady sat behind her, and in the opposite corner, half-concealed from view, was the gentleman.

The opera progressed with much spirit, the ghosts of the nuns came gliding in with great effect, and, when transformed into ballet-dancers, performed their parts to the satisfaction of all present. Still more approbation did they elicit in their exit, however, when the demons rushed in to seize their prey, in all sorts of whimsical forms, suited to the Italian taste. With cloven feet, long tails, and frightful heads, they whisked round and round, grappling hold of the wicked sisterhood, of whom one particular sinner was distinguished by being dragged off the stage enfolded in the coils of an immense serpent. Another fell a victim to a nondescript imp, with the body of a lion, long wings like those of a bat, and the head of a huge owl; while the licentious Abbess Eleanor, being seized upon by a most sinister-looking dragon, was carried away to the top of the stage, kicking with her legs in the air in agony of spirit—as may well be supposed—in having exchanged the wild and handsome Roberto for so ruthless and disgusting a partner. So unbounded was the animation occasioned by the German mysticism of plot, and this novel kind of ballet, that Christine's young buoyant spirits rose high in proportion, so that when her great sleeping-scene arrived she felt so much inspired that she thought of nothing but of what she had to represent.

Tadeo, quite delighted with his success, appeared in an equally triumphant vein, and perhaps never before or since was given that beautiful piece of opera music with an effect so electrifying. Christine's

exquisite grace in the imploring action of throwing herself on her knees to her lover, the impassioned tones of her voice in the acknowledgment of her heart's secret preference and in her supplication for mercy, her superlative loveliness of face and power of expression combined to create an effect almost magical. The purity of her complexion, her silky fair hair even, aided in the scenic delusion, as being more peculiarly adapted to the innocence and helplessness of the character she represented, than would have been the countenance, however beautiful, of a black-eyed, dark-haired woman. The thunders of applause which were elicited brought on an encore; but if the scene were effective the first time, it was even more so the second, and the enthusiasm of the audience arose to absolute frenzy.

"Ecco dei veri San Isidora! ecco dei veri San Isidora!"* resounded on all sides, until even the unhappy principessa was obliged to smile in the midst of her anguish of mind at this involuntary compliment to the musical talent for which her husband's family had always been remarkable.

"Do not be in despair, Gianetta," said the prince, looking at his wife compassionately; "believe me, cara, that Tadeo's singing mania will quickly evaporate, and if it does not his voice will soon give way. A few more nights' excitement like this will speedily wear it out; he has no physical force to keep up with the exertion; he is merely inspired by a transient love-fit."

"Ma la ragazza allora," said the principessa, anxiously; "her voice, Gregorio, will it wear out also?"

"Oh no, no!" answered the husband, musingly; "that girl is all music; her step, with all her motions, are in harmony; her very grace arises in a great measure from the physical strength which gives such immense command of voice." The prince had got upon a subject which he thoroughly understood, and he continued, therefore, pouring out his ideas as if he were thinking aloud. "La Cristina never gets husky in her notes, nor exhausted in tone, as a slight-made female would do; and her muscles are so elastic that her movements cause her no fatigue. No, if she lives till she is fifty, still at that age she will sing beautifully; but our Tadeo, though gifted with a splendid tenor, has no strength of chest to stand exertion. What would only develop her powers would kill him!"

"Oh, my poor infatuated boy!" groaned out the despairing mother. "Then this fantasia per la cugina† will be the end of him, and he will sink singing into his grave. Ah, misera me!"‡

The prince could not help smiling at the droll idea.

"Listen, my wife," he quietly said, "it is just as likely that he will sink into his grave drinking, or rattling the dice-box over his head. Did you ever in your life recollect seeing our Tadeo follow one pursuit for six weeks consecutively? You never did, and you never will; it is not his nature. Moreover, he is in no danger with the Christina; she does not care a straw for him—I mean as a lover. I have observed her narrowly all throughout the piece, and she acted far too

* These are of the genuine race of San Isidora.

† This fancy for his cousin.

‡ Miserable me!

well to have the least real feeling for Tadeo. I caught a glimpse of her beautiful face several times peeping from the side scenes, and watching with that vivid smile of hers, his natural powerful style of performing his part, and there was admiration and glee in her expression, but not a vestige of love. She is born to rise high, *quella ragazza*," he pursued; "circumstances have stamped her mind with immense energy; her feelings, like her powers, are under her control, and not even Ascanio, with all his wit, will ever succeed in warping her to evil. *Sia contenta, mia moglie non c'è pericolo pel, nostro figlio.*"*

The princess became soothed by the confidence with which her husband spoke, well knowing that he was sound in his conclusions on any subject which interested him sufficiently to fix his attention; and the absorbing performance continued. On the curtain descending, the cries of "*Fuori, fuori!*" compelled the cousins to appear; and when Tadeo handed the beautiful *prima donna* to the front of the stage, it really might have been said that a more matchless couple never before stood on the boards of any theatre. Bouquets from all directions fell round Christine, until at last she seemed to stand in a bed of sweets; although she raised but one of those tasteful nosegays from the ground. On coming forward, she had observed the lovely English girl in the stage-box seize the magnificent bunch of flowers—which had lain before her all the evening—and, on her near approach, fling it, with a bright smile, at her feet; she stooped and picked it up at the instant, raising, as she did so, her eyes to that spot of mysterious attraction, while she curtsied. The sweet young face was gazing down upon her, and the old lady, with a nervous and anxious expression, was looking over her shoulder; the gentleman had left his half-concealed position, and was standing in the front of the box, but his countenance was no longer of a marble paleness, for a bright hectic spot burned on each cheek, while his eyes were intently fixed on the lovely creature before him. Christine's breath came short; there was something in the faces of those three individuals that seized on her mind with irresistible force. She felt a strong wish to press her lips to that candid girlish brow; she earnestly longed to hear the tone of the old lady's voice and that of the gentleman. She started and sighed, for from him she had received from the first an impression unlike anything that she ever before experienced—a deep, fixed idea, which hung about her like her own shadow, and became visible or indistinct according as shade or sunshine predominated in her mind. He was a man no longer young—Christine believed he might be nearly forty—and there were lines of care upon his face, though certainly not imprinted there by the wear and tear of mind arising from bad sources. The features bore the stamp of intellect, more than the power which proceeds from the force of the passions; or if strong passions had originally existed, their baneful fires were now extinct; but there was past sorrow and present anxiety still depicted in that magnificent face, though the compression of the finely cut mouth betrayed stern energy of purpose—iron determination of character. Again and again had the admired

* Be tranquil, my wife; our son is in no danger.

cantatrice to return on the stage to meet the frantic plaudits; but her ear was only open to the ringing youthful laugh of triumphant glee which, from the box of fascination, greeted the reiterated demonstration of the general enthusiasm, and her eye, unconscious of all before her but the majestic figure of the melancholy-looking stranger, whose piercing gaze was riveted on her blushing countenance, as if he had read every thought and scanned every feeling with which she was at the moment agitated. When at last she was permitted to withdraw, it was only to meet new marks of public favour, which the Italians, with their usual celerity and taste, had hastily concerted and arranged to do her honour. Without being permitted to lay aside her stage-dress, she was hurried to the great entrance, where she found a triumphal car prepared to receive her and convey her home. The horses that drew it were gaily caparisoned, and were preceded by a troop of floriste,* who scattered flowers on the way, while a band of music with choristers surrounded the carriage and sang an ode in her praise as it moved slowly along. Standing at her back was Tadeo, arrayed as Apollo, and holding a flag above her head, on which was an inscription proclaiming her the favourite of the Nine; and there, as she sat in the singular Sicilian costume, she indeed looked like the genius of music, who had suddenly descended to visit the earth on the silvery beams of the moon, which lighted up the surrounding scene into a kind of mimic day. At last, arrived at the ancient palace of her family, she left her fairy-looking seat, and, on alighting at the entrance, bowed and smiled her thanks for the honour done to her by the adulating crowd, who, preceded by her father and Tadeo in the car, were in the act of turning to retrace their course. She was preparing to pass into the court with Nina, when her eyes—at the moment filled with tears of gratitude and pleasure—fell upon a figure that was leaning against one of the columns of the portico under which she stood. The fine melancholy countenance had returned to its usual marble hue; but the penetrating and powerful glance was fixed on her own eloquent face, while two words were breathed forth in a low and mournful intonation, only loud enough to convey them to the ear for which they were intended. Those two little words were simply “*Che peccato!*”† but the tone in which they were articulated spoke volumes to the sensitive and conscious hearer.

* Flower-girls.

† What a pity!

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA,
AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

I.

I PASS over my notes descriptive of the preparations for the voyage, as also the account of the crossing the Atlantic in one of Cunard's monster steamers. I find that such matters are better treated of in advertisements and in guide-books. I do not give any details of the events which took place during the transit from Liverpool to Halifax. All the passengers on board were strangers to me—most of them merchants—and my acquaintance with them such as might be called ephemeral. As to the vast Atlantic and its wonders, I must leave their description to other pens, and ask the reader to imagine my having made so much of the voyage as comprised my passage from Liverpool to Halifax.

I was, then, one beautiful night in autumn, on the deck of the *Africa*, in the bay of Fundy. We had just left Halifax, and were in the highest state of contentment at the prospect of having to finish our course the next day. The next morning, when we rose and went on deck, we found ourselves steaming into Boston, which is situated on a peninsula. This town is certainly admirably calculated to impress a stranger with the sense of the opening grandeur, new force, thriving prosperity, and commercial enterprise of the New World; the spacious harbour, deep, commodious, and supplied with natural and artificial requisites for the lie of ships; the extensive range of hills, wooded, spangled with every feature which cultivation and a richly populated neighbourhood can impart; the country mansion, the lordly palace, the neat villa, the well-appointed farm, the rich herbage, and well-clothed fields, form a background to a newly built city which girds the bay, inhabited by a race of as wealthy and as energetic a mercantile community as any which are to be found in the two hemispheres. Here we saw the coup d'œil of the vast basin which forms the bay; here lay ships from all nations far too numerous to count, and the harbour is well able to give accommodation to a thousand sail; and waters deep, glassy, and extending in width for a distance of ten miles, are so well adapted for all manner of craft, that vessels of a thousand tons burden can approach the quays and unlade their cargoes. The range of dockyard, wharf accommodation, dépôts for stores, cranes, floating bridges, plying between the long wharf and the mainland, and bearing carriages, horses, and crowds to and fro; the vast mass of buildings of glistening white, of which the city is composed; the conspicuous buildings peering here and there amongst the new, bright edifices, where nothing was indicative of decay or ruin, but all fresh and glowing; the handiwork of a new race and new settlers; the creation of yesterday. I noticed most pre-eminent in the mass of objects the House of Legislature and Fanuel Hall. It would be prostitution of classical language to call to one's aid a comparison drawn from antiquity in speaking of a town so new, so trade-born, and so wedded to vulgar traffic; but these towering buildings, standing so much more lofty, so surpassingly superior to all the other houses, reminded me of the lines in Virgil,

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Qualis in Eurotæ ripis aut per juga Cynthi
 Exercent Diana choros
 Gradiens quæ Deas supereminet omnes.

The wharf near which the vessel was moored was convenient for the passengers. In fact, nothing was to impede the landing, and the vast Cunard steamer which we were on board of did not cease plying her steam till we actually came alongside it. After this ensued the lifting up the piles of luggage by the cranes, depositing them in huge waggons, and taking them to the dépôt, as they called the series of spacious sheds which lay on the long wharf ready for their reception. Doubtless I had a long time to wait. It was quite impossible to expect, with such a cargo and such a number of passengers, that one could at once put one's hand on the property which one brought about with one; but after I had seen my boxes taken up by the cranes, I found neither difficulty nor expense in passing them through the custom-house dépôt; no attempt at extra demand; no officious agent of the attorney school to proffer his assistance, and to fleece you of your coin, as would inevitably have been the case in England. The official to whom I spoke heard me readily, examined willingly, and transacted his business quickly, plainly, and manfully. I left the numerous boxes in his charge, and determined to come back myself in the course of the day, and deliver them over in charge of an agent, to be sent across the country to Quebec.

As soon as all had been left in his charge, I went with my light port-manteau to the entrance of the dépôt, and saw standing there numerous vehicles, which were ready for the purpose of taking passengers to the numerous hotels which are to be found in East Boston. Each of these carriages had three rows of seats, so that the numbers that they would carry with close packing would be about twelve. We had not quite so many in our conveyance, which I was glad of, as it was excessively warm. We were drawn by two horses. The driver took us through the west part of the town, where are the wharves, the commercial dépôts, and the dockyards, and came to a large floating bridge, which, without more ado, he drove on to, and almost immediately afterwards we, in common with about forty other vehicles and crowds of foot passengers, also some horsemen, found ourselves steaming along on this moving platform to East Boston. Not more than a few moments elapsed, when we found ourselves on the other side, and in the most frequented part of the town. I was very glad that the sides of the carriage were open, both on account of the state of the atmosphere and from my wish to see what the place looked like. Here, every house which I saw had its lower story taken up with a shop or a store. Nothing but trade certainly could find its footing here. I was struck with the contrast which these rows of houses presented as put in comparison with the houses comprising streets in London, or some other great city of the old country. The names of the proprietors in Boston generally represented the mass of the gentry, the persons whom you would meet in the hotels, boarding-houses, the clubs, travellers on the railway, and, generally speaking, the owners of the country houses in the neighbourhood. Now, in London the names of the shopkeepers, which are lettered over the doors, and which you read in thousands as you drive through the streets, are not the names of the gentry whom you meet in society. They do not belong to a class which

you find either in your club-rooms or your coteries in the evening; they know their place, and keep themselves in the second-class herd, which own the patronage and pay the homage to the aristocracy; and, unlike the mass of New World republicans, who form one gregarious assemblage, each unit claiming his share in upholding the common welfare, they trust the safety and the well-being of their country to those whom education, property, and ancestral rank have elevated into the position of being its natural guardians. But these men appeared to be not only what Napoleon called the English, "a nation of shopkeepers," but a nation that were not ashamed to own themselves shopkeepers.

Now, to say that the English are a nation of shopkeepers appears to me quite an error. Surely it must be obvious to any person that one never meets an Englishman of any station or presentable appearance that does not soar in mind far above being thought a shopkeeper; and though he may be a man in trade or a plebeian, and with his own class may profess to condemn the aristocracy, still he shows by his conduct that in his heart of hearts he respects and almost idolises a lord. But *here* in Boston, where there are no lords to awe the populace with their coroneted coaches, or to dazzle the fair sex with their brilliant and fashionable manners, there must still be something that rises to admiration and forms the nucleus of emulation and hope, and this object of attraction seems to be the Dagon Mammon. This is virtually the object of contemplation and adoration to all classes. The traveller in India sees the whole mass of the population throughout all the cities of Hindostan, in whatever city he may pass through, devote one day and night in the year to the actual worship, the rites and ceremonies, and consecration of offerings to the shrine of good fortune, named in their language Luchmee. This is a positive and genuinely avowed day of worship; it is called the Dewalee. But what is the one day set apart by these benighted and misguided fanatics compared to the pervading practice of those whose end and aim is virtually and really in the service of the same goddess, and whose every day is a painstaking Dewalee without its ceremony? I must own, however, that if these American shopkeepers want the civility of the English, they are also free from that servile and cringing manner which in England

The tradesman meek, and much a liar,

is too often found with.

The quantity of business here going on seemed wonderful. All the men whom I observed were dressed in a manner peculiar to themselves. Their clothes were of a slovenly, unshapely make, great numbers of them in their shirt-sleeves, it being excessively warm. The hats were of a slouching sort of wide-awake, and I did not see an individual dressed like a gentleman. The streets were paved with very large stones, they were sufficiently wide, and there were several fine buildings and churches. Numerous were the shops, or, as they called them, stores, in which every sort of beverage was being sold for small sums. They had either in their centres or round the apartment large tables, in which were dug reservoirs coated with lead. In further bases lay ice in enormous blocks. Ice I saw carried about in large barrows; ice was being taken through the streets suspended from huge nippers from one end of the street to the other.

I thought it preferable to put up at some place which was the general resort of the American gentry than to go to a grand fashionable hotel, where I should be sure to find hosts of English travellers; I therefore told the driver to take us to an hotel which was near the railway station, from whose terminus I was going to travel from Boston to Portland, and so onwards to Quebec. This was a large, cleanly building. At the door was no porter or servant, but it opened into a large hall, on one side of which was an office, where the accountant of the establishment sat, and where he received the money which all the guests who frequented the house paid him before leaving it. He also superintended the different departments of business, and ordered the servants as to the rooms which the visitors should be shown into.

Two young men were fencing with sticks as we entered, laughing, jesting, and capering about—in short, amusing themselves in the way which schoolboys call skylarking—from one end of this spacious hall to the other. These two were servants, or rather helps, as they were called here. They desisted after keeping us waiting a little time, and one of them showed us to an apartment up-stairs. When I had settled myself in my temporary abode, and finished bathing and dressing, I was determined to go through the city on foot in search of the agent for my goods to whom I was recommended. I found that the walk through the town quite realised the ideas which I had formed of it when driving through it a few hours before. I must say, that both at the time I transacted business with the agent, and afterwards on finding the safe arrival of my boxes at Quebec, I had reason to be perfectly satisfied with the manner in which the matter was carried on. The agent accompanied me to the dock; I saw all the boxes taken away in his waggon, and I had no further trouble about them until about four days after I arrived at Quebec. On my way back, I went into one of the numerous houses where beverages of all descriptions were sold, and had a glass of iced lemonade. There were no end of the number of different sorts of drinks which were sold here—sherry-cobbler, cocktail, sangaree, gin-twist, &c. &c.—and all of them iced. The man who gave it to me said, à propos to nothing, “Well, when are you going to Canada?” and this question, which I answered by “I should think very soon now,” I am confident was not meant as a piece of impertinence, although, had a shopboy in London made such a query, I should have certainly thought so. But the free-and-easy style, also the brisk readiness with which they engage in conversation on any subject, is truly American. When I had transacted all the business which I had to do, I returned to my hotel, and found that I was too late for the general dinner-hour at the table-d’hôte, which was held every afternoon in the *salle-à-manger* at two P.M. I found that it was not usual to have a separate dinner for parties who come afterwards, but I was obliged to prevail on the superintendent to allow my family and myself to break through his rules so far as to let us have ours, so we sat down at three. The dishes and the vegetables were laid down on minute plates; tomatoes, and potatoes, and cauliflowers were in small earthenware red-coloured plates; and the dishes of meat were served up in plates of *delph* of similar minute dimensions. A young American attended in his shirt-sleeves, and when I told him that he need not remain, as we did not require him, he answered,

laconically, "Just so," and still remained in the same attitude behind us, and seemed rather offended at being thus addressed.

I had not much more to remark upon in this hotel, and, as my time was limited, I did not leave it again until the same afternoon at five, when I decided upon taking my departure by the railway for Portland, and subsequently on through Island Pond to Quebec. I did not feel inclined to visit any of the newly-raised buildings or houses of assembly in this town. The New World does not present any such which are invested with associations of classical interest; and as to the prisons, public institutions, and other places of a general character, they have been treated of ably and fully by many writers. In this town two circumstances recur to one's mind which seem to make it of historical importance—its being the site of the first rising of the colonists to declare their independence, and its being also the birthplace of Franklin. As to its extreme excellence as a situation for trading purposes, no doubt can exist. On the Long Wharf—the name of the tongue of land which, running into the bay, displays a level for the easy landing of cargoes of all descriptions—there is a stream of fresh water, which, under proper restrictions, such as are observed always by the authorities there, affords an ample supply for watering the craft which come into the harbour. There are four bridges which connect the peninsula, upon which it stands, with the mainland.

In the afternoon I went to take my place in the train for Portland. At five o'clock it was to start, and we were shown into a very long carriage, with seats ranged at right angles to its sides, just in the same way as the forms are in a school or lecture-room, the carriage containing about fifty forms on each side, and midway was a passage sufficiently wide for two men to walk. Between each form or seat was a partition high enough to form a prop for the back, but not such as to hinder one conversing with one's neighbour in the adjacent compartment. The forms were cushioned, but the entrances to each range were open. This was the accommodation for parties of all ranks; and I found, on inquiry, that the custom of the country would not tolerate a distinction such as we have, of first class, second class, &c.

There is no law more effective in practice than the law of opinion, as Locke has most logically laid down, and every day's experience serves to convince one of the truth. But it seemed to me extraordinary that a national objection should arise to the circumstance of one possessing more wealth, or more wish for comfort than another, being unable to avail himself of the means of procuring better accommodation for his money.

After we had seated ourselves, and gone some distance, a man with a large tray, containing a number of small tumblers and a large earthen watercroft, came down the passage which I spoke of, and distributed a tumbler of iced water to each individual who required it. The tumblers were set in the tray in the way that they fix such articles of glass on board ship when it is stormy weather. The man passed on in silence, offering them to all parties, and they were certainly very refreshing.

The water was kept in one of the vans, and there was a mode of

passing from one carriage to another, which made it practicable to hold communication with every individual travelling in the train. The ice—that agreeable luxury here universally found—was also kept in the van. This ceremony of handing round the iced water occurred three or four times between the terminus from which we started and the first place of resting. It was exceedingly close; and just before this welcome servitor had come round I thought to myself if, by any chance, one could procure a glass of iced water what a boon it would be—supposing it was quite a visionary expectation—when I was agreeably surprised by the welcome visitor. Seeing that many persons got up from their seats when the train stopped, I also rose, and I found that there was at the farther end of the carriage in which we were seated a saloon fitted for the accommodation of three or four people, and which was quite apart and secluded from the sight of anyone. I found, also, that it was meant for ladies, and that no additional charge was made for sitting in it. I proceeded, therefore, to the carriage where the conductor sat, and requested from him that he might permit my family to be accommodated in this saloon. He consented immediately, and, as there was room enough for me also, we travelled in it undisturbed all the way to Portland. We had light with us till near seven o'clock, and were very much pleased with the views of the different grounds, plantations, villas, and fields, as we travelled along. It was a very well-cultivated and populous country which we passed through. We made very few stoppages on the way, and those only for a few minutes.

When we got to the Maine it was about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, and shortly afterwards we stopped at a station where was a refreshment-house. I went into the refreshment-room, and found a very large table full of apparatus for tea, coffee, lemonade, ginger-beer, and iced water; but nothing in the way of wine, beer, or spirits, was to be had. The very mention of the name of any of these liquors caused a stare of surprise from the attendants. I asked one of them for a glass of beer, and she seemed quite shocked, and said that it was against the law. Now I, for my part, think that such a law is not by any means an improper one. If it were enforced in the United Kingdom I am almost sure that half the misery, crime, and disease which exists at present in the United Kingdom would, humanly speaking, cease to exist. The very rare circumstance of any of these liquids being requisite for the preservation of the health of an invalid might be easily provided for, and the appalling effects of the indulgence in intemperance would be averted from the ignorant and reckless of the community. It is for such and for the depraved that laws are enacted, and as is laid down by the apostle—"The law is not made for the righteous, but for the lawless and disobedient."

This invariable practice of refusing to sell anything intoxicating prevails throughout the whole state of the Maine, and the healthful condition and steady appearance of the people whom we met, and observed at the different places where the train stopped, contrasted very forcibly with the appearance of those whom we afterwards saw at the station-houses which we stopped at in Canada.

We arrived at Portland at ten P.M. that night. As it was too dark and too late to make any observations, we hurried to the hotel from the

terminus in one of the carriages, which seem to be universally used in this country, with three seats inside. When we arrived at the hotel, of course we were anxious to get all our trunks and light luggage into our apartment, and I found that the way in which the services of the helps at the hotels is given is really quite a matter of annoyance and wonder to an inhabitant of the old country. Their attendance was barely that of lifting and bringing up one's portmanteau, and then hurrying away; no regard paid to our requisitions for water, taking away boots, or anything of that kind.

We sat down to the supper-table, which was not wanting in plentiful solids; but there was no milk, no butter but what was salt. There were little stone dishes full of vegetables, meat preserves, and fruits. When we had finished our supper, the servants sat down before our faces at the same table and coolly commenced theirs. The feelings of persons of irascible disposition at such an inroad on the privacy which ladies and gentlemen generally like to live in may be easily imagined; but with such an overwhelming majority in favour of the custom which prevails in the country, I fancy it would be very useless to exhibit any demonstration of resistance. We had a very hot night, and the closeness of the atmosphere on shore was really most overpowering after our sojourn on board ship.

The next day I awoke very early, and looked out of the window to see what sort of place this new American town was. The houses were all newly constructed. Some of them contained stores—belonging to those who had made money and had settled down in life—some hotels, and others public buildings. The houses were not joined together in streets, but rows of large trees in front and at the sides gave them the appearance of so many stately villas.

I saw several vehicles going by hung upon immensely large wheels, with no body, but merely a small seat scarcely larger than a board, on which the driver sat, and, flourishing a long whip, drove the horses on at a very rapid pace. The horses were invariably in good condition. This I observed with all the horses which I had seen since I came to the country—even the hacks driven in the public conveyances looked very well and went very swiftly. In this the Americans show their good sense, as well as humanity, for nothing can be more improvident, as well as cruel, than the custom which prevails in many countries in Europe of overworking and ill-treating horses.

The train for Island Pond was to start at a very early hour—eight o'clock was named—so we had to finish our meal quickly, and, as is usual in this country, hurry forward on our journey. I was enabled to procure a saloon for my family, and certainly the very liberal system which prevails in this country of providing every accommodation for ladies is truly to its credit. This practice of giving place to the ladies when any meal is announced, and of letting them have the choice of everything at table in a manner that is at once recognised as the due course of proceeding, has been frequently adverted to by travellers in America. A very good system exists with regard to the luggage carried by each individual in a railway carriage. He is not permitted to take it with him into the same department unless it be very small, but he is given a metal check, and a similar check is tied to the box, or

portmanteau. At the end of his destination he produces his checks, and invariably finds that his boxes are easily distinguished by the railway official, being all labelled with duplicate checks to those which he produces. I took one of the copies of the Portland paper with me, but I found that half an hour was quite a sufficient time to master all the intelligence contained in this New World production. The wood-ashes from the engine, which were constantly blown in small pulverised particles, were tormenting accompaniments to the train in its progress. Never did I put my head out of the window without experiencing this during the whole course of our journey that day. Soon after our departure from Portland, the forest scenery and wild interminable woods of the new country formed our line of route. Through these one single line of rails, roughly laid over the new hewn and parted forest, was marked as our track. To describe the continuous forests of thickly grown and varied trees—the larch, the fir, the holm, the maple, the oak, the birch, the willow; the multiplied hosts of phases of scenery which exhibited pathless wastes of plantations; the gigantic immensity of scale which accumulated tracts of country resembling the Black Forest of Germany, or any other large wild wood in the old continent, multiplied to such an extent as to seem in comparison to these mere minute vignettes—would be a vain attempt. I saw, as I passed along this day, more variety of wooded plantation than I witnessed in all my travels through Italy, France, Spain, Greece, or Germany. It did not resemble in its plants the jungles of India, for in these the wild reeds, the shrubby creepers, and thick bamboos are more indicative of the rank luxuriance of the tropics; but in its immense continuity, its “boundless contiguity of shade,” its unexplored beauty, its picture of pathless solitude, it brought forcibly to my mind a recollection of these jungles, though the magnitude of its trees rendered it much more picturesque and striking.

Here and there as we passed the woods were cleared, and the rude settlers had built their huts of wood, surrounded by a close, dense, impervious forest, the few huts rugged, wholly of wood, and just a small patch surrounding each where the stumps of trees had been uprooted, and where the industrious coloniser was cultivating his corn or vegetables. About fifty such huts—some few of which were stocked with provisions for sale to the rustic community of the hamlet—comprised the extent of the majority of the places which we either stopped at or passed through, and which, with singular inappropriateness of nomenclature, had been called Paris, Durham, Brentford, and many other names which I cannot call to mind, but all of them taken from English or continental types of flourishing and densely populated localities. Some few were much smaller than what I described. All the houses had galleries around them of wood, and the pathways of their streets were formed of wood. Such profusion of wood is to be found everywhere, that it forms the ingredient of constructions which in other countries are made of brick or stone; also the fuel of the engines and of the houses is solely composed of wood. I certainly during the whole of my journey never ceased to keep in mind, with feelings of admiration, the striking fact of what energy, enterprise, and industry is exhibited by the settlers in this new country. First, the regularity of the railway train, which is sure to be able to bring to these remote localities any articles required in the way of stores or implements,

and which guards against the visitors and the inhabitants being left destitute of provisions or means of work; next, the untiring energy of the new occupants, which is sure to urge them to improve their situations and to cultivate the soil; lastly, the fact that never are these settlers discouraged from their arduous tasks, which appear at first so hopeless;—all indicating the existence of these characteristics. They also must be well on the watch daily and hourly for the passage of the locomotive, for counting from the hour of eight A.M., when we left Portland, never at any of the places of stopping did the conducteur (who was given the name of the French official) allow it to stop longer than three minutes until we reached Island Pond. This happened about three P.M. I began to get accustomed to this man's proceedings. He invariably, on our arrival at these stations for three minutes' halt, twisted a quid to the corner of his mouth, got off on the platform, had a few seconds' conversation with some individual or individuals who were standing in waiting, allowed time for any passenger who chose it to alight or for another passenger to get in, then said, "All aboard—go ahead!" These four words, addressed to the leading stoker, were used so frequently during this journey, that they remained on my mind several days afterwards, and haunted me as it were a dizzy dream. A few minutes after we had left Portland, this man came into my saloon and asked me if I had a check for my carpet-bag. I thought that I had one for this amongst the numerous checks which I had received at the station-house, so I answered him in the affirmative. He then turned the everlasting quid in his mouth, and said, "I guess no!" and left me abruptly. The next place which we stopped at he gave me the requisite check for it, and asked for a ticket which was necessary for my place in the train. I had got in so hurriedly at Portland, that I had not been asked to pay previous to my entrance. I told him this, and then he said, laconically, "I'll fix you presently," and bounded away, leaving me in doubt of his meaning. The train proceeded. At the next place of stopping he came in again, and brought to my remembrance the settling for the train, for which purpose he had change with him; so now I understood what he meant by fixing me. The latter part of the journey to Island Pond we passed through much mountain scenery, by cataracts, and over rivers. Parts of Switzerland recurred to my mind in traversing it, but here it is much more clad with woods, more rich in herbage, than in that country, and not near so wildly romantic; however, the grand extent of the uncultivated country made one think that the whole of Switzerland might have been inserted several times over in the gigantic tracts of this vast continent of "deserts idle" which we passed through. Like a changing panorama of vistas, more bright, more varied, more beautiful in the colour of the foliage and the nature of rocks than any which art could conjure or ingenuity portray, seemed the scenery which met our view as we whirled along in the train. I could imagine the contempt which an inhabitant of this continent would look on the insignificant rills, the shallow streams, the circumscribed patches of woodland which are pointed out as natural beauties in Europe when his ideas are formed of such things by the grandeur of Niagara, the vastness of the St. Lawrence, and the immensity of the backwoods of North America all throughout its range.

We arrived at Island Pond at the proper time, and were shown into a

very nice cleanly hotel. The neatness and the simple style of the house was very pleasing; no carpets, but floors as bright and clean as scrubbing and care could make them; the rooms very large, and the fixtures most commodious. The *salle-à-manger* was in excellent style, and though only half an hour was allowed for the dinner-meal, still the attendance was so good that one did not feel oneself straitened. The *conducteur* sat down with us. He showed himself a person evidently well informed upon all the topics of interest which exist in the country. He was the only man whom I saw that I had the least acquaintance with, and in a scene so new, and which embraces such a diversity of features about which one is anxious to procure information, one naturally resorts to any informant who is at hand. He was certainly much less laconic at table than he was during the journey.

After our half-hour was finished, we proceeded onward to Richmond, at which place our baggage was overhauled by the custom-house authorities, and from thence to Quebec. But the process of examination here, as indeed throughout America, is a very light affair, and one which does not subject the traveller to any inconvenience. After leaving Richmond we entered the Canadian territory, and it became dark. The stations at which we stopped gave us striking evidence of the absence of the Maine liquor law. We perceived numbers of people drunk standing near the places where were the platforms for passengers alighting. The face of the country presented a much more level appearance; but still the densely planted woods were here, as in the former part of the journey, the marked peculiarity of the scenery. We arrived at the station of Point Levi, which is on the opposite side of the St. Lawrence to that of Quebec, at ten o'clock at night. Here we were fortunate enough to find a very nice cleanly country hotel, which was quiet, private, and kept by respectable English people.

In the morning I rose early, and went out to see Point Levi, which I found to be a long straggling street, or partly road, extending along the St. Lawrence from the heights opposite the citadel of Quebec for a distance of two miles, the houses all built of wood; the poorer ones, belonging to the tradespeople of the lowest order, very small, but as neat as circumstances could possibly admit of their being, the pathway on each side of the road of wood; the inhabitants almost all French-Canadians and Roman Catholics. I went over in one of the steam ferry-boats which ply between this side and Quebec, and landed at one of the numerous wooden wharves which stand by the side of the St. Lawrence. Numerous vehicles, which are here called "*calashes*," evidently from the French word *calèche*, were standing at hand for any person who wished to drive through the town. These *calashes* were simply gigs, with a board in front of the seat, which board the driver sat on, and there was room for two persons to occupy the seats behind him. I went up to the citadel, and also transacted the necessary business of changing money in the town. I found a great puzzle about the country money. For every shilling which you produce you get credit for fifteen-pence, which is called currency, and one desiring to make a profitable outlay, and about to proceed to Canada, should, previous to leaving the port in England, change all his money into silver; for it is positively the fact that he would, on arrival in any of the towns in Canada, be able to realise five

shillings in every pound's worth of silver he changed there. I found the exchange favourable for English notes, but that all articles of English manufacture were exceedingly expensive. The town is divided into two portions, both very distinctly marked; the upper one, in which we may include the citadel, comprising the quarter where the gentry and first-rate shops are to be found, also the respectable hotels. These all are situated on the high ground which forms the citadel hill, and the land entrance to this citadel is fortified with a line of works stretching from the citadel entrance to the small river of St. Charles, which discharges its waters into the grand stream, the St. Lawrence. The site of the town is itself so commanding, that to the river side it might be supposed impregnable. The lower town, which is an assemblage of houses occupied by the traders, warehouse-keepers, bankers, and all the dealers, except the fashionable shopkeepers, is separated by a barrier gate, which stands in the rock from the upper town. It is also strongly fortified by bastions to the river side; but the impossibility of any craft making impression upon it, or bringing troops to land on its wharves, is evident from the extensive command of the river, which is held by the guns of the citadel.

The houses of both towns, occupied by any but those of the poorest order, are built of stone. At the barrier which separates the two towns there formerly stood a very large government-house, and from the shell that is left one can form an idea how grand the building must have been before it was burnt down. Immediately under the citadel the rock is exceedingly steep, and just in the centre of the steepest part is an inscription cut in the solid stone, which has merely these words: "Here Montgomery fell." Since his daring attempt in 1775, the rock has been cut and rendered more impracticable for ascent; but even in any case it must have been an adventure of desperate hardihood to attempt the scaling of this rock, whereon stands the citadel of Quebec. There is a great difference between the two quarters of the town, the airy, stately built streets of the upper part, and the narrow, dingy, cooped-up, and shabby appearance of the quarter which lay alongside of the river.

The time of the year was certainly the most favourable for seeing the country. The autumn, or, as it is called here, the fall, is really the pleasantest part of the year. It is then that one sees to perfection the varied foliage which every plantation of trees exhibits when the changes to crimson, yellow, brown, pink, grey, orange, and white, are taking place in the trees, which had been in summer so richly clothed in green. It is not too hot, and on a sunny day it is really delightful. Every tint of loveliness which you can discern in any sky is to be seen in the sunrise and sunset of Quebec, both in the dewy morn of September, when the vast expanse of continental scenery is refreshed by the "breathing incense of morn,"

Ὡς μὲν κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αὐάν,

and the mild softness of sunset. The different shades of colouring in the changing foliage, the outline of the scenery, diversified with small villas surrounded with wood, long, straggling towns also, whose neat and well-finished houses are solely built of wood. In the midst of these, and amidst varied other phases of landscape, the mighty St. Lawrence—

More like the outlet of an inland sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers—

with its grand bulk of waters, which here are in breadth a mile across at the shortest transit. It is three hundred and twenty miles from the mouth, where it falls into the Atlantic, bearing numerous sail of every description, from the man-of-war to the collier. The different steamers which ply to and fro, both the superbly fitted-out Montreal steamer passage-boat, and the tug and ferry steamers which ply between the wharves and Point Levi, the Isle of Orleans, and from up the country, make the river a great scene of animation. In viewing the town and surrounding scenery from the citadel, one is struck by the number of large buildings, principally churches, all of which are, on the roofs and pinnacles, covered with metal. This is for the purpose of preserving them from combustibles, and the number of fires which take place here, especially in the suburbs and low town, where the meaner houses are built of wood, evince the necessity of this precaution.

The bright, glistening effect which these metal roofs give in a glowing sun is very striking. The strength of the citadel, from its commanding situation, and its access being a bare rock, as well as the well placed embrasures which are fixed around its circuit, also its containing a prodigious number of ordnance and small arms of all description, would lead us to classify it as being next in importance to Gibraltar or Malta.

Two monuments stand to bear record to the memory of the heroic Wolfe, one on the plains of Abraham, and another in a plantation placed in the middle of the town, called the Governor's Garden. The latter is much the finer of the two. What a spirit-stirring sight for a Briton is the citadel! What a very leading position he sees his countrymen in possession of! What immense importance is it both as a fortress and as a defence for a fleet! What a story attaches to its capture one hundred years ago! When we reflect on the career of the young, the noble, the chivalrous hero—who more deserves the name of hero than any soldier who ever figured in the annals of our different wars—when we follow his fortunes from the date of his defeat at Montmorency to his fall, at the age of thirty-six, in the arms of victory, what English mind can view unmoved his monument? What a surpassing feat of youthful daring was the ascent of the glen, called still by his name, Wolfe's Cove; the surprising of the French sentries; the heroic combat with the possessors of the town; and *their* leader nearly equal in heroism to our own! What British soldier can forget

My 'prenticeship I past
Where my leader breathed his last,
And the bloody die was cast
On the heights of Abraham?

A monument is raised to the memory of the noble Montcalm, and it stands opposite to that of Wolfe, in the Government Gardens. Also a monument is raised on one of the roads leading from the town to the memory of the gallant soldiers who fell on that day. It is stated that only thirty-five English were killed.

THE ENCHANTRESS;

OR, NOTES FROM KIT KELSON'S LOG.

I.

THE LAUNCH.

STRAINS of lively music sounded across the calm waters of the harbour, on which floated boats of all sizes and rigs, some rowing and others sailing, or attempting to sail, filled with eager, and gaudily if not fashionably dressed passengers; while on shore flags were streaming from numerous flag-staffs, and crowds were assembling from all directions, and taking up positions on rows of seats placed tier above tier on either side of a large vessel, resting in beautiful proportions on the stocks, her stern-post just laved by the rising tide. Bright flags fluttered above her deck, on which stood a number of persons prepared to accompany her on to the element to be her home for the future. All the vessels in the harbour were also dressed to the best of their abilities, some from truck to jib-boom and main-boom end with the whole of Marryat's signals and the ensigns of all the civilised nations of the world, while others could only sport a few tattered and coal-dust begrimed pieces of bunting at their mastheads and peaks.

But there was one group which attracted especial attention, and well worthy (I may venture to say, though I formed one of its units) it was of attention; for there stood the captain-superintendent of the dockyard and the able architect of the beautiful craft, and several post-captains and commanders and lieutenants, all in glittering uniforms; and still more likely to attract attention, there was the fair niece of the captain-superintendent, sweet May Lascelles, and several other young ladies, who, if not to be compared to her in beauty of mind or person, were exceedingly well dressed, and very charming creatures each in her own peculiar way.

Though I saw May Lascelles for the first time on that occasion, I do not think that it will take away from the interest of my story if I confess at once that I then and there fell desperately in love with her. I mention the circumstance, for though matrimony may be looked upon as a very dull business, love at first sight, and all its consecutive consequences, cannot fail to create an interest of a more or less exciting character.

There she and her companions stood, looking up at the vast fabric before her, and the somewhat colossal figure, with streaming hair, red cheeks, and a green flowing gown, which smiled benignantly down on them. Our *Enchantress* was not to be compared to the sea-green lady with the weird or fiend-like look described by Cooper, although I have no doubt that the sculptor thought very highly of his work. She was an ordinary well-proportioned damsel, rather *embonpoint*, with a book in one hand, and a cat-o'-nine-tails, or a bundle of snakes, in the other, I could never exactly make out which.

A bottle of wine, which hung suspended by a rope at the bows, and

vibrating in the air, was an object of considerable interest. First one officer, and then another, lifted it to show Miss Lascelles how she was to let it swing forcibly against the bows. I was convinced that she would not send it with sufficient strength, and so stepped forward to give her another lesson, and very nearly let the bottle go and broke it. Men were, meantime, busily knocking away the blocks and wedges, and greasing the ways. Their work was nearly done; one single blow more, and she will begin to move. The signal was given; a gun was fired; Miss Lascelles nervously grasped the bottle, and then threw it with such right good will that it was splintered into fragments, and the ruddy wine spilt against the bows, a libation to Neptune, and the name of the *Enchantress* pronounced, away glided the vessel, stately as a swan, towards the water, while deafening shouts from the spectators rent the air—at least I have no doubt they did, for at that moment the enchantress who stood near, in all her maiden beauty, was throwing charms around me from which I was never again to be free—so I was fully convinced.

The *Enchantress* took the water in good style; guns continued firing; the people cheered again and again; and the favoured few, among whom I had the happiness of being numbered, went into the captain-superintendent's house to luncheon; while the people outside, in boats and on shore, regaled themselves in a variety of ways according to their tastes.

I had not long before, for the first time, donned a bran-new lieutenant's uniform, which, resplendent in gold lace, had not yet had an opportunity of contracting that peculiar tarry bilge-water odour with which long-used naval coats are often impregnated, and I felt that I was especially well got up, and flattered myself not slightly attractive. Many of the officers present were married men, or not calculated to make way with the fairer portion of the company. Commander Puffin, for instance, though a bachelor, was round and red-nosed, and addicted to strong tobacco and old rum, with a limited addition of water. Captain Boreas had lost his wife—the widow of a colour-sergeant. His voice was far from mellifluous, and some of the assertions and narratives with which he frequently indulged his auditors were of so incredible a nature that his character for veracity did not stand high. There was a tall weather-beaten Captain Tarbrush, a first-rate sailor, I believe, but a remarkably bad officer; and a Lieutenant d'Erville, who was neither sailor nor officer, but he wrote poetry, and held himself and his poetry in considerable estimation. All these, and two or three more, were bachelors; but I had no reason to consider them as formidable rivals. The other ladies present were worthy of description, but just then I had eyes and ears only for one, and I can say very little about them. There was a Lady Jane Puzzleton and an Honourable Miss Susan Dasher, and several married ladies, to which circumstance I owed the happiness I enjoyed of being able to sit next to Miss Lascelles, for her mamma, being present, acted as lady of the house—and she, therefore, being one of the last young ladies to be led into the breakfast-room, fell to the lot of Commander Puffin, after whom came a rush of us lieutenants. I kept my eye on Puffin's bald crown, and, with an unusual flutter at the heart, made for the seat next to his fair companion. I saw that another officer was aiming at the same point; but ignoring this, and dashing on, I slipped into the chair,

from which, as I instantly began an animated conversation with Miss Lascelles, I could not well be ejected. I felt triumphant and jubilant. Puffin would not, I knew, interfere with me, for he was certainly no ladies' man. I rather flattered myself that I was, and determined to make hay while the sun shone. I did make hay pretty briskly, and to some effect. Miss Lascelles laughed and smiled, and sometimes looked sad, and the tears stood in her eyes. I have no intention of repeating what I said to her, or what she said in reply. I only wished that I had mounted the swab on my right shoulder.

"Captain Puffin, I may, I find, congratulate you on your appointment to that fine craft, for I hear that you are certainly to have her," exclaimed the Honourable Susan Dasher, who, having a cousin a lord of the Admiralty, professed to know everything which took place there.

"Am I? I did not know it," answered the commander, looking round at Miss Lascelles with a marked manner. "She's an *Enchantress*, and, as she can work wonders, I suppose she has selected me."

"What reward will you bestow on me if you find that I am right?" asked the Honourable Miss Dasher, with an irresistible glance.

"I can't very well offer myself, madam, as I must own at once that I am not a marrying man; but I'll bring you home a green parrot, a big baboon, or a young hippopotamus, or an alligator, whichever you may choose," answered the captain, bowing across the table.

Miss Dasher looked daggers, and well she might, for the honest commander's speech was most unpolite; but I rather think that she had previously given him cause of offence, which he had not forgotten. She turned away her head with a curl of her lip, and I heard her whisper to the gentleman next to her,

"I won't ask for a baboon, for the beast would remind me of him."

"It is a fact, though, Puffin," said the captain-superintendent. "You are to have the *Enchantress*, I believe; and she could not be commanded by a better man."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment, Captain Seymour; and I only hope that you and my fair vis-à-vis have been rightly informed," answered Commander Puffin, who, I suspect, knew perfectly well that they were right.

The next day he got his appointment, with directions to fit out the corvette with all possible despatch, and a few days afterwards I received mine as her second-lieutenant. Simon Short, an old shipmate of mine, joined as first. His name was no indication of his style of appearance, which could best be described as lanky. He was tall and thin, with carrotty hair and a countenance expressive of the deepest melancholy; but never was there a countenance which less exhibited the character of the mind within, for he was a fellow of infinite wit and humour, brimful of good nature and kindness of heart, and, I may say, revered and loved by all youngsters as he was respected by his equals and superiors. It spoke much in Puffin's favour that he had had the discernment to select him, and that Short had consented to accept the appointment. The surgeon, a Welshman, Owen Jones by name, the master, Thomas Smith, and the purser, or paymaster, as he would now be called, John Brown, made up our mess. Their characteristics will come out as I proceed. They were one and all something out of the common way.

We had a pretty large berthful of young gentlemen, several of whom were older than I was, and one old mate, Dick Hose, had a head as white as snow and a nose——But similes are odious. The gunner, boatswain, and carpenter deserve honourable mention. The dockyard people proceeded with their work with unusual rapidity ; I wished that they had been much slower. Captain Seymour had been an old shipmate of my father's, and gave me a standing invitation to his house, of which I did not fail to avail myself. I had an excuse for going, that I might report the daily progress of the ship, in which it might be presumed that Miss Lascelles would take an especial interest. I was very proud when she, and her mother, and Captain Seymour, and a host of other people, including the Honourable Miss Dasher, came on board, and admired the fittings of the craft. I thought that they turned a pleased look especially at my cabin, for I certainly had done it up in a very natty style. At length the *Enchantress* was reported ready for sea. All the officers had joined, and we had picked up a very tolerable crew. Captain Puffin was a favourite with all who knew him, so that many good men had joined for his sake, and I had got together several former shipmates, two or three of them thorough old sea-dogs, lions afloat, but literally babies, as far as sense went, ashore. Invariably each time they had been paid off they had been fleeced by the same people and in the same way, and when I found them their worldly possessions consisted of the clothes on their backs, a clasp-knife, and an empty tobacco-box, though a fortnight before they could not have had much less than fifty pounds apiece in their pockets.

The most important question now asked on board was the station for which we were destined. Some said it was India, some the Pacific, others the West Indies, and the washerwomen assured us it was the coast of Africa. The latter industrious personages are generally right, though how they get their information I am at a loss to say. They were, to our sorrow we found, right in this instance. I had, in my vanity, a latent hope that when I should tell Miss Lascelles she would faint, or cry, or look very melancholy. She did neither one thing nor the other. She opened her large blue eyes in a way I had never seen them opened before, with surprise, I believe, at my rueful countenance, and answered, calmly,

"Oh, I thought that it had been the West Indies. They are both warm stations, but I suppose that you will not mind the heat. Naval officers must be pretty well inured to freezing at one time and roasting at another."

How my heart sank within me. Not a word of sympathy, not an approach to sentiment. Still her voice was as sweet and she was looking as enchanting as ever. I wish that she could but have croaked or frowned ever so little, or said something rude ; it would have been an excuse to me for getting angry, for quarrelling, if possible. Anything would have been better than that calm, sweet indifference. Oh, it was horrible !

"Certainly we poor wretches are pretty well tried one way and another," I answered, brusquely. "If there were an expedition fitting for the North Pole, to remain away for five or six years, I would volunteer immediately ; and, as it is, I dare say that I shall find my way up the Niger, and perhaps to Timbuctoo. It matters little whether or not I ever return."

She looked up quickly with an expression of surprise in her sweet countenance, for she had before been looking down, and said :

"It matters much, I should think, to those who are interested in your welfare, and to yourself too, with a noble career before you. You disparage your profession if you do not believe that."

It was now my turn to look up, and, puppy that I was, I expected to discover some emotion in her countenance, but it was as calm as before ; there might have been a slightly increased roseate tinge on her cheek, but no indifferent eye would have detected it, and her mamma coming in prevented me from replying. I left the house knowing that I had in her, and Mrs. Lascelles, and her worthy uncle sincere friends, but as much in the dark as ever with regard to her feelings towards me. I saw her again, but it was only for a short time to take leave, and that afternoon the order came down for us to proceed at once to sea. The capstern was manned—the drummer and fifer, who represented our band, struck up "The girl I left behind me"—the topsails were loosed—gun after gun was fired to recal all absentees—the stewards of the respective messes were seen hurrying off laden with fresh provisions—the boats were hoisted in—the last from the shore arrived with John Brown, the purser—merrily round went the capstern—shrilly sounded the boatswain's whistle. "The anchor is away !" I sung out. "In sight !" I cried. It was catted and fished ; the topsails were sheeted home, and, with a fine breeze, we stood down Channel, bound out to that most detestable of British dependencies, Sierra Leone.

CHAPTER II.

THE SLAVER.

OUR employment was to be slave-hunting, compared to which the chase of the cunning fox or lordly stag is the tamest of tame work—cream-cheese to butter-milk.

As soon as we got into the latitude where slavers might possibly be fallen in with we kept a bright look-out. Short was indefatigable. It would be no fault of his if we did not make prizes. He nominally only kept the morning watch, that he might have the satisfaction of superintending the operation of holystoning and washing decks, stowing hammocks, scraping down masts, and in other ways putting the ship into order after the work of the night, as a nurse washes and dresses her charges, and turns them out fresh and blooming for inspection. But he was constantly on deck day and night ; at all odd hours ; the men believed that he never slept more than ten minutes together, and many an hour he spent aloft, spy-glass in hand, sweeping the horizon for a sail, if haply he could find a suspicious one, after which we might make chase. His example animated the rest of us, and his vigilance kept the men wide awake and attentive to their duty.

But we discovered a truth of which all people do not seem to be aware—that it is impossible to find what is not there. Night and day we kept a bright look-out, but nothing was seen till we sighted the bold and picturesque coast of Sierra Leone, and soon after dropped our anchor in the harbour of Free Town. I have never been more surprised at the appearance of a place of which I have formed a previous conception than

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I was at this. Before us, at the base of a series of serrated heights, appeared a large, neat, and well laid-out town, with stores, and shops, and vessels, and canoes, and boats of all descriptions at anchor before it. Black skins predominated both afloat and on shore ; a black regiment was parading on the quay with a very good band, black boatmen were pulling about the harbour, and black porters were hurrying to and fro on the beach ; indeed, I should say that the descendants of Ham must find it a far more agreeable residence than do their brethren with white faces. Of these latter, however, there are a good many officials, merchants, and traders ; but though some get acclimatised, and live on, the climate is evidently not suited to the constitutions of Europeans. I knew very little about Sierra Leone till I went there, and as probably many of my readers may not know more, I will describe it. The province consists of a mountainous peninsula, nearly thirty miles long from north to south, and rather less in width. It is bounded on the north and east by the bay and river of Sierra Leone, and on the other two sides by the Atlantic. The rugged mountain range which forms its backbone, sloping down to the river on one side and to the sea on the other, varies in height from two to three thousand feet, and is clothed with trees, now, however, partially cleared away to make room for the villages of the liberated blacks. Free Town, backed by a superb amphitheatre of hills, is situated on the south side of the river, and contains some seventeen thousand inhabitants, while the whole province contains nearly seventy thousand. The province was purchased by the English from certain negro claimants towards the end of the last century, and some hundred blacks, mostly runaway slaves from the Southern States of America, with a few white people, were sent there. They were followed by a party of Maroons from Jamaica, but a large portion died from disease, a still larger were cut off in an attack made on them by some of the neighbouring tribes, and when a still further supply of colonists arrived, many of them whites, and the colony had begun to flourish, they were visited by a French man-of-war, which plundered them of all their most valuable property, and reduced them to the greatest extremity. In the memorable year of 1807, when the slave trade was declared piracy, a squadron was sent out to put it down, and the province was handed over by the company which had at first superintended its colonisation to the British government. All the blacks captured by the English ships of war on board the slavers were brought here, land was given them, and every assistance to enable them to provide for themselves. This they have not been slow in doing, and the numerous thriving villages and well-cultivated fields attest their industry. They have proved themselves adepts in commercial pursuits, especially in retail businesses, though many have become possessed of several thousand pounds, and their credit stands well among the merchants of London and Liverpool. Coloured men of education have come over from the West Indies and taken a leading part in the government of the province, schools have been established, and nearly the whole of the rising generation have attended them, and have received a sound moral and intellectual training, while the Church Missionary Society and the Wesleyan Missionary Society have, through their missionaries, widely disseminated religious knowledge among all classes. There is a college established by the Church Missionary Society, where some twenty or more young

negroes, or men of colour, are studying Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and most of the higher branches of the natural sciences. Among the liberated blacks the lowest class live in the country as agriculturists, or act as water-carriers and porters in the town; the next above them are generally small hawkers, or artisans, tailors, shoemakers, masons; a third live in comfortable frame-houses, nicely furnished, and are mostly shopkeepers, while the upper class, who have become wealthy merchants, live in two-storied houses, furnished with mahogany chairs, tables, and sofas, pier-glasses, and floorcloths. Their mode of proceeding in business matters gives them a great advantage over the white dealers. They are strictly honest in their transactions with each other, and by clubbing together they are able to make large purchases, at a low rate, of articles which they retail out and sell to traders from the interior of distant places along the coast. Altogether, from what I saw and heard of the dark-skinned inhabitants of Sierra Leone, I came over to the opinion that the negro possesses qualities which make him as fit as are his white brethren to undertake all the ordinary pursuits of life, and I left the place with my sympathies enlisted strongly in blackie's favour, and eager to assist in liberating as many of their race as possible, and placing them in a position where they might enjoy far greater advantages than had they remained in their native territories, no thanks to the slave-dealers and slave-carriers; but out of their detestable evil I discovered that much good might come.

Once more we were under weigh, standing to the southward, in which direction we had a far greater chance of falling in with slavers than we had hitherto enjoyed. We had been several days at sea, steering south, and had sighted only three steady-going merchantmen. Smith, in which opinion he was supported by Brown, boldly declared that, thanks to the vigilance of the squadron, the slave-trade had been knocked on the head, and that probably we should not capture a prize.

"Have patience, my boys, and we'll see what we can do," observed Short. "We know of at least twenty slave vessels expected out on the coast from various ports in South America and Cuba, and it will be hard if we don't put a stop to the career of some of them."

I should have said that we had received on board at Sierra Leone two gentlemen, for the benefit of whose health a cruise had been recommended. One, a government official, was a friend of the skipper's, and was berthed in his cabin; the other, a merchant, an enterprising middle-aged gentleman with a bald pate, who had seen a good deal of the world and the ups and downs of life, a cousin of Short's, was our guest. I do not know where our friend Dick Larkin had not been or what he had not been. He had been to sea in his youth in the merchant service, in later years had been supercargo of a large ship, and was not a bad sailor. He had been a lawyer and doctor, and I am not certain that he had not tried his hand at preaching; at least, he now and then indulged us with a lecture—a regular weathercock, or a rolling-stone, as he used to describe himself—but, withal, a very good fellow, with talent, and, all had to acknowledge, with right feeling, in which point he was no weathercock.

Our official shipmate, as we used to call him, the Honourable Samuel Froth, was also a fellow of talent; his chief complaint was chronic impetuosity, he asserted, and his creditors would, I suspect, have endorsed the

statement from practical experience of its truth. He had been a yachting-man, and was fond of enlarging on the beauty and fast-sailing qualities of his yachts and the number of his yachting friends. He was a great talker and something, if not a good deal, of an author, so that he was also good natured and obliging; always in spirits, and never put out, we found him a most agreeable addition to our limited society.

We ran down the coast under easy sail till we got to the latitude of that snug little island, Fernando Po, nestling cozily in the Bight of Biafra, a spot rather too warm and moist to be pleasant, and then, furling all sails, we allowed the corvette to dip her sides into the smooth shining undulations, which rose ever and anon from under her keel, and rolled on towards the unseen coast.

We were aware that the slave-dealers had agents at Free Town, and that our arrival and the probable date of our departure would be made known to them, and we hoped by delay to throw them out of their calculation, and lead them to suppose that we had gone farther to the southward. Our passengers did not particularly like the fun of this rolling about on the ocean to no purpose, as it appeared.

"I say, Puffin, can't you do something to steady this ship of yours just while we have dinner, at all events?" exclaimed Mr. Froth. "What do you say to casting three anchors out of the stern? Wouldn't that have a good effect?"

"That they would foul themselves to a certainty, and that we should have much trouble in taking them up again," gravely answered Puffin, who did not find out that his friend was joking.

"Ah, I thought so," exclaimed Froth, bursting out into a fit of laughter. "You see, my dear Larkin, it isn't to be done. 'What can't be cured must be endured,' is a trite saying, but painfully true. I've had to acknowledge it with many a wry face throughout life. Besides, to say the truth, sea-sickness often does a man good."

"Very unpleasant way to have good done to one, though," groaned out poor Larkin, who was really very sick, if his yellow and unusually wobegone countenance was any index of his inside. "I wish some other way had been invented, that's all."

"So there is, my dear fellow. Plenty of ways," put in the Honourable Sam. "A dose of ipecacuanha, for instance, or a piece of fat bacon, or an invitation to dine with a Fiji Islander or New Zealander."

"Hold, hold—enough! You've effected what many a storm that I have encountered on the wide ocean has been unable to bring about," exclaimed Larkin, rushing to the gangway.

"A sail on the starboard bow," cried the look-out aloft.

The ship happened at the moment to have her head towards the north-east.

"Ay, ay," answered Mr. Short, slinging his glass over his shoulder, prepared to mount the rigging. "She is bringing up a breeze with her," he exclaimed, as he stood on the topmast cross-trees, after he had taken a steady glance at her through the tube.

He very quickly descended. The fact of a strange sail being in sight was announced to the commander, who instantly appeared on deck, and all hands stood ready to make sail directly the corvette should be discovered by the stranger. On came the latter, evidently ignorant of the

lion in her way. Many a visit was paid to the mast-head, and there was but one opinion, that she was not a man-of-war nor an honest trader. The excitement would have been greater had we been less powerful, and had it been likely that she would show fight. She drew nearer and nearer. Still her course was not altered.

"They must be keeping a bad look-out aboard her," observed the commander, "or they must mistake us for a friend."

A large ship, and a very fast one, was expected on the coast about this time. The stranger was a remarkably large schooner, and probably well armed, yet she would not for a moment attempt to resist a British ship of war of the size of the *Enchantress*. Our great wish was to get the breeze. We could see it forming a long line as it turned up the surface of the water in its advance, already ahead of the stranger. Now a cat's paw played for an instant close to us and quickly vanished; another swept the polished mirror-like ocean. The dog-vane blew out. The pennant at the mast-head began to move.

"She sees us now, and suspects us too," exclaimed the skipper, from the main rigging, from which he was watching the stranger with his glass. He came on deck and shouted, "All hands make sail! Away aloft, lads!"

In two minutes the corvette was under a crowd of snowy canvas, bowling away in chase of the schooner which had hauled her wind, and was now standing about north-west. We lay up closer than she did, and in another hour it was evident that we were overhauling her fast. We had sighted her at about three bells in the forenoon, so that we had a good many hours of daylight before us. We had little doubt that we should capture her. The *Enchantress* behaved beautifully. In two hours more we had got her almost within range of our guns. Every eye on board was turned toward the schooner. She mounted ten guns, and had a strong crew on board. Would she attempt resistance? In case she should, we were prepared for her, and of course there could not be a moment's doubt as to the result. Larkin rather hoped that there would be a fight, observing:

"I've seen many curious sights, but I never saw anything of that sort."

But Froth curled up his lip at the notion.

"You see, my dear fellow, I've no fancy for such work," he remarked. "It may be all very right for Short and Kelson to be shot at. But I make it a rule never to undertake what I am not paid for."

"Hillo! what are the fellows about?" cried Jones, who had borrowed my glass. "Why, they are heaving something overboard. A human being, as I am a man!"

"I've seen that trick played before; but we'll save the poor wretch, and catch the scoundrel slavers into the bargain," cried the captain.

And he forthwith gave directions to Short to have one of the quarter-boats provided with provisions, sails, a compass, and arms, and ready to lower at a moment's notice. The mate who had charge of her was directed to follow in our course, and to pick up any of the poor wretches hove overboard.

We stood on till we were up to the negro, who, lashed to a spar, was still struggling for life. The ship was then thrown suddenly up into the

wind, and as soon as she had lost sufficient way the boat was lowered. Immediately filling again, she stood after the chase. We had lost some of our distance, but hoped soon to regain it. As was to be expected, the slaver, seeing that we had had the weakness to heave-to in order to pick up one black, thought that we should do so again to pick up others. A second negro was hove overboard with parts of a broken oar under his arms. The boat was coming up fast, and we hoped would be in time to save him, so we stood on. I shall not forget the look of horror and despair in the countenance of the poor negro as we passed by him. He possibly had not observed the boat coming to his rescue. Still the slaver had hopes that we should again heave-to, and another slave was hove overboard lashed to a spar. He held out his hands imploringly to us as he saw the corvette approaching. We pointed to the boat coming up. I was standing in the mizzen rigging, and as my eye glanced down casually into the water, I saw a dark fin rise up, as it were, from the depths of ocean, and a pair of fierce eyes a little way beyond it, the body of the creature being scarcely distinguishable. The fin moved rapidly on in the direction of the negro. I held my breath. The catastrophe I dreaded took place. A piercing shriek came across the water. The hapless negro was drawn suddenly under, in spite of the spars which had buoyed him up, and an ensanguined spot, which the bright rays of the sun made visible at that distance, alone marked where he had just been. I hoped that the slavers had seen what had occurred, that it might prevent them from uselessly throwing away the lives of the unfortunate beings they had in their power.

For some time it seemed to have that effect. Then finding that we were overhauling them, the villains cast another unfortunate wretch into the sea. All we could do as we passed was to heave a piece of a spar or a broken grating to support him till the boat came up; but that would not keep his legs out of the way of the voracious sharks. I dared not look to see what was his fate. I could only hope that the boat would pick him up before the sharks had discovered him. Larkin was in a state of great agitation at what he saw, and would, I fully believe, have jumped overboard to try and save the poor fellow's life if he had not been held back by Froth.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow, don't agitate yourself!" exclaimed the latter. "It is possible that they feel as much as white men, though that is to be doubted, and, at all events, they are used to it."

The *Enchantress* fully kept up her character, and must have astonished the slaver by the way we overhauled him. He soon saw that he must yield or fight, and come off victorious, or, at all events, cripple us, so as to get away. The odds were fearfully against him. Still he kept dropping his "black bait," as Froth insisted on calling the poor negroes, on the chance of our stopping to pick them up. The wind might change or drop, and the light schooner would have a better chance of moving through the water than the heavier covette. So enraged were our men at the cruel expedient to which the slavers had resorted to help their escape, that I believe, had our crew had their will, they would have hove every Spaniard, or Portuguese, or Brazilian they could have found after their victims. The wind freshened. This was in our favour.

"I'd give a year's pay rather than that fellow should escape us!" cried Short.

Considering that my gallant superior had nothing else to live on, the expression was a proof of the ardour of his feelings. Still the schooner was beyond the range of our shot. There was a possibility of her getting away. Our foremost gun was got ready. Short himself at last went forward.

"I think that we may wing the fellow," he said, addressing the gunner. "We shall be sure of him if we can knock away a few spars."

"Shall I fire, sir?" asked the gunner.

Short sung out to the captain that he thought the schooner was within range.

"Fire, then," was the answer. "Aim at his rigging."

There was a report and a puff of white smoke in the pure blue air, through which the iron missile went flying, but it did no damage, though it passed close to the schooner's mast.

"Try again," said the first lieutenant.

The gunner's eye was out of practice, for the shot flew still wider of its mark. Once more the gun was run in and loaded.

"Now I will try what I can do!" exclaimed Short, who had been eager from the first to have a shot, as a means of venting his indignation at the slaver's cruelty. A cheer burst from the throats of our crew. Down came the schooner's maintop-sail. It hung overboard, and slightly impeded his progress; but as he was dead before the wind the loss of the spar made but little difference at the time, and it was quickly hauled on board. It showed us, however, what we might do. The next shot went through the fellow's foretop-gallant-sail. We continued firing as fast as we could, but as we had to yaw each time, this prevented our coming up with him as fast as we might have done.

The order, therefore, was given to cease firing. We were now to trust to our heels. They served us well. We bounded buoyantly over the waves in a manner delightful to seamen, though undoubtedly very trying to the Honourable Mr. Froth. At last the slaver hauled down the Brazilian flag which she carried at her peak, and directly after shortened sail. We did the same, keeping a watchful eye on her, however, for it was more than probable that she would make sail again as we drew near, and firing a broadside into our rigging, endeavour to get away to windward. Such tricks had often been played successfully with our cruisers. Commander Puffin, however, knew very well what he was about. As we got up with the schooner and prepared to heave to, he shouted through his speaking-trumpet, ordering the slaver to lower every stich of canvas, making a signal to the same effect with his hand. He seemed at first not to understand the order, but a shot across his bows made him very quickly obey it. As soon as the corvette's way was deadened, a boat was lowered, and I went in her with a well-armed crew to take possession of our prize. A rather refined-looking young gentleman received me with a polite bow on the quarter-deck. He was quite the hero of a young lady's romance; but the rest of the people I saw around were as villainous a set of cut-throats as I ever came across, and there was that in the young captain's eye and mouth which would have made me greatly mistrust his professions wherever I had met him. When I told him that he must go on board the corvette, he made no demur, but seemed rather in a hurry to obey my orders, as did all the officers. Another boat now

arrived alongside to assist in conveying them with some of the men who were to form the prize crew. As the prize was an important one, Puffin directed me to take charge of her. Before leaving the ship, I had given directions to my servant to pack up such things as I might require. As it was already late in the day, I was in a hurry to get rid of the slave crew and to make all necessary arrangements before dark. Instead, therefore, of at once opening the hatches and attending to the slaves in the hold, I thought it best to get rid first of the officers and crew.

As the boats, therefore, came alongside, I told them to get in, an order they obeyed with surprising alacrity. Directly they were gone I bethought me that I would go below and run my eye over the cabin to see if there was anything wanting, which I might wish to send for. At least, to the best of my recollection, that was the reason which made me go below. As I was passing a side cabin, the door of which was closed, I fancied that I saw a ray of red light passing through a chink. I opened the door, when, for a moment, I confess that my breath came quickly, my heart throbbed with an unusual sensation. There were several casks, with the appearance of which I was well acquainted, full of black grains, and in the centre of one of them burnt a candle with a cauliflower head, ready to drop off into the black substance below. "Heaven have mercy on us!" I ejaculated. IT WAS GUNPOWDER!—a store sufficient to blow the schooner and everybody on board into eternity. I might have called for a bucket of water and drowned the candle and the powder, but delay might be fatal. Prompt, energetic action was required. Any moment the little hot ball at the top of the wick might fall. I walked steadily forward, with my hands ready to press the flames between them. There must be no violent movement; the slightest breath might blow off that little mass of fire. Steady, now. I stood over the powder, placing my hands in the form of a cup round the candle. Slowly I pressed them together, till I was sure that I had the whole mass of light between my palms—what mattered the burning they got—then I sprang back with the candle dangling by the wick, and flew up the companion-ladder, butting my head against that part of the human body which descends first on board ship, belonging to my friend Larkin, whom I sent by the concussion up on deck again almost as fast as if the powder had exploded; and there he lay, sprawling and spluttering, not being able to make out why he had been so summarily ejected from the cabin. At length he was assisted to his feet by one of the prize crew, who stood gazing with looks of astonishment, utterly unable to account for my scared expression of countenance and unusual actions.

"Why was it you, Kelson, who just now turned your head into a catapult, and treated me as if I were a mere missile to hurl at a foeman's head?" exclaimed Larkin, with imperturbable good humour. "I came on board to see what a slaver is like, and——"

"You were very nearly gaining some terrible experience on the subject," I answered, interrupting him, and holding out my greased hands with the black wick and the end of the candle crushed between them. "What do you think of that? Do you see those black grains sticking round that candle? What are they, think you?"

"Gunpowder!" exclaimed Larkin, his ruddy countenance becoming

of pallid hue as he guessed before I told my story what had happened. When I had finished my account, the men were so indignant that they proposed requesting Captain Puffin to heave all the officers of the slaver overboard without trial.

"That's the only way as how, sir, we can give them their deserts; hanging is too good for them, and if they lives on, such rogues are sure to be doing more mischief," said the chief speaker of the crew, a red-bearded boatswain's mate, Dick Budd by name, who was always put forward as having more brass than his messmates.

I replied that as soon as we had put the schooner a little to rights, and got rid of the gunpowder, I would return on board the corvette and report the treacherous conduct of the slaver's officers. The first thing we did was to heave all the powder overboard. It was providential that the slavers had placed the candle in the magazine, where it might not have been perceived, and we and all the poor Africans below would in an instant have been sent where I shuddered to think of. Having got rid of the powder, and ascertained that there were no more slow matches burning about the vessel, I commenced what is always the most trying operation on first capturing a slaver—opening the hold. This had been closed-in during the chase to prevent any risk, should the slaves break loose, of their coming on deck. Larkin was very eager to look down it, little dreaming of what he was to see and smell; had he, I suspect that he would not have been quite so ready to inspect those regions of darkness. The schooner all this time was hove to, it must be understood, close to the corvette. The crew, of course, were armed. We could not tell, from the tremendous noise below, whether any of the slaves had broken loose or not, and if so, whether they might not rush on deck and attack us as soon as the hatches were off. We therefore stood by, ready for such a contingency. I gave the order to lift the hatch. *Faugh!* With the chorus of yells, and shrieks, and groans which ascended, there arose an odour which sent poor Larkin reeling backwards almost as fast as I had just before propelled him forward. I was nearly knocked over with the horrible effluvium, and even the strong-stomached boatswain's mate drew back with a look of disgust. When we could once more approach the edge of the fœtid-smelling pit, the sight which met our eyes was fearful in the extreme. The hold was closely packed with human beings, chained to the deck. Some had wrenched themselves partly clear from the manacles which confined their limbs, others were still struggling frantically to get free, while numbers had died in the effort, and their companions had no means of escaping from the contact of their dead bodies. A few of the stronger ones had broken altogether loose, and now sprang up on deck, and the slavers having told them that our custom was to kill all the blacks we took, and eat them, would have jumped overboard had we not prevented them. We had two negroes with us who could speak the dialect of a large portion of them. It was not without much difficulty that these men at length tranquillised their minds, and assured them that we came as friends, and would assuredly send them back to Africa. We now by degrees got the living ones up, and ranged along the deck in rows. To save my own men I picked out a dozen of the most intelligent and strongest-looking of the negroes, and directed them to bring up the bodies of the dead. In a short time three dozen

corpses were handed up, and, after due examination, hove overboard. I observed the eye of one of them wink, I thought; she was a young woman, a handsome-looking creature, though black as jet. I fanned her face and poured a few drops of brandy-and-water down her throat. In a few minutes she revived, but, judging from the expression of her countenance, it did not seem that she considered I had rendered her any essential service. It took some time to clear out the hold of its accumulated filth, and to fumigate it thoroughly. While these cleansing processes were going on I signalled for an officer to come on board to take charge, while I visited the corvette.

"What brings you back, Kelson?" asked Captain Puffin, in astonishment.

I asked him what he thought of the prisoners I had sent him.

"Decent quiet fellows for a slaver's crew. Their captain especially is a remarkably well-mannered young man," he answered.

"A great scoundrel, notwithstanding that," I remarked; and told him of the plot I had discovered and frustrated to blow up the schooner.

"The atrocious scoundrel!" cried the captain. "I have a great mind to hang him forthwith at the yard-arm. We will send for him, and ask him what he has to say for himself."

Our elegant young acquaintance was soon brought in between two marines, heavily handcuffed. Mr. Allan, a half-caste young man, who was rated as captain's clerk and acted as interpreter, was told to tax the captain with his guilt. He did not deny it for a moment, but shrugged his shoulders, and turning to me, said:

"You acted cleverly to save yourselves. It is a wonder you were not all blown up. I thought that you would have been."

"Oh! You are an impudent scoundrel!" observed Puffin; a remark which was duly translated.

The Spaniard smiled and bowed, as if he had been paid a compliment.

"We must take him for trial to Sierra Leone," said Puffin. "It is a pity we cannot hang him and his companions off hand. Some such summary mode of proceeding would tend considerably to make slaving unpopular. I should like to hang every white man taken on board a slave-ship with slaves on board."

"I am afraid the slavers might occasionally retaliate if they got any of us into their power," I observed.

"The fortune of war, Kelson. That possibility should not stand in the way," he observed.

"Certainly not, sir," I said. "Any further commands?"

"No. A pleasant passage," he answered. "Keep a sharp watch over the slaves. They may prove treacherous, though I hope they will be quiet."

On reaching the slaver I found Larkin walking the deck.

"I thought that you would have been glad enough to get out of this craft," I observed.

"So I should under some circumstances, but the fact is, my dear Kelson, I think it is shabby to desert you," he answered. "I conclude that the *Enchantress* will be up a few days after us, and in the mean time I shall have occupation in settling a matter or two on shore."

At nightfall all the blacks were sent below with the exception of about

fifty, who were allowed to remain on deck at a time under charge of sentries. During the day I allowed a hundred to be always on deck, and by this means, I believe, preserved the lives of many who would otherwise have died.

CHAPTER III.

A BLOW-UP, AND NOTES IN THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE next morning we were alone on the waste of waters with our black cargo of living souls. In spite of our care, three died during the night; I believe, however, that it was in consequence of their previous suffering. We had fine weather, but light winds, and made but little progress. Larkin seemed perfectly happy on board, contrary to my expectation, and made himself thoroughly at home, spinning no end of amusing yarns for my benefit and for that of my second in command, Tommy Minton, one of the sharpest of sharp young midshipmen.

It used to be said that the fool of the family was always sent to sea; in his case the tribe he belonged to must have been a very clever one if he deserved that appellation. I would sooner have trusted him in a case of emergency than many of his seniors, though he was very young, and there was not much of him. Two days after leaving the corvette a strange sail was seen on our weather bow, standing across our course. As we drew nearer we made her out to be a large schooner very similar to the prize. She seemed desirous of speaking us, for directly after we made her out she altered her course and stood towards us. As we drew near each other we perceived that the stranger was a larger and even more powerful vessel than the *Andorinha*. She was probably, too, from her general appearance, engaged in the same pursuits. We sent the gang of blacks below, and hoisted Brazilian colours. We had guns enough to fight her, should she attack us, with every prospect of success unless she should attempt to run us aboard, but we had not men enough to work the vessel and the guns at the same time. I consulted with the interpreter. He thought that a dozen or two of the blacks might be entrusted on deck to help us to pull and haul, and work the guns, and that, at all events, they would assist in repelling boarders. The matter was put before them. They at once comprehended what they were expected to do, and grinned with delight at the proposal. They had themselves been warriors—some of them had been chiefs—they were pleased to fight for their liberators. My plan was to exhibit no sign of fear, not to attack, but if attacked to avoid being boarded. Larkin, as before, was full of fight. He undertook, with one seaman and four blacks, to work a couple of guns—that is, one on either side. We neared the enemy; as we did so, we hauled down the Brazilian, and hoisted the English flag. Her decks were crowded with men very much in appearance like the fellows we had turned out of the *Andorinha*, cut-throats all, only there were more of them. When they saw my men at their guns there seemed to be some confusion among them, as if some wanted to fight and others to get clear. I at once determined to show them that I was in earnest, so I fired a shot across the bow of their craft, for of course I had no right to attack them unless they first attacked me, or I had reason to believe that there were slaves on board, or that she was fitted up as a slaver. I

was in hopes that we were clear of her, for she hauled her tacks on board, as if about to leave us. Presently, however, she bore up again in chase. Seeing that an action was inevitable, I determined to rid myself of as many of my opponents as possible, that should the enemy board we might have the fewer to contend with. Each gun was, therefore, loaded with langrage, and I ordered my men to aim so as to sweep the deck of our opponents.

"How do you feel, eh?" asked Larkin, as I passed him while he stood at his gun with his coat off and his sleeves tucked up. "Rather curious, eh? I don't much like the thought of sending so many villains out of the world on a sudden as I must do if I aim properly."

"It will not do to think about that; and, at all events, they bring on their fate by their own misdeeds," said I.

The enemy was now fast closing with us with the evident intention of boarding, hoping to overwhelm our crew by superior numbers. I waited till the muzzles of our guns almost touched, and then gave the word to fire. Never was a broadside better delivered. Shrieks, cries, and groans followed it. A third of the slaver's crew must have been laid low. Only two or three of her guns went off, and instead of running alongside she sheered off, as if she had had more than enough of it. I, on this, instantly went about, so as to bring my other broadside to bear. This time I ordered my men to aim at the slaver's rigging. They had been well practised at their guns, and there were two very fine long brass pieces, which, directed by a skilful shot, were likely to do damage. They did not disappoint us. The fore-topmast was badly wounded and the jaws of the main-gaff, while the schooner received other minor damages. She fired at us in return but slowly, but her guns were ill served, and did us no harm. We could, I believe, have taken her, but, as we could not make her crew walk the plank, a punishment they richly deserved, I did not know what to do with them. My crew could do no more than work the prize, and we should have been utterly unable to guard a fresh batch of prisoners, to man a large vessel, and to look after the negroes. I therefore contented myself with sailing round and round the enemy, and doing her spars and rigging as much damage as I possibly could. Her crew, after firing a few more shots at us, had evidently had enough of our quality, and fled below. I suspected from this that she had no slaves on board, but was probably a vessel laden with stores to supply the slavers with stores and goods suited to the African market, come out from the Brazils. Often it is said that they get their goods out of regular traders from Liverpool, sent to the coast for the express purpose of supplying them, the merchants well knowing the objects for which the goods are purchased. We heard of another class of vessels, fitted out by speculative and not over-scrupulous individuals, hoisting any flag which might be most suitable for their purpose at the time. They supply themselves with goods from Liverpool, and then lie in wait for a full slaver. Their vessels being powerful and well armed, they take possession of her—or rather her living cargo—and give her supercargo the choice of receiving payment in goods, or of being, with everybody on board, sent to the bottom. To which of these classes our friend belonged we could not tell, and he was not likely to inform us. Having knocked away all his spars and wounded his masts, we left him, hoping that the *Enchantress*

might fall in with him and take possession. Not a soul was on deck. We had just fired a last broadside, when the crew suddenly rushed up from below, several leaping overboard, and swimming towards us. We were wondering at the cause of this strange proceeding, when the masts were seen suddenly to ascend like rocket-sticks. Up went the decks; there was a loud roar; sheets of flame burst forth; the sides burnt out; and while the hull disappeared beneath the waves, an avalanche of broken spars, splinters, ropes, blocks, and all sorts of things from below came rattling and hissing down, many of them falling on our deck. The slaves had treated themselves, whether intentionally or by accident, as their friends had intended to treat us. We instantly hove-to and lowered a boat, that we might pick up the men who had leaped overboard, but short handed as we were, that operation was not performed as rapidly as it would have been on board the *Enchantress*. I heard Larkin utter an exclamation of horror, and looking in the direction he pointed, I heard a shriek, and saw a man's arms lifted up for a moment above the waters, while he was being dragged down to the depths below. Another and another unhappy wretch followed, with a similar scream of agony and horror. I know no sound like it, as when a strong man is grasped suddenly by the arms of death. Our people hurried off in the boat, but by the time they reached the spot where the swimmers had been seen, a few still ensanguined marks on the water were the only traces of them remaining. Once more we made sail, saddened, but thankful that we had escaped so great a danger.

"This is what people bring on themselves. All these horrors and suffering they would escape if they would but try and do their duty," observed Larkin.

In about ten minutes he was as merry and talkative as ever. We had a tolerably pleasant passage to Sierra Leone.

The *Enchantress* came in soon after. The captain and crew of the *Andorinha* were tried for the attempt to blow her up, but as there was no proof who placed the candle in the powder, and the captain's own words were not found sufficient, they were all acquitted. They were, however, kept in prison some time, and then sent off in a vessel to the Brazils, with a large party of slave-dealers and their clerks, who had been turned out of Galinas. It has been asserted that the squadron on the coast has been of little service in suppressing the slave-trade. Now, I will give a short account of what took place while we were on the coast. There had been for some years a very extensive trade carried on with the interior up the Sherbro river from Sierra Leone. The tribes, however, inhabiting the banks of the river, instigated by the slave-dealers at Galinas, went to war with each other, and as they took to plundering the canoes when manned by people of a hostile tribe, of course the trade was very soon stopped. The object of the slave-dealers in fomenting war is that they may obtain the prisoners taken on either side.

The commodore and Captain D., who was a man who saw the importance of striking at the root of an evil, determined to put a stop to the war, and so to cut off the slave-dealers' supplies. Captain D. therefore, with a strong force of friendly natives, ascended the Sherbro to communicate with the chiefs at war with each other. He showed them the folly of their proceeding; that they were destroying each other and

gaining nothing; and he then pointed out the advantages they might obtain by legitimate trading. They listened to him respectfully, and promised faithfully to follow his advice. Having succeeded thus far, he was encouraged to proceed, and on a second visit he got them to sign a treaty with the Queen of England, in which they undertook by every means in their power to assist in suppressing the slave-trade. While he was up the river on this occasion, he discovered that the slave-dealers at Galinas supplied themselves with the goods they required for their trade from Sierra Leone by means of the inland water communication which exists between the river Sherbro and the river Galinas. They thus made null the efforts of the British squadron, which had cut off their supplies by sea. To this trade of course it became necessary at once to put a stop. Eight large canoes were at that time waiting to convey goods and provisions to Galinas. The chiefs of the Galinas, instigated by the slave-dealers, had made enemies of all the surrounding tribes, especially of those inhabiting the country to the east of their territory. They had also, trusting to the slave-trade, ceased to cultivate their lands or to carry on any legitimate commerce. The consequence was that they depended entirely on the supplies which they could procure from Sierra Leone with the dollars paid to them by the slave-dealers by the water communication of which I have just spoken. Captain D. at once saw that the chiefs of the Galinas as well as their evil counsellors, the slave-dealers, were in his power. He applied forthwith to the Governor of Sierra Leone to stop the canoes, but the queen's judge advocate decided that such would be an unlawful proceeding.

What we naval officers thought about that does not matter. Captain D. immediately started up the river and explained to the chiefs, with whom he had just concluded a treaty, that as the goods in the canoes were for the purpose of carrying on the slave-trade, it was their duty, in accordance with the spirit of the treaty, to seize them, and that they might have them for their pains. This mode of proceeding was of course very well suited to their tastes, and was a very effectual mode of starving the Galinas people into reason. The canoes were seized, and when a second fleet arrived they were treated in the same way. It was done very quietly and very completely, so that the Galinas people could get no food, and the slave-dealers no goods to pay for the slaves brought them. They had already a thousand or more at the barracoons ready for shipment, but so strict a blockade was maintained that they could not get them off. They were therefore compelled to disperse them through the country that they might obtain food. The chiefs at length were starved into the belief that friendship with the English was better than with the slave-dealers. They therefore sent a letter to Captain D., asking him to allow the canoes to return with provisions, or they should die. His reply was that they should have peace and friendship with England and the provisions they required if they would sign a treaty agreeing to have nothing to do with the slave-trade, if they would deliver up all the slaves belonging to the slave-dealers in their territories, and turn the slave-dealers themselves out of them. As the slaves were no longer of any value, but were rather consuming the few provisions they possessed, and as the slave-dealers could no longer pay them, they very readily agreed to these terms. The slave-dealers, who were mostly Spaniards, and their

clerks Brazilians, numbering together sixty people, were in great dismay on hearing of these proceedings, having no ships to take them off, and knowing that if they were driven to the country to the eastward they would all be murdered. They therefore humbly petitioned Captain D. that they might be taken away and conveyed to Sierra Leone. This he agreed to do, and afterwards allowed them to charter a vessel in which to return to the Brazils. He ascertained that there were upwards of a thousand slaves up the country belonging to the slave-dealers, and that the chiefs owed them for goods advanced about six thousand, so that whatever profit they formerly might have made, their business must of late have been a losing one. The Galinas chiefs very faithfully fulfilled their agreement. The slaves received, who were taken from a distance, were sent by their own wish to Sierra Leone, with the exception of about two hundred, who belonged to tribes friendly to the English. These were returned to their own country. Every slave was questioned as to whence he came, what had been his destination, and what he wished to do.

The good faith kept by the chiefs in these transactions is much to their credit. Captain D. found it necessary to be on shore for some weeks at Galinas, and, unwilling to expose his own men to the dangers of the climate, he sent to a friendly chief for a guard of a hundred and fifty men. They, with their chief, immediately came up, and the same number followed shortly after. Though in an enemy's country, they were guilty of no plundering or other disorderly act, and behaved in all respects as well as the most disciplined troops. They remained with him for eight weeks, receiving no pay or other recompense, having even brought their own provisions. These services were rendered by the chief and his people simply to show their sincerity and attachment to the English. Had the slaves not been removed, the Brazilians would before long, of course, have sent a vessel to try and carry them off. They would also naturally be desirous of returning to obtain the balance due to them. Now, however, the chiefs, who would be glad of an excuse not to pay them, would say that, having entered into an agreement with the English, they could no longer allow any slaves to pass through their country. The loss in money to the slave-dealers would not have been short of 250,000*l.*—that is, supposing they had landed the slaves they expected to have received.

In twelve months, including part of 1847 and 1848, there were imported into the Brazils twenty thousand slaves, not a third of the number carried across before the squadron was placed on the coast. But suppose the squadron was withdrawn, instantly more lands in the Brazils would be brought under cultivation, the demand for slaves would increase, wars would be encouraged in Africa, legitimate commerce would be overthrown, speculators of all sorts would rush into the trade, all sorts of vessels would be employed, many of them unseaworthy, and the miseries of the poor slaves—all the horrors of the middle passage—would be increased fourfold.

No sooner were matters arranged at Galinas than several small merchants from Sierra Leone, some of whom were liberated slaves, came down and settled there, and, in a few weeks, it was ascertained had exported the produce of the country—country cloths, ground nuts, palm

oil, and other articles—to the value of 2000*l*. I have mentioned these facts, taken from my log, because they are interesting in themselves. They show the service the squadron renders to the cause of civilisation and humanity and to English commerce when under the command of intelligent officers, and they show that the Africans of that region, at all events, are possessed of more intelligence and superior moral qualities than we are in general ready to give them credit for. Once more we were at sea with our friends Larkin and Froth still on board, and, from what we had seen and heard, from the captain down to the smallest boy, more eager than ever to catch the slavers, and to put a stop to the slave-trade.

This is only the commencement of my log. If anybody wishes to read more of it, and how I again met a certain young lady who shall at present be nameless, I shall be happy to give a further portion; if not, we'll pipe to dinner, and drink each other's good healths in the liquor which suits us best.

EGYPT: AND A JOURNEY TO PALESTINE, *VIA* MOUNT SINAI AND PETRA.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL R. H. MILES.

Sunday, March 19.—We halted this day, and Divine service was performed in the saloon tent, as on the previous Sundays. The weather was beautiful, and thanks to a delightful breeze from the northward, and the absence of dust, the heat from the sun's rays was not found to be too oppressive or even uncomfortable to prevent our strolling about in the vicinity of the camp. Having noticed some of the camel-drivers busy gathering—here and there at intervals few and far between, for the articles were not abundant, but rather scarce than otherwise—small plants wherewith they fed with these “tit-bits” of green food the particular animals they “petted,” and for which they showed more affection than for the others.

I inquired the names of these particular plants in their own language, and I here give the same for the benefit of those of my readers who may feel interested in the same, and who may be fond of botanical pursuits. Their equivalent in English, and their scientific or Latin names will be found on a reference to an Arabic and English dictionary, of which I unfortunately do not possess a copy. During each day's march, the whole way from Suez, I had particularly remarked that some of the camel-drivers would, as they walked by the sides of their animals, stoop down and gather, whenever they came across the same, or pluck up by the roots either one or other of these particular plants, and give them to their favoured beasts, whose fine large, rounded, and coal-black as well as shining eyes would eagerly watch for the same reaching their expect-

tant mouths, as their long, attenuated, and flexible necks would instinctively stretch forward and bend to receive the coveted food.

First, the *Yék'h-mēēn* (a word of two syllables), having a small white flower.

Second, the *Oō'm-rārā* (a word of two syllables), a dandelion-looking plant, with thorns, and having small pods, resembling diminutive thorn-apples, out of which the thorns seemed to grow.

Third, the *Kōō-bā-ēēs* (a word of three syllables), with leaves resembling, in some small degree, those of our geraniums, and having nasturtium-looking pods.

Fourth, the *Yih-hāmā* (a word of two syllables), the sort most devoured, most plentiful, as well as most relished by the camels. In outward appearance it struck me as resembling our own "colewort," and its leaves were covered with a hairy-looking down.

The *Jootsēē* plant was most plentiful, and was noticed during every day's march from Moses' Wells to Mount Hor. This is the plant which the Hindoos regard as being of so holy and sacred, and of so acceptable a nature to their gods, that they consider the placing of a few of its leaves, or even a small sprig thereof, in a *lotah* (a brass drinking-vessel) of Ganges water, causes persons to make a more solemn declaration when holding the same in the palms of both their hands, and that it renders more valid and more binding on the conscience the obligation of the oath or affirmation so administered.

Monday, March 20.—Left our old ground at 7.10 this morning, and reached our new ground at 2.30 P.M., at the foot of the range of hills which form the western "coasts" of the land of Edom, and which bound "Mount Hor" on the west, and serve as a barrier to it from the extensive "Wilderness of Zin." The day was also a most delightful one, and the weather cool and fine, thanks to the pure, fresh air on the rising ground, which we had now attained, the wind being from the north. Flies, however, continued to be a great plague and a sad pest in camp. Our path led through quantities of tamarisk bushes, with here and there small patches of the white broom, in flower, besides bushes of the asphodel in abundance for the whole distance of the ground we had passed over. Our caravan started, or rather, I should say, put up, no less than eight hares, and a bevy of partridges, also a curious-looking bird, swift of foot, resembling a peafowl, the feathers of whose body were all white, but whose head, as well as the tips of the wings were set off in contrast by those of a black colour. Two of our Arab escort fired at it with their matchlock guns, having taken advantage of the bird's remaining still for a minute or so, for it was far from being wild, to take a "pot-shot" at it. Both missed it, nevertheless, although the distance was but a few yards! A fine fat quail was shot, however, by our "sportsman," who was the only one of our numerous party who had "mounted" a fowling-piece for amusement previous to our departure from Cairo. One of the "clerics" in camp told us a gun in his hand would have been perfectly useless, as he had never fired off one, or even

a pistol, in the course of his whole life, and his age was the wrong side of forty!

As we entered the land of Edom by the long narrow road, or gorge, or valley which led out of the "Wady Usabah," right up to Petra, and through it on to "Maon" and thence to Meeca, I could not help recalling very forcibly to my mind David's exclamation before he had himself visited Edom, which he felt most anxious to do, in order to inflict summary punishment, as well as a wholesome chastisement, on the blood-thirsty Edomites ("a people that were given to ravage and war"), and which we find recorded in one of his Psalms (lx. 9), "*Who will lead me into Edom?*"

Now that we were fairly within the precincts of the country wherein Esau had dwelt, and had likewise, in by-gone ages, ruled over, we noticed a couple of small stone buildings, which, owing to their distance from us, looked to be not larger than huts, each of which was furnished with a square, or rather oblong, doorway for entrance, and both perched, as it were, like a couple of eagles' nests, on the summit of isolated rocks of rose-coloured sandstone, which served, no doubt, as "watch-towers," from whence immediate notice was forwarded on to the capital of Edom of the arrival of strangers, or caravans, from the plains below. After having passed these two solitary buildings—the only ones that were visible, the one on our right, and the other on our left hand, although our strained and anxiously eager eyesight swept the cliffs and rocks and ridges of the surrounding mountains in every direction to discover other watch-towers—we observed on our right-hand, on the opposite side of a very broad and deep ravine, a single Bédouin, who was awaiting at that spot the approach of one of our own Allowēn tribe, to hold a parley with him across the gorge, which only lasted a couple of minutes, when the former passed on to the westward, and crossing the ravine at a spot that was more feasible, he approached and addressed a couple of our men, who were by way of protection and a safeguard, along with five of our party, who had loitered a short distance in the rear of the entire caravan, to make hurried sketches, as well as to take within the full range of their vision the "bearings" as well as the particular features of this most barren country.

The hackneyed quotation of "Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise," was very forcibly exemplified this morning at the breakfast-table, when the merits of the different sorts of preserves and jams, which we had just been discussing at our morning meal, happening to be brought upon the *tapis*, one of the party observed he had a *penchant* for quince marmalade, on hearing which, the same "cleric," who had never handled or fired off a gun or pistol in his whole life, inquired in the most sedate manner, and with all the innocence in the world, what sort of *thing* a "quince" was, and if it was a fruit, as it was the first time he had ever heard mention made of the word. Had I not "booked" this fact at once, and on the spot where it occurred, in the pages of my pocket *carnet*, and which I have at this present moment under my eyes whilst I am copying off my notes for publication, my readers might be induced to exclaim, *Si non è vero, è ben trovato!* I once heard an English military officer who had just returned from Russia after the peace, relate his experience of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and declare that

he had had scarcely a moment's peace during the whole time he was residing in those two cities during the months of June or July, owing to his having been so cruelly tormented by the *morpions*, with which the whole country is more or less infested, and which tease and worry travellers and tourists to death. One cannot take a drive in a "drosky"—the open cab of the country—for howsoever short a time, he said, but you are obliged to hasten to your bedroom as soon as you return home, and throw off all your clothes, and proceed to constitute a thorough as well as a rigorous inspection of particular portions of your skin, to ascertain you have not got one of these vile and odious insects about you. A fellow-countryman who was present, a married man, and of mature age, on hearing this loathsome insect called by its English name, inquired what it was like, as he had never either seen, met with, or even heard of it before that day! In this last case, ignorance had been bliss indeed to the party hitherto unenlightened upon this subject; but it is a question whether the knowledge he had just had imparted to him may not have rendered him both "fidgety" and "uncomfortable" in his mind for the rest of his life!

Almost every English (especially) traveller who has visited Russia, and resided for only a week even at either of the two cities above alluded to, will, from his own *personal experience*, be able to corroborate the truth of what the English officer stated. This diminutive insect is such a dire pest and abominable nuisance even to the Russians themselves, from the emperor downwards—for where you are surrounded by and waited on by Russian servants it is hopeless to escape from the persecution as well as state of irritation which the presence of these insects is sure to cause—that all ladies as well as gentlemen are in the habit, and are, indeed, compelled by the "force of circumstances" and "custom of the country," to carry about with them when they travel, as well as to have always on their toilet-table, a box of "Persian powder" (which is of a whitish colour, and said to be a preparation of mercury—query, "corrosive sublimate"), which is well rubbed over different parts of the body on getting up of a morning, and again previous to going to bed at night; hence the frequent (indeed, in almost all cases where gentlemen as well as ladies wish for peace, comfort, and cleanliness) as well as the daily use of warm baths in Russia, which, with the constant use of the above-named powder, renders life and existence bearable in that country. The very servants, especially the lower order of menials, are not only covered, but are positively alive with these insects, and whenever these domestics scratch themselves, which is of frequent occurrence, they detach from their own bodies or from their clothes, maybe but one or two *morpions*; but then these insects find a fresh as well as an immediate home in the shape of the very next person who may happen to stand for a few moments on that identical spot. The cloth cushions in the "droschkies" are always sure to contain a few of them, for their drivers frequently leave their narrow and uncomfortable box to sit inside on the soft cloth cushion, and leave one or two *morpions* for the benefit of the next fare! A traveller must have gone to St. Petersburg as well as on to Moscow to be enabled to say he has realised in his own person, from practical experience, the truth of the above observations.

The fashionable world in the west of Europe is at the present moment

tormented by the frightful idea of the new plague imported into female society by the use of *chignons*, which is all the mode now-a-days, and which articles of feminine "head furniture," according to the papers of the day, are said to be the *berceaux* of small, most repulsively odious, and scarcely visible insects, called *gregarines*, which have the peculiar property, inherent in this breed of vermin, of bringing on a horrible skin disease!

Our journey through the narrow valley which led into Edom was a delightful change after the dry and barren "Wady Arābah," for we passed a spring of fresh water, while the sides of the road, or "pass," were lined in some few places, where the trees and plants had found sufficient soil to take root, with the oleander, whose red flowers were just beginning to burst forth, as well as with the wild tulip, the red poppy, and quantities of a sort of aloe.

Tuesday, March 21.—It had quite escaped my recollection to have observed, in its proper place, that, previous to our quitting Akābah, Shaick Mahomed, with the view of ensuring our safe journey to Petra as well as on to Hebron, had assigned to us for our protection, as well as to see that all went smoothly on our route, one of his own relatives (an uncle, if my memory serves me aright), an old-looking man of about fifty or fifty-five years of age, if not more. He travelled with our caravan, and rode on his own white mare, a sorry-looking animal, but which was accustomed to a desert life, and could put up with the coarsest grass and the rankest vegetation, and was also inured to go a long time without tasting water. I find I also omitted to note down our time of starting this morning. Mount Hor, when first seen from the "Wady Arābah," presented a striking appearance. As we approached it, it looked still more so, for it had two small peaks when first seen outside of Edom; but, now that we were close under it, these two peaks seemed as one only, in consequence of the northerly one being shut out from view, or covered by the southerly one. The road from our last encamping-ground, which led to "Mount Hor," was one long as well as continuous ascent, and in some parts rather steep—rather too much so for the baggage-camels—and up the left side of the deep gorge or narrow ravine through which the direct road led to Petra, and which our path now overhung at a very considerable elevation. In the gorge was a spring of fresh water, with a few shrubs and stunted oleanders around it.

On reaching a point of the road which was about due south of Mount Hor, our guide halted, and told our dragoman to inform us that this was the usual place for tourists to dismount from their dromedaries, and commence the ascent of "Jebel Flor," and that the baggage camels would go on under his charge to Petra, where the camp could be got ready and the tents all in readiness for pitching; whilst our dragoman with the dromedaries was to remain at a spot further on, and at about half way from where we then stood to our camp, as we should descend on the east side of the mountain, and so find our dromedaries close to us on our reaching the lower, as well as high, road to Petra. Having dismounted, and got our lesson by heart, and taking with us one of our Arab servants to serve as an interpreter, and also three of our camel men as a protection to our party, we all scrambled down into the narrow *khud*, or valley, which separated the road-path on the elevated ground by which we had

arrived from the base of the Rocky Mountain, up whose sides—appearing as they did to our eyes almost perpendicular—we had to clamber; and we commenced the ascent in a vigorous manner, just like so many school-boys, each one being ambitious for the honour of having been the first to reach the “tomb of the prophet Aaron!”—and having crossed this low ground, which was filled with a dry and burned-up rank grass, as well as with stunted shrubs, and thorny bushes, and loose stones and pebbles, we reached the base of the mountain, and found it most fatiguing work to climber over the large blocks of stone, so as to arrive at the summit. In one place, especially, it was so perpendicular, that to have escalated or climbed up it would have been impossible, and we had to call to our aid a couple of our camel men, who, having first got up like so many cats, succeeded in pulling each of us—for we were only four in number—up the rock’s face. The rest of the party not being so active, had taken a direction more to the left, which they found somewhat more practicable than the direct path which we had chalked out—“steep-chase fashion”—in our mind’s eye for us to ascend by.

On reaching the summit, we found we had arrived at the southern peak only!—for “Mount Hor” has twin peaks rising up out of two mountains; or, to write more correctly, out of two differently rocky eminences on the same mountain—and the other side, on which stood Aaron’s tomb, was further to the northward, and on the very summit of the mountain, and whose considerable elevation we had not, until now, either conceived or perceived, and which we had to put forth all our remaining strength to climb up to. We had ascended so far, at a run,—indeed, I may say, at a killing pace, for each one of us, emulous of his own powers of endurance, and jealous of his neighbour’s, had “pushed the lead” to the utmost—so that when we reached what we had considered to be the crest of the mountain, and had fully expected to have seen Aaron’s tomb close to us, the great disappointment which we experienced, blown as we were—out of breath—and also perspiring as we did, most copiously from every pore, under the influence of the sun’s burning rays, excited our “race” combined, acted as a momentary damper on our spirits, as the distance we had still to travel ere we could reach the tomb was, owing to the nature of the ground we had to travel over, by no means trifling to people whose powers had been already “strained,” and somewhat of their “shine,” on which they had prided themselves, taken out of them.

In my *carnet* I had noted down, on the spot, the time it had taken us to reach the summit of Mount Hor from the spot where we had dismounted from our dromedaries, and I find it took us just five-and-forty minutes, at a racing pace the whole way. At the foot of the north-west peak of Mount Hor, there was on the western, as well as on its southern side, a small open spot of ground, like a field, but covered with grass, which would admirably serve, were this mountain fortified and garrisoned, as a capital spot for a “drill ground” for the troops. Immediately at the foot of this peak is a spring of water, with a reservoir cut out of the solid rock, in which to receive the water; but it was too dirty-looking and too uninviting for us to drink. We had, fortunately, taken the precaution to bring with us our *leathern* bottles of fresh water, called in Arabic *zemzemyeh*. From this spot, a series of stairs in some places,

and, again, in other places, steps were cut out in the solid rock to enable elderly and weak persons to perform their "pious pilgrimage" to the shrine of the prophet with less bodily fatigue to themselves. The so-called, and likewise so-considered, Tomb of Aaron consists of a building constructed entirely of stone, and rudely square in shape, with a cupola springing up from the flat roof, and placed, or erected, at the south-east corner of the building. This cupola serves as the Syrian (or dome) roof over that portion of the room (in which Aaron's supposed coffin is placed) which is used as a mosque, and from its base (on the roof) to its apex measured between nine and ten feet. It was built of small stones, which were plastered over with a coating of mud, over which was smeared a coating of whitewash. This cupola was surmounted by a round or circular stone, two feet in height, and which was also once covered with mud plaster, most of which had peeled off. Above this, again, was a small square-shaped piece of white marble, whose top rising up to a point, somewhat resembling a sugar-loaf, had four circular rims, having three grooves formed therein—i.e. a hollow or groove between the rims.

The first thing our party did was to hasten up to the very top of the building in order to enjoy, in the first instance, the extensive view to be had over the "land of Edom," as well as over a very considerable portion of the "Wilderness of Zim." The aspect of the sky over the former was of a beautiful blue colour, and the air looked bracing, whilst the atmosphere was perfectly clear and free from dust or particles of fine sand floating therein. Over the latter, on the contrary, all seemed to wear an air of suffocation; the sky looked white, the air had a hot look in it, and the atmosphere was filled with fine dust, and appeared hazy and misty, looking just like what one witnesses in the month of May in India. On looking down upon the valley of Degrah-Dhom and upon the plains of Hindostan beyond it from the heights of the mall at Mussörie, we saw not a living soul at the tomb, the building containing which serves, as I have above observed, likewise the purpose of a Mahomedan mosque, so that we were free to go all over it, and survey it both inside as well as outside to our hearts' content, without either "let or hindrance" from any bigoted guardian of the tomb. Having surveyed the very extensive prospect around from our externally elevated position, and having made out one of the celebrated temples at Petra, known by the name of "El Derr," which was situated very nearly on the summit of a mountain to the N.N.E. of us, and from which we were separated by a very deep valley or tremendous *khud*, with another but smaller mountain range between the latter and the temple. Although Petra itself, from lying low, and concealed amongst the rocks and low hills by which it was surrounded, was invisible to us, we descended from the flat roof of the building, which formed a capital *cheeböstra*, or terrace, to walk up and down on, to look at the tomb inside, which the traditions of Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians now consider and hold as a matter of religious faith to be that of the prophet Aaron; inasmuch as we are informed by the Scriptures that the Almighty had declared to Moses and to Aaron on "Mount Hor" that Aaron should die there (Numbers, xx. xxiii. xxv. xxviii., and also chapters xxxiii.-xxxviii.). On reference, however, to the Book of Deuteronomy (x. 6), we find there is a discrepancy in the narrative, inasmuch as it is therein stated that Aaron died and was buried at

Moscra, which, no doubt, is meant as the same place as Moscroth, as being one of the encamping places in the "desert" during the "wanderings" of the Israelites therein (Numbers, xxxiii. 30). Although both versions cannot be correct, I cannot admit the logical (?) deductions arrived at in all such cases as occur in Holy Writ by a celebrated German professor of theology, that the "chances" are both accounts are false, and that neither of the two versions ever had any existence! I see no reason for refusing to look upon "Mount Hor" as the *bonâ fide* site of the prophet Aaron's death and burial. This mountain has always been known to men as Jebel Hor. The Jews believe it to be Mount Hor, and so do the descendants of Ishmael. It stands within the "coasts of the land of Edom."

On entering the building, or mosque, by a small, low, unpainted wooden door, to which a small iron chain and staple for a padlock were attached, we found ourselves in the main or largest room of the place, and the one which serves as the "house of prayer" to the Almighty by the votaries of the Mahomedan religion. In the south-west angle of this room stood a tomb, which in its outward shape and appearance resembled the Mahomedan tombs one sees in Constantinople and in Egypt, and also in Algeria. This tomb had an inscription in Arabic characters on it, as well as a smaller one in the Hebrew character. The room measured, by my own pacing of it, eleven paces from north to south, and nine paces from east to west. The ceiling was low—I should say, perhaps, very low—and only just sufficient for me to stand upright in, and was formed of four arches to form the base of the Syrian dome. There was a square pillar in the centre of the room, from which the corners of the arches sprung. Underneath this room was a cave, down to which eight very narrow stone steps led. We had to light a couple of candles, which we had fortunately brought with us, to enable us to see our way down to this cave. As soon as we had entered it, we noticed a couple of iron gratings, square in shape, trellis-like in appearance, and made of thin, flat, and narrow bands of iron, such as are used as hoops for buckets and small casks, or to fasten and secure bales of merchandise. At the end of this cave there was hanging up, extended out nearly to its full dimensions, an old green-coloured native (or Eastern) garment, somewhat resembling a cloak in shape. The walls and roof were much blackened by the smoke from the oil which was used to light up this cave on Friday nights, the Mahomedan Sabbath, for which purpose three *churrags*, or coarse red little earthenware dishes, resembling those in use all over India, were placed in niches or recesses made for that express purpose in the stone pillar. There were also three of these small red earthenware *churrags* inserted in niches that had been made for them in the sides of the wall of the upper room, wherein was what was regarded as Aaron's tomb.

THE ARLINGTONS :

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE EIGHTH.

I.

DRAWN, OR DRIVEN ON.

THE month of October, with its cheerful days and many-tinted woods, delighting the artistic eye with their beautiful and varied foliage, had passed away like the olden times before the flood, and dreary November, bringing chilly breezes and moaning winds, had taken its place. There were sad lists of shipwrecks, causing sorrow and desolation in many a home, both high and low. But still religion subdued the wildness of grief in several hearts, and those bereaved of their nearest and dearest were, in not a few instances, enabled to say, "God's will be done!"

But for those upon whom deep affliction fell, not through the visitation of that supreme Power whose ways are inscrutable to man, but from indulgence in vice, what comfort could there be?

The Arlington family had hitherto pursued their even course, without anything to taint their name or bring among them the cowering shadow of disgrace. But Silvester's low marriage had been a sad page in their every-day history. He, however, had been speedily sent away, to expiate in exile the fault he had committed. Eleanor's refusal of a rich baronet was a great source of annoyance to Mrs. Arlington; she had become quite peevish and discontented, and took no pains to conceal her disappointment. But she little anticipated the crushing blow that was to fall upon her and her entire family.

Richard, the heir of lands which had descended to his father through a long line of ancestry of the highest respectability, was, in an evil hour, induced by the influence of a wicked woman, to sacrifice his honour and good name. Mrs. Larpent had eloped with him! He had not the strength of mind to resist her blandishments and advances. He had no wish to go off with her; he disliked notoriety for himself, and shuddered at the abyss into which she was about to precipitate herself. He urged her to remain in her husband's house, and under his protection, and set before her the obloquy which she would bring on herself and on her innocent children. But it were as easy to reason with the untamed tiger of the forest as with a woman who has permitted improper thoughts to creep into her mind, and has encouraged them until they have obtained the mastery over all her feelings, and deadened her sense of sin.

"Let us go, Richard," she said, "no matter where, so we find a place where we can live together in free and happy love!"

"Where is such a place to be found, Sophy?" he replied. "There is no desert island that I know of where we could live by ourselves, and only for ourselves. The English swarm everywhere—not a nook that is

habitable on the face of the earth where some of them have not planted themselves. And, besides, if we *could* live quite alone,

The world forgetting, by the world forgot,

you would soon be tired of such a monotonous existence—you, who have been so long accustomed to the excitement of society."

"Oh, I don't speak of a desert, or a desert island, but there are ever so many gay and pleasant places where we might amuse ourselves quite as well as in London."

"Among foreigners, perhaps," he answered; "but it would be awkward to meet any of the better-class English, or to stumble on old acquaintances."

"Oh, Richard, I don't care where I go! Only take me away—take me away from a life I can no longer support! If you knew how weary I am of Marmaduke! I *never* cared for him in the least degree; I only took him as a *pis aller* to escape from my odious stepmother. Would to Heaven I had had a little more patience then, and not plunged myself into misery!"

"Have a little patience *now*, dear Sophy, and do not plunge into still greater misery," said Richard. "With your lively disposition, and warm, impulsive feelings, it is natural that you should be fretted sometimes by Mr. Larpent's very quiet and no doubt frigid manners. But you know that he has a good heart, and you must allow that he is very kind to his children and to you."

"He is *not* kind to me," she replied, angrily.

"He lets you do whatever you like; he never interferes with your actions, or crosses your wishes."

"And why? Because he is quite indifferent to me. He cares for nobody but that blind sister of his. What right has a man to prefer his sister to his wife? If he wants any advice, he goes to her for it; and he shows her all those little attentions that he ought to show to me."

"Well," cried Richard, laughing, "I would wager 50*l.*, poor as I am, that if he transferred these *petits soins* to you, you would be intensely bored by them."

"But I can't bear his making such a fuss about that sister of his, and it is no laughing matter, Arlington. Perhaps you don't know that something has oozed out about our"—she stopped a moment, and then went on rapidly, and in an excited manner—"about our intimacy. That French maid of mine, I rather think, has been blabbing, for only yesterday morning Marmaduke gave me a lecture upon propriety, and not giving the world cause to say ill-natured things; and added, that though he liked you very much, he wished you would not be so constantly at our house, and he hoped you would leave Craig Court soon. In the afternoon my amiable stepmother drove over, and favoured me with an harangue about my being so light-headed, and running the risk of bringing disgrace upon my family. I told her to mind her own business, and that she had better stay at home and scold her servants than come to my house to be rude to me. We had a regular quarrel, and she went away in high dudgeon. There will be a storm from that quarter soon, you will see; and Marmaduke will be goaded on by that woman, by my precious father, and that sly Mrs. Hamilton, to take some steps against

me. I won't stay—I won't put up with such conduct . . . I . . . I." She burst into tears, and was not able to finish what she intended to say.

Poor Richard was much distressed. He did not know what to say to comfort her, and he was greatly annoyed at her urgent wish to leave her husband and her home, and place herself under his protection. He had no desire for any such arrangement; it would be very inconvenient to him in other respects, and ruinous in a financial point of view. He knew that his allowance from his father would not merely be reduced, but most probably withheld altogether. How was he to live, with not only his own expenses to pay, but those of an extravagant woman, who was accustomed to throw money away in the most lavish manner, and to indulge in every whim?

He set before the lady his inability to maintain her. But she overthrew that obstacle by assuring him that she had plenty of money of her own—money left to her by her mother, and which was settled on herself at her marriage.

"So don't let want of money be an impediment to our schemes," she said.

Our schemes! Richard had no schemes, and no wish for the escapade into which he was being dragged, as a vessel is dragged into a whirlpool. He was firmly determined on one thing—to leave Craig Court; he would not stay, when he knew he was unwelcome to the master of the house, so he took his departure the next day, much to the satisfaction of Mr. Larpent, who fancied that all now would be safe and right. Mrs. Larpent did not seem at all sulky after Richard's departure; on the contrary, she appeared more cheerful than she had lately been, which seemed to be a good sign to poor Mr. Larpent.

"Well," he said to himself, "Laura meant her warning kindly, but she took alarm rather too easily. Sophy is a gay, volatile young woman; but that does not make her worthless, or even incorrect. I believe there really is nothing improper whatever in her intimacy with that young man Arlington; but as her ill-natured stepmother might put a wrong construction on it, it is quite as well that he has gone."

Poor Mr. Larpent's bonhomie and faith in him made Richard Arlington feel doubly unwilling to carry off his wife.

"What a scoundrel, what a villain, he will think me!" exclaimed Richard to himself. "No, I cannot do him and her—misguided as she is—this grievous injury! I have been wrong enough, but further I must not go. I will write Sophy that the matter must drop, and advise her to give up all idea of an elopement. But how can I trust such a communication to paper? My letter might fall into Larpent's hands, and what would be the consequences? I can't send a letter through that wretched Laurette—she is not to be trusted. There is nothing for it but to hope that Sophy will remain quietly at Craig Court, and not put her desperate projects into execution. I will get over to Dublin as soon as possible; she will hardly follow me there."

It is said, "The woman who deliberates is lost;" and, assuredly, the man who is goaded into guilt by the strong passions of an unprincipled woman is certain to get into trouble, though he may not be "lost."

With the determination to avoid an escapade, Richard made a shorter stay than he would otherwise have done at Arlington Abbey, and hurried up to town to get the little matters he had to arrange there settled as

speedily as possible. He was haunted by the fear of Mrs. Larpent's coming up from the country, and almost expected to run against her at every turn. But she was not likely to be walking alone in Regent-street, Bond-street, or Pall-mall; and, comforting himself with this idea, he forgot that there are other streets in the metropolis, and that cabs are everywhere to be found. His great object was to get himself out of Mrs. Larpent's reach; for, though he disliked the idea of an elopement, he knew how much influence she had over him, and he could not keep feeling a strong bias towards a pretty, pleasant woman who showed so much devotion to him.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "if only Larpent were gathered to his fathers, Sophy and I might marry and be so happy."

II.

A RUNAWAY WIFE.

RICHARD was, in reality, not a *roué*; but he was wanting in strength of mind, and to want strength of mind is not only a misfortune, but almost a fault itself, leading as it does to the commission of many errors. As he walked from his lodgings in Bury-street to his club to dinner, he could not help regretting that he had lost the opportunity of marrying little Miss FitzHenry with her comfortable fortune.

"I was a fool not to take her!" he exclaimed to himself, "when she and her husband-hunting *gouvernante* made such strong advances to me. The pill—rather a bitter one, to be sure—was well gilded, and it might have been swallowed and digested. There's Colville living in clover; all his debts paid off, and driving a pair of splendid greys about Brighton. Little FitzHenry is not in the least jealous of him, and he may flirt with as many girls as he pleases. Heigh ho! But there is no use in lamenting it now. It was all Sophy's fault; she would not hear of my marrying the girl. I wish I had turned a deaf ear to her representations, and taken my mother's advice. I should have kept out of the confounded scrape that I am likely to get into now. But, D.V., as my pious sister Cornelia always says, I'll be off to Holyhead and Dublin to-morrow."

Richard consoled himself with the prospect of putting the Irish channel between himself and his *chère amie*. He dined at his club, chatted for a little while with a military acquaintance, but, refusing to play either billiards or cards, he repaired to his lodgings at the early hour of half-past nine, in order to pack up for his journey the next morning.

But, alas for his good resolutions! when he entered the house where he lived in Bury-street, a servant told him that a lady had called, and was waiting to see him.

"A lady!—see me!" exclaimed Richard, with a bewildered air. "Who—who is she?" he stammered.

The servant did not know; the lady had given no name; she was told he was out, but said she would go to his rooms and wait for him there. The servant thought she might be one of his sisters.

A cold shiver passed through Richard's frame, and a foreboding of evil through his mind. "Sophy can never have been so mad as to seek me *here*!" he muttered to himself; then turning to the servant, who was retreating towards the basement story, he asked if there were lights in the

room; he hoped the lady was not left in the dark. He was assured that a candle had been lighted, and he proceeded immediately up-stairs to his apartments, consisting of a tolerably large bedroom, and a small room opening into it, intended for a dressing-room, but used as a parlour.

Richard positively trembled as he entered the smaller room, and beheld the confirmation of his worst fears.

Mrs. Larpent was reclining on the sofa, her bonnet off, and thrown carelessly on a chair close by.

"Mrs. Larpent! Sophy! *You* here!" groaned poor Richard. "What on earth brought you to . . . to . . . a bachelor's lodgings?"

"A cab brought me," she said, forcing a laugh.

"When did you come to town? Why did you come?" he asked, looking as pale as a corpse.

His face was quite a contrast to hers, for her cheeks were glowing with excitement.

"I arrived in town about two hours ago. I have left Craig Court for ever!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Richard. "You cannot mean that you have left your husband?"

"I *do* mean it," she replied, in a determined manner.

"How did you get away unknown to him, for I presume he did not connive at your going?"

"He was not at Craig Court. He went to town the day before yesterday on some business for his hateful sister, telling me he might be back in four or five days, or he might be absent a week, as it was probable he would pay his sister a visit at Buxton, where she is just now, before returning home. I had given Laurette warning before he went, and I packed her off the very morning after his departure. I have taken all my jewels and most of my portable valuables with me, but only a small portion of my wardrobe, for I told the housekeeper I was going to London to look out for a new maid. That story will keep them all quiet for a few days at least, so that we shall have time enough for a start before anybody raises a hue and a cry about me."

"And your children!" exclaimed Richard. "That sweet little Ellen, and that dear little Harry, who is so fond of you! How could you tear yourself from them? How will they exist without you?"

"Don't speak of them, Richard—don't speak of *them*, if you love me. Oh, it *was* a struggle to leave these poor darlings! I care more for them than for Marmy and Laura—their names always stuck in my throat—yet they, too, are very dear to me. But I could not live any longer the life I was leading—no, no, I could not. Watched, and suspected, and reprov'd, and knowing that Marmaduke's disagreeable, self-righteous sister and my odious stepmother were both trying to set him against me! I could bear it no longer, and I have come to you, dear Richard, to find a happier home with you."

She spoke eagerly—passionately—and Richard Arlington felt that his fate was sealed.

"But, Sophy," he said, "you cannot stay *here*. The people of the house make a great fuss about their respectability, and I cannot offer you the shelter of my rooms."

"Of course not," she replied, much to his relief. "I have secured

rooms at the hotel in Albemarle-street, where I left my luggage. But to-morrow we can start for the Continent, can't we?"

"I am sorry to say we cannot," Richard answered. "I must first join my regiment at Dublin, and then try to obtain my winter's leave at once. I cannot, I *really cannot*, take you over with me. What is to be done?"

Mrs. Larpent reflected for a few minutes, then she said,

"I will go with you to Bangor, and remain there until you have arranged for your winter leave, and can rejoin me. I will not go as Mrs. 'Larpent,' but as 'Mrs. Mortimer;' you know my name is Sophia Mortimer. That will do nicely. And now, as I perceive you are very fidgety at my being here, I will relieve you of my presence. Be so good as to send for a cab for me."

The cab was soon obtained, and Richard escorted the lady back to her hotel, and returned in any but a happy mood to his lodgings in Bury-street. Her determined spirit triumphed over his wavering one. The next day they sat off together for Bangor. Richard Arlington saw the lady comfortably settled for a few days in one of the hotels there, at which he passed for her brother, and then crossed to Ireland to see about getting three months' leave. Three months! And what might not have happened before the end of that period! He might be a fugitive, a beggar, discarded by his family, and his name bandied about as a good-for-nothing blackguard. And all for what? For a liaison he had not sought—for love that had been thrust upon him! But he had allowed himself to go too far to retreat. Mrs. Larpent had left her home and her family, and had thrown herself upon his protection; it would be cruel, it would be unmanly, he said to himself to cast her off, and therefore he accepted the unwelcome destiny, which he thought he could not with honour escape.

Thus it is when there is want of principle on one side and weakness of mind on the other, the enemy of mankind is sure of his prey.

Richard Arlington wrote to his father from Dublin, and intimated his intention of spending the period of his winter leave abroad. He proposed going first to Paris, and from thence proceeding to Cannes or Nice, or perhaps to Rome, for the rest of the time, and he begged his father for a letter of credit, in case, by any chance, his funds should fall short. Mr. Arlington was somewhat surprised at this request, as he had given his son a cheque for a tolerably large sum on his leaving Arlington Abbey not long before. However, as Mrs. Arlington suggested that Richard might have used the principal portion of this last gift in paying off debts, the old gentleman agreed to his wish, and sent him the letter of credit he had asked.

Richard had, therefore, a very good supply of money with which to enter on the new phase of life he was about to commence, with another man's wife as his companion. He was, however, annoyed by an epistle received from his mother, at the same time that the letter of credit reached him. That persevering lady again appealed to him to take two of his sisters to the Continent with him, promising to pay their expenses liberally. Truth to tell, the young man would almost rather have taken his sisters than the woman who had herself to accompany him. The

thought crossed his mind that, if his sisters went too, nobody could find any fault, all scandal would be avoided, and Mrs. Larpent might return to her husband's house, if she so pleased, without the slightest stain on her character.

That he could entertain for a moment such an idea as his sisters joining Mrs. Larpent showed that he was not willing to plunge into a course of vice; for their presence would have rendered the appearance, at least, of strict decorum necessary. But he speedily rejected this plan. No, he could not make his sisters act as a cloak to his guilt; nor would Mrs. Larpent, he was certain, agree to be troubled with them. He just hinted the project in one of his letters to her, and received such a storm of reproaches and sneers in return, that he never dared again to allude to it. Mrs. Larpent was resolved not to slacken in the slightest degree the fetters in which she held him. Every day brought Richard a highly scented billet from her, with, of course, the Bangor postmark; and these billets, being addressed in a woman's handwriting, were soon remarked, and brought a good deal of quizzing on the *preux chevalier*. They had, however, the effect of quickening his movements; the lady began to be impatient, and at last hinted that, as she was tired of the stupidity of Bangor, she would probably cross to Ireland, and take lodgings in Dublin.

"She will do it, too," exclaimed poor Richard to himself, "and then there will be the devil to pay!"

So he speedily got the matter of leave settled, and, it must be owned, with rather a heavy heart returned to Bangor and his lady-love.

So far all had gone well. But Mrs. Larpent's disappearance had been found out, and no one could tell where she had gone. Mr. Larpent put a carefully worded advertisement in a leading newspaper; no one replied to it. He bethought him of Captain Arlington, and, making inquiries as to his whereabouts, ascertained that he was in Dublin with his regiment. Could Mrs. Larpent be in Ireland with him? It might be so; and Mr. Larpent started, without loss of time, for Dublin. Arrived there, he found that Captain Arlington had just gone on his winter's leave, and he could procure no tidings of Sophy. Assuredly no lady had been seen with him in Dublin. It never occurred to the good man to make inquiries about them at Bangor, and yet he only passed through that town twelve hours after the runaway couple had left it!

But such *escapades* cannot be long concealed. It was found out after a short time that Richard Arlington and Mrs. Larpent were together in Paris, and the disgraceful intelligence came like an electric shock to poor Mr. Larpent, and a thunderbolt on the Arlington family.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

PARLIAMENT met on the 13th of February, and, after the customary routine business and notices of motions upon that for going into a Committee of Supply, the second reading of the Public Schools Bill took place. The Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland was renewed—a measure evidently useful. The next day, notices were given by Lord E. Cecil and Mr. Trevelyan on military education and purchase in the army. We are glad to see this subject taken up. The custom is a scandal among the nations. To be a great soldier implies intellect, and that is a commodity not to be bought and sold. The purchase of commissions is a great scandal upon the character of the country—a stain on an honourable profession. Is that profession, which demands something of mind, to continue to be thus debased? Is talent, of value to the country, to be rendered negative because, as it is in the nature of things not to be purchased in the market, it shall not on that account be rendered available for the public good? The noodle or doodle who buys a commission over the head of a meritorious officer inflicts an injury upon the public, and upon officers, it is possible, infinitely superior to himself in all that becomes the soldier. Talent and experience in the service are thus continually negated. Is honour to be bought and sold? Are the gifts of the mind in the military service alone to be treated as if they were beneath all others in intellectual value? Is the foundation of military merit to be laid in that traffic to which the spirit of the service should be most adverse? Well may the foreigner say, “In England they sell everything: commissions in the army, old clothes, and apostolic livings for the cure of souls!” We trust we are to see this kind of scandal removed from the army, wherever else it may linger.

By-the-bye, as the larger part of the regular army, in time of peace, is stationed in India, all British officers should be masters of the Hindostanee as well as of their own tongue. They can read Polybius and Cæsar in English, but Hindostan is now a part of the British empire, and essentially so. Young, beardless officers should not imagine, as many do, that those Easterns are only “black rascals;” for, if they are dark-coloured, they were a great and clever people when the British islander went about a naked savage and dyed his skin blue. One living language besides his own is no very hard acquirement for idle hours. The officers of the old East India Company’s army left names in regard to their acquirements, even out of their profession, which fame will not let die. To them we are indebted for works of learning and research, which are all well worthy of emulation in the present royal forces: it is an object worthy of imitation if honest fame be considered of any value in our existing military establishment. It is from the present practice, from that mercantile treatment in the army, that so many of its past disasters have arisen. The duties of the parade-ground demand no more than a schoolboy intellect; the duties of an officer in the field demand, to obtain success, not only personal ability of a superior kind, but those mental resources a whole treasury cannot purchase.

Ireland is still the all-absorbing question, in relation to which we see

no reason to alter any opinion we have before expressed as to its existing position. Regarding what is called "tenant right," the point should be settled without delay, because it involves the great matter of complaint among the poorer classes. It is most important in all such cases that the ruling power should be "morally" right. The complete suppression of similar disturbances, as with that of open rebellion, must mainly rest for success upon its moral principles. No advantage is so great on the side of a government as the clear conviction of the public mind that the power it exacts in putting down rebellion is, in its exercise, not so much an exhibition of power, as a fulfilment of a great moral duty. How can there be any dealing with the violators of the public peace in intent, if not in full action, more effectually, than by not leaving them the shadow of an excuse for their offences?—offences which, putting on the disguise of a deceptive patriotism, do enormous mischief among the ignorant and excitable, rendering the crimes of assassins plausible, covering the criminal with the cloak of libelled patriotism, and exciting to violence an uneducated and poverty-stricken population, accustomed to the neglect, as well as to the absolute rule, of the agent, or the landlord, and in return disturbing the peace of the empire. If the tenant expend his little all in improving the land he takes, it is most unjust that he should not have the benefit of it, and be turned out at a moment's notice, owing to his landlord's caprice. Legal deeds are costly, but surely some exception might be made, and a cheap form of agreement be rendered legal and adopted, to stay the crying injustice of such cases. The misfortune is, that in times past no sympathy whatever existed between the landlord and tenant, or the agent of the landlord, in Ireland. The arrogant superiority assumed over the poor, both by landlord and agent, is a part of Ireland's traditions. Young, the great agriculturist, in his description of the state of things there in his time, says: "A long series of oppression, aided by many very ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission; speaking a language that is despised; professing a religion that is abhorred; and being disarmed, the poor find themselves in many cases slaves, even in the bosom of written liberty. Landlords that have resided much abroad are usually humane in their ideas; but the habit of tyranny naturally contracts the mind, so that even in this polished age there are instances of a severe carriage towards the poor, which is quite unknown in England."

The foregoing is the picture of Ireland under its own parliament, or that species of government it now wants to have back again, preparatory to proclaiming its independence under American-Irish rule! Thus it is like a sick man under fever—restless, fanciful, now wanting this, now that, it hardly knows what. To-day the cure of the disease will be declared a return to the old state of things a century ago, so says the Orange faction, with its discordant cries over the bottle. To-morrow it will be for a republic, established by murder and assassination, aided by the refuse of idlers accustomed to the horrors and crimes of civil war, from being recently discharged after serving in the American forces. They have become devoted to riot and idleness, rather than to a return to honest labour, and therefore are ready with an assent to join the agents of assassination and crime under the cloak of patriotism. The nature of

things cannot be changed by giving them equivocal names. With such, no conviction *pro* or *con* can be effected by reasoning. Ignorance, with its concealed dagger, ready to strike down those only constructively obnoxious, denominates the act "patriotism," showing clearly enough the disturbed idea of that virtue which such persons cherish. They cannot be combated by that reason, for the use of which they have not power. They must, therefore, be firmly met, and their principle uprooted from our social system. The old law, punishing assassination and murder with the halter, still remains in force, and should now be rigidly carried out for the common security, as they have rightly been at Manchester, where the crime, so audacious, may be a cause for a protraction of the punishment of death on the ground of the extraordinary expansion of that crime under a false name.

The Home Secretary was censured by the foes of freedom and good order for his performance of a public duty there; but in case of a similar instance of guilt occurring again, we trust he will as honestly exercise his power for the sake of the public security. The abominable assassination of an officer of the law when in the fulfilment of public duties, was a case of a remarkable character. It was more than a simple murder, for poor Brett represented the justice of his country, and his assassination was a defiance of that justice. By whom was the censure of the fulfilment of a solemn duty uttered but by those who lived without that moral law—that law of conscience which enters in all well-regulated societies? Besides, over and above, the march of men secretly armed, up and down the streets of principal towns, by day and night, is not to be tolerated. Constable and police are no more to be shot at with impunity than others of the Queen's subjects by the daring and worthless, who, if they challenge the lot of a halter, will most assuredly find it, in a nation in which, while fair justice is refused to none, the villains of society, pretend to what character they may, will find their just reward.

It is with pain that we perceive the Orange faction putting forth its utterance again in Ireland, and shouting in its old manner, thus once more endeavouring, like the American Irish, to play a part in its old game, and embarrass the government. It has begun in its customary mode with orgies to disturb the peace, and add to the troubles of Ireland by its bravadoes over the bottle, and defiances of the rights of other men. The members of this faction have tended to place Ireland in her present discontented position. It was but a few years ago (the Duke of Cumberland its hero) that the Duke of Wellington had the honour of the objugation of that faction, when he joined in emancipating the Catholics from the chains in which they were bound for conscience sake. It is impossible this faction can ever again do a similar mischief, but it will do all it is able towards it. The country will support the government in the rule of impartiality in its duties, and if that virtue will not alone lead to lasting peace, no other will do it—that is, of a healing nature. The hiccapping and shouts for Kentish froth and slummery will only injure that ministry which it affects to serve in aid of its own private ends.

The most important announcement of the government, made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the introduction of a measure for considering the laws relative to election petitions, and for

the prevention of corrupt practices by the electors and the elected. Without this measure the late Reform Bill would be of little use. There are few who have seen more of the measures pursued, of the organised or hap-hazard, and strategetic forms of electoral knavery than ourselves. We may be censured for the avowal, but we believe the lust of pecuniary gain is so strong in its hold upon the mass of the electors, and so well felt by the candidates to be so, that if the government be sincere in arresting the practice, the miracle of the raising of Lazarus would be nothing to it, should it cure the evil and secure electoral morality. The mask covering similar proceedings, the modes of action, the wary stratagems to conceal the corruption from the opposing candidate, the frequent fear of a petition against a return, by the self-consciousness of equality in guilt on the part of an opponent, the later phases of such affairs, all are painful histories, when purity of election is on the tapis. What, too, is to be done with the Treasury itself? Take, for example, a Mr. Moneyman, suppose him in his office there, addressed by a candidate of the "right sort," in a private conversation.

"You know, Mr. Moneyman, I have not any cash to spare. I will contest the borough of Swallowall on the right side, but I cannot afford to spend more than eight or nine hundred pounds. You must aid me if I run a little more in debt."

"Let me see—ay, one seat at Swallowall. It will be a clear gain to our side. Well, I will see what we can do for you. I think I may promise you five hundred—can't go further."

The candidate then goes to work, spends his own eight hundred pounds, and shows that bills are outstanding for as much more. The seat is safe, a gain of one. The deficit is paid, and Mr. Moneyman's candidate of the "right sort" takes his seat on the ministerial benches, with a due contempt for corruption of all kinds. Now, if such a case as the above—of course a supposititious one—should come before a judge and jury by order of the Speaker of the House of Commons, how far would it go to crush a system thus set in motion, regarding no uncommon case of a similar character?

As to mere hard cash bribes in boroughs, the prosecutions in a court of law, by order of the Speaker, would effect a wonderful change, especially as now the agent suffers, the candidate very rarely, because the maxim, "*qui facit per alium facit per se*," has been shown to be very unpleasant and puzzling in parliamentary committees, and perhaps on that account discarded. Still, let ministers be in earnest in the matter, and good must come of it, the lust of gain among the voters notwithstanding, for the more corrupt the candidate is inclined to be the more readily oftentimes are his tenders accepted.

There will be no want of opponents to a measure so wise and effective. Whatever may be thought of the existing mode of acting in election matters, there can be no question but it might be rendered more satisfactory in the public view, and ministers merit credit for taking the subject in hand. Why did the Whigs never think of it? The corruption practised by candidates or their agents have ever been notorious. As it is, we must commend the effort made to amend the existing state of things. As, for example, when a candidate spends four or five thou-

sand pounds, and gets polished off by the observation that no evidence has been given to show whether the four or five thousand pounds was paid gratuitously or otherwise to return him. Though two or three of his agents were evidently implicated he escapes. Whence came that money supply? It reminded us of the reward for the restoration of stolen goods, "No questions asked." However the measure is at length one foot in the right direction. The old plan was to chop off a twig or two from the tree of corruption, but to shield the trunk that it might bourgeon anew. Success to the measure, which, being introduced, should be made effectual and earnest. The public had very small faith in the old mode of proceeding in election proceedings. Lord Clanricarde gave notice that he intended to introduce into the House of Lords a bill respecting land tenure in Ireland. It is probable that his lordship is one of those right thinkers, amidst the present troubles, who would not any longer leave the Irish a valid excuse for outrage. Such a question cannot be considered too early.

It is more than probable that the measure conceded to the country by Lord Derby's ministry will be more effective than any that could have been obtained from the party so lately under the sway of Lord Palmerston, who himself cared very little about the matter either way, as long as he could keep the state machine at work. Here his lordship often reminds us of Pliable, in the Pilgrim's Progress of honest John Bunyan. In regard to corrupt practices at elections, no money, not a farthing, ought to pass. The representatives of the people should be nominated, and sent by the people to their seats free of all expense. The sums paid for election expenses are, for the most part, bribes in one shape or another. Thus, when voters are brought up from a distance the candidate's money conveys them. We have seen election accounts with an expenditure of some hundreds of pounds sent to pay their travelling expenses. Suppose forty shillings per head out and home, really expended in such costs, paid with a note of five pounds per head—in other words, a bribe of three. The sense of the constitution is, that the voter should act with sterling independence upon an honest conviction of his duty. The choice is with the voters, and in place of paying them a fee it would be far more constitutional for the voters to pay the candidate all the expenses of his return, and make him really a free man.

In Ireland we find nothing to contravene our previous view of the character of the disturbances there, or of the worthless men concerned in them. The recent crimes committed there and in England bear the character of an attack from parties too destitute of moral principle or mental power to plan, and without want of weight, respectability, and judgment in the actors to work out their own designs. The committal of isolated offences in no mode strengthens the grand object so magniloquently put forth for the achievement of Irish independence. There is nothing as yet formidable either in what the disturbers of the public peace have achieved or are likely to achieve. Attempts at the assassination of solitary policemen in Dublin and Cork seem among the later of the "patriotic" crimes of the Fenians in that city. The robbery of arms has here and there occurred, and one or two houses have been plundered of ammunition to no great amount in value. A very notorious character, a Captain Mackay, whose ill physiognomy, according to the newspapers,

sustains the doctrines of Lavater, said to have once belonged to the American service, has been arrested in Dublin for high treason.

Lord Mayo, in moving for the renewal of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, which he intimated as necessary, and in which the entire country will agree with him, remarked that the conspiracy was paralysed to appearance. This bears out our view of it from the commencement. There can be little doubt of this being the case. The movement altogether was, we always thought, the result of minds incapable of doing more than imitate the American "Knights of the Round Table" in their treason against the Northern States. It was about as much in comprehensiveness of design as could well be made intelligible for mischief to the mass of uncultivated minds to which it was applied, and which so far characterised all concerned. It appears that some of the American papers—for such will exist in every free land, devoted to the aid of disturbances in all countries—have been advising the Fenians to operate in England and Scotland while the Habeas Corpus is suspended in Ireland. What profound advice, and how much more certain to lead to that defeat and destruction which it merits! The ignorance of the adviser is on a par with his malice. It is, amidst all, a proof of the small means existing to effect an end comparatively infinite in power, and of the limited intellect concerned in operations that have been made the most of as to mischief, but are, we venture to say, nearly terminated by absorption in the atrocities of private assassination. Such is a worthy *dénouement* of this borrowed scheme of treason. We take credit that we never misapprehended it, or thought it would terminate otherwise, when we traced it to its original source in the United States. There its parents, conspiracy and treason, connected with similar purposes, were defeated and exposed; here, where it has assumed notoriety, the character of private assassination more than anything else. No one, even those generally opposed to the punishment of death, will in the present state of the law censure its being carried out against such offenders. It is inconceivable that Mr. Hardy should have been censured for directing the ultimate measure of the law, in that very extreme case of offence at Manchester, to be carried out. There an assassination was committed, not out of revenge for an injury received, not after a sudden provocation at the moment, but unprovokedly upon persons appointed to carry out the commands of the law, in pursuit of their duty, and for the fulfilment of that duty alone. It was not a private crime so much as an outrage upon the entire law and justice of the country. What could more fully exhibit the obliquity, ill-conditioned minds, and deplorable stolidity of the criminal actors in that deplorable murder of a man neither the accuser nor the prompter of others in the measures rightly employed to bring to justice notorious traitors? The plea of patriotism cannot in such cases be pleaded, except by those wilfully blind to all the obligations which keep together the frame of civilised society.

Finally, the mental feebleness of conception, so evident in all these outrageous proceedings, should be a standard with the public for judging the calibre of mind which has been in action to produce an effect that cannot for a moment shake the popular confidence. We must have something in which action and intellect combine to alarm us seriously. These are imitators of American traitors; and what men or measures

were ever great by imitation? These men lead us to the recollection of the poet's lines :

'Twas not the spawn of such as those
That dyed in Punic blood the conquered seas,
And quash'd the stern *Æacides*.

Certain we are that the treasons now nursed will prove suicidal to those who take a part in them. Lord Derby will not quail before criminals who so forcibly recal the fate of him who pulled down the pillars of the banqueting-hall to his own certain destruction.

The great question of public education comes on for serious consideration very shortly. The ignorance of a community is no way bliss "to the general," however circumstances in life may sometimes denominate it so to the individual. The misfortune in arranging a comprehensive system is the jealousy of the sectarians, so numerous in England as to be half the population, and the exactions of the establishment clashing together. It is painful to remark, that of all the asperities which tend to poison human comfort, the most bitter should be those denominated "religious," where in the religion professed one great leading principle is meekness, peace, and good-will to all mankind.

A proposal for increasing the number of members for the Scotch burghs, which are beneath their due share in the representation, has been brought before parliament; but as the month draws towards a close, we have not time or space to enter upon the subject, or detail the particulars of the government proposition.

A SMILE.

BY MONK SAVILLE.

ONE smile!—no more—yet all her soul
In that one smile had breath'd and spoke;
I saw the deep emotion roll
On cheek and forehead when it broke.
It spake with larger power than sound, |
With more entrancing eloquence;
My pulse beat up with quicker bound,
My heart with throbblings more intense.
For me, for me alone 'twas born;
No other eye beheld it break;
It stirr'd me like a bright-eyed morn,
And bid a sleeping passion wake.
And woke the passion—fierce and strong,
Like a young giant fresh from wine;
My God! I've wrestled with him long,
And yet the conquest is not mine!
The conquest is not mine; but he,
Wax'd mightier, bears me down the while;
And, laughing, mocks and whispers me,
"One smile!—no more!—oh, golden smile!"

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF COMBINATIONS AMONG WORKMEN.

II.

BESIDES the evils which immediately attend the action of a remedial measure so violent as a strike, the latter is also very often the proximate cause of many follies and crimes, which are ultimately controlled by far deeper agencies.

For this there are two principal reasons. The first is, that the success of those who are on strike does not depend on their own exertions, but on the tacit acquiescence of others who have not been parties to their act. This being the case, it evidently follows that all forms of appeal and persuasion will be exhausted by the men who have left off work to induce those of the same craft not to take their place. Nor is this to be reprobated morally when to it such attempts are confined, except in so far as it degenerates into persecution. But when, perhaps, five hundred hands are out of employment, some of whom are at the present day almost certain to be of ignorant and barbarous character, it is impossible to wonder that the latter should attempt to promote their own interests by coercion in various forms when other means are unavailing. Hence comes picketing, not, perhaps, in itself necessarily improper, but made so by the manner in which it is always carried out; hence, also, arise various forms of intimidation and minor kinds of annoyance, which are morally indefensible just in so far as they involve compulsion. Again, when a union participates in a strike, its members are obliged to take every possible method of extending their numbers, so as to reduce to a minimum the power of those who are not bound by their rules, and thus render their interference less likely and less formidable. From this cause also arise the employment of coercion and persecution to induce men to enter the unions, together with outrages on those who refuse. But these mischievous proceedings are not the necessary consequence of unionism, or of any vital principle belonging to the system. They are merely the result of extreme ignorance and moral debasement on the part of certain unionists. There is nothing morally wrong in asking men to join a certain association, or not to work in a particular shop; but it is a very different thing if the operative who refuses either or both of these requests has his house blown up in consequence. There have been many strikes in which no union has been engaged, for there is not any necessary connexion between the two things. On such occasions violence and outrage have been just as rife as at times when unionism has appeared in the worst light. This proves conclusively that such actions cannot be considered as necessary consequences of the system, but that they are due to those deeper causes which have already been pointed out. The only thing which can put an end to outrages of this kind is the gradual spread of knowledge, directing the spirit of progress into its right channels and enlightening the moral nature. Instances which exemplify this may be taken from the history of Christianity. In the cause of the holiest religion ever professed by man, crimes have in former ages been perpetrated

to which those of Broadhead are trivial. Philip II., acting, as there is every reason to believe, with a sincere desire to promote the glory of a Divine Master, sent Alva to the Netherlands for the purpose of converting the people from the error of their ways. It is sickening even now to read the story of the crimes committed with that object. And yet these men were not monsters in human form. Philip, on the contrary, was the idol of a brave and noble people during many years. But in his age knowledge, that vast directing agency, was still feeble as regards other motives; and men's actions, not being regulated by it, went terribly astray. The great laws of human progress are unchanged—unchangeable. If there be a class among us which for some reason has till lately failed to partake of the intellectual movements which have taken place during the last few centuries, we shall see the history of our own advance depicted in miniature among them. There will be persecution, if not owing to religious fanaticism, then to want of knowledge on other subjects—protection of the community against the individual, and of the latter against himself—while efforts for intellectual and individual improvement will, as a general rule, be subordinated to hostility against others. These and similar peculiarities are but symptoms of particular phases in the development of human civilisation. We have already shown the causes owing to which the English working-classes have been retarded during the advance of the other parts of the community. We may, therefore, see how vain it is to expect that their intelligence should now be on a par with that of those who lead the civilised world. The operation of the laws under whose dominion we live, though sure, is slow. Their action may sometimes be hastened, as in the very peculiar case now before us, where a civilisation is in process of development almost from rudimentary beginnings in the midst of other highly civilised classes. But we need not be angry with the workmen if, as yet, they have not generally attained to the comprehension of those great ideas which it has taken our aristocracy nearly a thousand years to learn.

A very curious symptom, which bespeaks at present the undeveloped state of knowledge among the working classes, is the care manifested in all their organisations for the trade, which to them constitutes the community, at the expense of the individual. This is shown in the trade rules which unions attempt to enforce. Some associations forbid piece-work, because, however useful it may seem to the individual, it is in their opinion disadvantageous to the trade, and also to him. Others regulate the number of apprentices which each employer shall take. Others, again, refuse to allow their members to work "over-time." All these are attempts to provide for the welfare of the society at the expense of individual freedom, as also to protect each person against the effects produced by ignorance of his own interests. They are precisely similar to the laws enacted about the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, in which men are directed how to buy and sell, what to wear, what wages to pay, what apprentices to keep, and so on. The trade rules belong to an age very different from that in which these laws were current; but they indicate a state of civilisation not dissimilar. Yet it is incorrect to say that any such customs are vital principles of trades' unionism, because opinions differ about them in different unions, and even in different branches of the same one. Thus the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners

strongly object to piecework;* but would not support a strike to abolish it. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers oppose it energetically,† and expel members who persist in taking it. In Lancashire,‡ on the other hand, a great deal of piecework is done by unionists.§ The Operative House Painters do not object to it, nor do the Sheffield and Blackburn Lodges of the Operative Bricklayers' Society.

But, as a whole, the system is made to favour the society at the expense of the individual, and this is avowed by the newspaper which professes to be the organ of the working classes.|| Our own rulers found out some short time ago that the welfare of the community was most satisfactorily attained by setting free each of the individuals who compose it to do what seems to him most advantageous to his own interests. We may with certainty expect that the operative classes will in time arrive at the same conclusion, owing to the gradual spread of knowledge among them.

We now proceed to consider that department of the system which concerns itself with the education—intellectual and moral—of the workman; and as it performs a really valuable office, increases in importance proportionately to the development of intelligence among the operatives.

Education is of two kinds: one of which deals directly with the individual as a child; the other with the faculties of the man through the circumstances of his daily life. In speaking of the first kind we have to remark that, as yet, few unions have devoted much attention to the subject, owing to the constant broils and quarrels in which they are engaged with employers. Nevertheless, steps of considerable importance with reference to it have already been taken. The Glassmakers' Union are earning an honourable pre-eminence by their exertions in this truly noble cause. The following is an extract from a circular sent by the operatives belonging to it to their employers, requesting assistance:

"First suggestion: To establish schools in the various districts solely connected with the trade, to be open on Mondays and Saturdays, or such other times as may suit with working hours. These schools may be taught by employers, by the better-educated operatives, or by their nominees. One-third of the expense to be borne by the employers, and the other two-thirds by the Flint-Glassmakers' Society. Boys to pay a small sum weekly to form a fund from which to give prizes . . . to such as shall have attended most regularly and made most progress during the year.

"Second suggestion: To compel boys to attend a national or public school, when off work, on Mondays or Fridays, and to obtain the services of a trained or other approved schoolmaster. To have school open for our boys and apprentices half the day on Saturday."

They suggest, also, that "a fine should be inflicted on boys for neglecting to comply with any regulation which master and workers may agree to; and after two or three years from the time of such provision for better education, no boy should be advanced to 'make foot,' who shall not be able to read, write, and pass a simple examination in arithmetic."

* Report of Trades' Union Commission, Ques. 2851, 2855, 2860, 2880.

† Ibid., Ques. 120, 124, 128.

‡ Ibid., Ques. 633.

§ Ibid., Ques. 672, 673.

|| *Beehive*, Oct. 19.

There is every probability that these suggestions will soon be carried into practice.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of such steps as these, in showing that unionists are beginning to appreciate the value of the position which they hold with respect to the development of intelligence and knowledge among the working classes. This is perfectly incalculable. If every union in the country were to adopt measures similar to those proposed by the glassmakers, for educating the younger members of the trade to which it belongs, there would soon be an end of the hideous ignorance which degrades so many of our operatives, and, consequently, of the outrages which make every Englishman blush for his country. It is highly improbable that, as a body, the unions will long be blind to the important function which it is in their power to perform. Already we see that a sense of their duty is breaking upon them, in the commendation with which the glassmakers have been hailed. The night has been stormy and long; but the darkness is failing fast—broken beams of light herald the rising sun. Yet the storm-clouds still overhang us, and much remains to be done.

There is still another kind of education, corresponding to the second of our two divisions, which is given to the workman indirectly by his connexion with the departments of unionism which have objects analogous to those of benefit societies. There is little need to enlarge on this part of the subject. It is impossible not to see how prudence and forethought are encouraged by the practice of paying subscriptions for a long course of years, in order to secure comfort in case of sickness, or a provision for old age. Considerable discrimination must also be shown by the workman in the choice of fit persons to officiate in responsible positions with regard to the great sums of money which are often amassed. And it, besides, often happens that occasions arise when firmness and decision are imperatively called for, whether in removing an untrustworthy though popular officer, or in sustaining a capable man against unreasonable clamour.

Free inquiry and independent thought have, moreover, been much promoted of late by the formation of debating societies among unionists, by means of which it may be hoped that not a few mischievous fallacies which prevail at present may in time be rooted out. Thus we see that a sense of the importance of education is gradually spreading through the mass of the unionists, who are possessed of an organisation admirably adapted to favour its growth when they see its value. We have also seen that connexion with one department of their system tends to train into increasing energy some of the qualities which distinguish pre-eminently the highly-civilised man. It has been, besides, shown that most of the trade rules by which unions endeavour to protect their share in commerce, are ruinous to the development of individuality, characterise a low state of civilisation, and are such as have yielded in former history to the advance of knowledge. The inference is, therefore, irresistible that the two main objects of the system are in direct antagonism; that the first, which is progressive, will annihilate the second, which is obstructive; and that the increase of regard for the former, together with the corresponding diminution of heed for the latter, will be symptomatic, for the future, of the gradual spread of civilisation among the working classes.

To some it may, perhaps, form a strange paradox that those should favour energetically the diffusion of knowledge who support as ardently regulations and restraints which it will certainly overthrow. But this is quite in accordance with what we know of the laws which regulate history. Those who most firmly support ideas which are about to become obsolete, frequently encourage the growth of the spirit which is to overthrow them in the next generation. The Church was the preserver and encourager of learning during the barbaric ages. Leo X.* patronised men of letters, and hardly checked the spirit of free thought which in his time arose at the very gates of the Vatican. He did not perceive that he was thus nursing a force which was to overturn his spiritual ascendancy throughout more than half of the civilised world. Similarly the unionists of our own day, in performing their proper office, that of educating and elevating the working classes, do not perceive that they are raising a spirit which will eventually overthrow their protective regulations as surely as light follows darkness. Nor is it possible to refrain from admiring the beautiful adjustment of forces by which it has been contrived that the spirit of progress should be favoured by those whose most cherished fallacies it will ultimately subvert—that a pope should encourage free thought, a trades' union, education.

We have now to consider a curious and interesting phenomenon. There is a class of men among us who, having long remained in darkness and ignorance, are now progressing with great rapidity by means of organisations which, with one hand favour education, teach fitness for responsibility, forethought, and firmness, while holding fast with the other to the obsolete fallacies of a bygone age. We see them constantly engaged in warfare with their employers, to the serious injury of trade and the great unhappiness of all concerned. We know that all parties are seeking a remedy, and would hail one with gladness. It is the natural consequence that, from the discontent thus generated, together with the fitness for further progress which the workmen have acquired, a new form of combination should arise, which, by uniting the interests of the capitalist and the labourer, should obviate the causes of previous unhappiness, and bring into use the higher development which the faculties of the latter class may have attained.

Turning now to the practical world, we find two forms of industrial combination in existence which we have not yet examined—viz. co-partnership and co-operation. They have two principal characteristics in common, for in both alike the interest of capital is identical with that of labour, and a degree of forethought and fitness for responsibility is necessary, much greater than can be assumed as general in the present state of the labouring class. When we inquire into the history of the principal examples by which the success of both has been affirmed, we find that in confirmation of our theory, they have sprung from the discontent generated in the conflict between employers and employed. Let us look, for instance, at the history of the rolling-mills owned by Messrs. Fox, Head, and Co., of Middlesboro'. They formed their business into a co-partnership last year. In the preamble to their announcement of the intention to do so, the firm declare a conviction that "the present dis-

* Ranke, *History of the Popes*, vol. i. pp. 55, 56.

astrous dispute is owing to a want of identity in the interests of masters and men."* In consequence, they proceed to give notice that for the future all profits over ten per cent. would be divided equally between capital and labour. The bonus on labour would be given in proportion to the total amount earned by any individual in the year. "Thus, the more skill and the more regularity the greater the bonus." Further regulations were also made to enable "the steady, saving agent or workman to become a capitalist;" but it was distinctly provided that Messrs. Fox and Co. should retain sole management of the works. The firm quitted the Iron-manufacturers Association, requiring that any men who wished to join them should leave their own union. This caused some little difficulty at first, as the workmen were suspicious lest a snare should be intended. But the works have gone on prosperously from that time. There are now nine hundred and seventy-five men in receipt of bonus on their wages, and we are given to understand that the profits during the first quarter of the present year reached fifteen per cent.

Here we see an instance in which trades' unionism, having done its work, has made room for a higher form of combination. But it is evident that associations of this kind are only intermediate stages, for when workmen become large investors in a business conducted in such a manner, they will probably demand a share in the management. It is very likely that the desire may be conceded, and in a theoretically perfect specimen of the development we should expect that the factory would by degrees become strictly co-operative. But there is no probability that the latter result would come to pass in such a case as that which we have mentioned above, or, at least, not for a long period of years. The more natural course of events would be, that a man who has invested large sums in a business conducted on these principles, and has perhaps gained experience in the management of extensive works from being a director on behalf of his fellow-operatives, should withdraw his savings and start a co-operative factory in company with many others, whether his own comrades or belonging to different places. Such a circumstance would afford a good illustration of the function which co-partnership performs, in removing causes of quarrel, improving the condition of the workman, and giving him facilities for acquiring, under the guidance of experienced men, additional fitness for those vast responsibilities which may ultimately rest upon him. It has been often urged that this form of industrial combination can never be practically successful, because, though the operatives share in the profits of the concern, it is impossible for them to bear their part in the losses which must at times accrue. But it is to be noticed that, before any division of profits is made between capital and labour, a fair sum, generally ten per cent., is allowed as interest on the former, and a certain proportion is laid aside as a fund to cover contingent repairs and improvements. This method of action is common to all co-partnership manufactories, though the amount of interest allowed differs very much in different trades. After this demand has been satisfied, the further division of profits takes place; but not otherwise. The principle has been introduced in the belief that the uninterrupted course of labour, resulting from an identity of interest between master and work-

* *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, October 25, 1866.

men, would prove in the end to be more advantageous even to the former than the old system, in which immense profits and corresponding losses from the stoppage of business not unfrequently alternated. The result has more than justified this expectation, as we learn from a speech made at Leeds by Mr. Briggs,* the head of another co-partnership. Two or three years ago this gentleman was on the point of withdrawing from trade in consequence of a series of contests with his operatives. He, however, thought that it might be well to try if he could get over his difficulty, by introducing a new principle into the business. At first his attempt was looked on with great suspicion by the men. Only about half the number employed would so much as buy a penny account-book to note the amount of earnings on which their bonus was to be paid. Nearly one hundred—one-tenth of the number employed—were willing to take shares. The success of the principle may be judged by the speech which we have already quoted, as having been made by Mr. Briggs to his workmen. In this, after referring to the bonus which each man had received, he said: "The dividend which I, as a partner in the colliery, have received during the past year . . . has been a larger return than I ever had from it previously, even at the most prosperous times."

In this co-partnership, as in that of Messrs. Fox, Head, and Co., the entire control of the business is vested, as heretofore, in the members of the original firm. Such is not the case in others of the same kind. We may take as an example the case of Messrs. Greening and Co., of Manchester, where the management of the works is so arranged that the operatives shall in time attain considerable influence. This is of the highest importance, as enabling workmen to become acquainted with the management of business on a large scale, while yet influenced and partially controlled by men who all their lives have been accustomed to it. It is easy to see that the experience thus gained must be of the highest value to those who may afterwards engage in the establishment of co-operative societies. The system in its main principles may now be said to have secured a footing, as it has been adopted by several large firms, and has proved to be practicable through several years of depressed trade. A good illustration of its value, as encouraging harmonious labour, occurred a short time ago in the colliery districts of the north. The operatives of all the pits in a particular neighbourhood stopped work for a day, and held a meeting to consider what course ought to be pursued with regard to an intended strike and a threatened lock-out. It was requested that the Methley colliers would attend; but they answered that they had no intention whatever of striking against themselves or of locking themselves out, and therefore did not see any use in losing their day's earnings.†

It has previously been shown that the action of trades' unionism tends to generate a new form of combination, in which the evils inseparable from the old system are done away, and the increased intelligence communicated by it finds full employment. That, as we have now seen, bears evident marks of being merely an intermediate stage on a road of which the end will perhaps be invisible for many generations. It remains for us to examine, lastly, the form of combination to which the latter is the immediate precursor, and for which it evidently tends to qualify the workman.

* Oct. 2, 1866.

† *Co-operator*, Sept. 16, 1867.

The principle of co-operation is that every operative should be alike workman and capitalist, thus reaping the fruit of his own labour. The instances in which this form of association has worked successfully when applied to the management of business on a large scale, are as yet but few in England. The most important of them is that of the Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Society. The history of this great association is so well known as not to need recapitulation. For our present purpose it will be sufficient to remark who founded it, and what was the immediate motive which led to its origin. Its founders were members of the Flannel Weavers' Union Committee. Some of them were followers of the doctrines propounded by Mr. Owen, and in that way had become familiar with the idea of community of labour and of profit. The proximate cause which originated the attempt to carry these principles into practice, was the extreme discontent generated by the warfare between masters and men.* The results are well known. From very humble beginnings the store has attained the rank of a great mercantile house, and has also established a corn-mill and a cotton factory. Both of the last-named undertakings have proved successful and remunerative, and thus a conclusive proof has been given that the principle on which all three have been worked is perfectly practicable.

But hitherto the history of co-operation has been that of an idea brought to light before its true birth-time. It was announced by men of great ability, and hailed with enthusiasm by thousands of eager converts. There were apostles to preach it, fanatics to disseminate it, while at least one government attempted to aid its progress from the public funds.† But all was vain for the time. The classes to whom the truth was addressed had hardly yet aroused themselves from the lethargic ignorance in which they had slumbered during so many ages. Genius may bring to light a great idea, learned men may favour, governments may encourage; but genius, learning, and power together are unable to hasten one moment the progress of an age, or to engraft a truth on a civilisation which is not prepared to receive it. Proudhon, Fourier, Cabet, St. Simon, Owen, all failed, for the time was not yet come. So Savonarola, Huss, Wickliffe, failed also for the spirit of their age was too strong for individual genius. But when the progress of rationalism had loosened the fabric of superstition, the spark left by the early reformers burst into a flame which enveloped the world. As it has been in the history of European progress, so it must necessarily be in the development of civilisation among a single class. The Socialists were the first heralds of the truths which are now beginning to make way. But their systems never succeeded practically in Europe, and were a cause of merriment to superficial persons who failed to perceive in them the first dim workings of the great idea which is now slowly developing as the years go on. Transplanted to America, the Socialist principles have succeeded practically owing to causes which, though full of interest, it is unnecessary to trace here at length. It is, however, probable that the

* Holyoake's History of Co-operation in Rochdale.

† We may be permitted to correct an error into which Professor Fawcett has fallen in asserting that M. Louis Blanc founded the national workshops in France in 1848.—See Soc. Econ. of Brit. Lab., pp. 99, 100; and compare M. Blanc, Letters on England, Second Series, p. 213.

fact is owing to the presence in the American societies of a religious enthusiasm—a powerful bond of union which was almost wanting to those in Europe. But there are also, doubtless, many other concurrent causes peculiar to American civilisation.* Though, however, the earlier communists failed, the principle which contained all that was vigorous and vivifying in their theories has not been lost for ever. Many other attempts to carry it out have also failed, and, in the language of a supporter of the system, this has been owing to want of “sense, union, patience, and enterprise”† on the part of those who have undertaken them. In other words, the practical realisation of the theory requires qualities only to be found in a high state of civilisation, the preliminary stages to which are not yet over among the labouring classes. But to future generations, who will reap the benefit of the preparatory training given in our own day by the rudimentary and intermediate forms of combination which have been already examined, it will be an easy matter to carry out that further stage of development which has already, in a few rare cases, succeeded.

We have now shown the connexion which exists between the three principal kinds of industrial association which are in existence. It has been proved that the spirit of progress when generated among working classes, must necessarily take the shape of a rudimentary form of combination. We have seen that associations thus originated would, under natural circumstances, develop gradually into other kinds suited to the advancing needs and capabilities of their members. It has been likewise shown that these theoretical considerations are amply verified by the facts which concern the rise and connexion of the different forms of combination in present existence. From this reasoning, therefore, we may infer that the latter are natural manifestations symptomatic of, and attendant upon, the increasing development among the working class of that spirit of progress which was set free by the repeal of the combination laws. If this be true we should expect that, at the present time, scarce half a century from that date, the most rudimentary form should be likewise the most prevalent; that the second should be beginning to make way, and the third, except in a few instances, unknown or unsuccessful. This is borne out by existing facts over nearly the whole European continent.

Throughout France, England, and Germany, trades' unionism—the form which industrial combination necessarily takes first—is also the most widely spread; co-partnership, the second stage, has gained a footing; and co-operation, save in rare instances, is hardly to be considered as established at all. These combinations, then, forming a natural and regular sequence, characteristic of different stages of progress, become valuable criteria as to the development of the latter among the working classes. The future historian of civilisation will speak of the age of unionism, of co-partnership, of co-operation, as we mention those of stone, bronze, or iron. In centuries, where there is no record of the formation of unions, he will infer the existence of combination laws, of

* On this interesting subject compare Mill *Polit. Econ.* vol. i. pp. 254, 269; and Dixon's *New America*, vol. ii. pp. 80, 136, 208, 263.

† G. J. Holyoake, *Hist. of Co-operation in Rochdale*, p. 58.

tacit associations among employers, of a working class hardly aroused from lethargy and ignorance. At a time when he finds that unionism has formed the prevailing phenomenon, he will argue that the operatives have, as a body, been rapidly progressing in knowledge and intelligence. Yet he will also infer that a considerable amount of crime has existed among them, so long as he perceives that unions in general have concerned themselves with matters of trade, rather than with education and other benefits to the individual workman. And where he sees that unionism has become weak, and that other forms of association are prevalent, he will know that the struggle between capital and labour is well-nigh done, and argue a mental and moral elevation among the working classes corresponding to that of the qualities needed for the success of the predominant kinds of organisation.

The foregoing arguments bear directly on a question of great national interest—namely, the representation of working men in parliament. It is well known that the trade union leaders are in many cases endeavouring to turn to political account the organisations of which they possess the control. A "Working Man's Parliamentary Election Fund" is being formed to "defray the legal expenses of approved working-class candidates;" and it is no secret that one of the London boroughs may soon be contested in that interest. The principal leaders of the movement expressly disclaim the idea that their object is to obtain from parliament "exceptional legislation for the benefit of the working classes." It may, however, be considered very doubtful whether similar enlightened ideas prevail among the rank and file of the unionists who will record their votes for men of their own class. Many liberal-minded persons are, therefore, alarmed lest a general alliance of the operatives should be brought about, and a vast number of members returned to parliament pledged to obtain legislation opposed to sound economic views. But if our reasoning in the earlier part of this article be correct, it would appear highly questionable whether trades' unions will ever attain any great amount of power as political organisations. There are at present two forces acting upon them. Of these, one tends to increase their numbers by the formation of new unions; the second, which is but another form of the first, to diminish them by development into other forms of combination, involving abandonment of unionism. At present the former vastly preponderates; but the time of its greatest effect has evidently passed. The second is only just beginning to make itself felt; but will probably in the end have a very wide influence. Indeed, it might be asserted, without much rashness, that in the course of years the latter will so increase as to overpower the former, and that unionism, being symptomatic of a particular stage of civilisation, will prove like it essentially transitory. But even if this prediction be not verified to its full extent, it is evident that, when a majority of the operatives feel their interests to be identical with those of the capitalists, there will no longer be occasion for the alarm which now prevails with regard to their political designs. It is, indeed, highly probable that unionism will long co-exist with other forms of combination, and that strenuous efforts will be made to retain the system after its purpose is fulfilled and the hour of its departure has struck. Alike by its supporters and by its enemies, it is regarded as admitting of no change and susceptible of no improvement. Both parties

fail entirely to recognise the laws which presided over its genesis, and are now guiding its development towards some unknown goal, through the other forms of combination which we have already examined. When, therefore, its last hours shall have come, there will, doubtless, be seen the strange and mournful spectacle of bigotry among those who have hitherto seemed to be liberal in mind. The sight is not unfamiliar to those who have studied the history of the great steps in human progress. Too often it happens at such times that those who, through all novelty and obloquy, have firmly upheld the idea which is now about to pass away, prove unable to comprehend that its day is over. They cling kindly to it in opposition to the spirit of the age, and thus become a byword among future generations little wiser than themselves.

It would be a curious subject for speculation to consider how far the working classes might by this time have advanced in the path of civilisation, had governments not felt themselves bound to protect the employers and the employed against each other. Under such circumstances, the contest now going on between capital and labour would certainly have been fought in the dark ages, for which alone it is fit. Probably the other forms of development would have appeared long before this time, and the operatives of Europe would have progressed equally with the other classes in knowledge, intelligence, and civilisation. From these considerations we may learn how fatal a mistake it would be to re-enact the combination laws. If such a step were taken, the conflict between employers and employed would indeed be stopped; but at the expense of progress. The feelings which give rise to it would smoulder inextinguishably, only to burst out with renewed vigour whenever the hostile laws should be repealed. Even if legislation could be so contrived as to prohibit unionism, whilst favouring co-partnership and co-operation, it would be found that, when the former was suppressed, the latter would begin to droop. All attempts to give a firm root to them would fail, and they would slowly die away for want of the motive derived from the contention occasioned by the unions and the education, direct and indirect, which their members receive in a constantly increasing measure. On the repeal of the law against unionism the other forms of combination would reappear in its train, and the progress of development would go on in the order which has been indicated. It is worse than madness when rulers endeavour to stem the great movements to which an age gives birth. By attempts to repress them they can do no good, and have often done much mischief. May they learn at last that it is beyond their power to improve the action of the laws which regulate man's destiny, and leave them unfettered to work out the future in a slow and constant sequence of majestic change.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE TWO MECKLENBURGS.

"My prince is truly small among those of Germany," wrote Goethe of his *Mecænas* of Weimar; "his country is but of moderate extent, and his power is very limited. But let every one develop his strength within and without, and it will be a pride to be German with Germans."

Such was the aspiration of the poet and philosopher, and his aspirations have come in our times to the very verge of being carried out to their fullest extent. It will, however, be something new to our readers to learn that, under the proposed unification of Germany, it is seriously anticipated that the Baltic will be to future generations what the Mediterranean has been to the past; and that Mecklenburg, by its geographical position, its ports, its commercial and industrial enterprise, and the general enlightenment of its people, if not the Attica, will still be the Venice of the Mediterranean of the north, with possibly its Genoa at no remote distance.

Some account of a German state, hitherto much ignored, although united to this country by linguistic origins and by historical and family ties, and which pretends to so important a future, will not be out of place at the present moment. It is, further, of a general as well as of a Germanic interest, for never did the proverb "*Ex uno disce omnes*," apply more pungently than in reviewing the past history and the present condition and aspirations of any one of the minor states of Germany.

Mecklenburg is, it is necessary to premise, largely indebted for its present prosperous condition to Frederick Francis I., a prince of high intellectual culture and of the most generous impulses, and who was further endowed with such a marvellous aptitude for labour, that, although ever actively employed in a government obstructed at that epoch by the complicated machinery of old and feudal traditions, he found time to become proficient in music, was well versed in European languages, and, above all, was an enthusiastic archaeologist.

During a prolonged reign of fifty years he devoted all his energies to improving the means of communication throughout his dominions both by land and water, as also to the dissemination of instruction. With this latter view he founded five colleges—gymnasias, or lyceums, as they are variously called—and which, for a population of half a million, three-fourths of whom are agricultural, is admitted to be a very fair allowance. He attached several of the most distinguished men of Germany to the chief of these colleges, which was designated after himself, as the *Gymnasium Fredericianum*. Goerenz, the director, was known as the editor of the best edition extant of the philosophical works of Cicero.

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Hebrew was also taught by Raspe, the favourite pupil of the celebrated Orientalist Tyschen. English, French, and Italian are, however, also taught in these colleges as well as the dead languages. These are also, as is fitting they should be, more zealously cultivated than Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, and annual discourses in the languages of modern Europe, including the German, are delivered by the pupils upon the occasion of the grand duke's anniversary.

We have said that Frederick was partial to archæological pursuits. The chief purport or object of his studies in this direction was to eliminate what was Slavonic from what was German, and it was with this object in view that he founded one of the best collections of Slavonian and German antiquities that is in existence. The museum was begun at Ludwigslust, but it was afterwards transferred to Schwerin, and it is admitted to be rich in objects with which its rivals of Berlin and Copenhagen are but poorly provided. Most of these objects were obtained by explorations carried out under his own personal superintendence. One of the last manifestoes, indeed, which this intelligent sovereign penned (he died Feb. 1, 1837), was to rural proprietors to carry on excavations, and to bring the results with the utmost care to a common centre. The first director of the museum was Oertzen, who, in 1804, published a "*Catalogue raisonné*;" then Schroeter, and, lastly, the present director, Lisch, who has published an illustrated account of the collection in two folio volumes, one of plates, the other text. This was in 1837, and additional discoveries since made, have appeared in the annals of the history and archæology of Mecklenburg. The grand-ducal house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has associated itself in the same interesting researches, and it possesses a valuable collection at Strelitz, particularly rich in curious idols in metal. The labours of Frederick Francis I. in this particular direction were not confined to his principality, they imparted an impulse throughout Germany to the study of the antiquities of that little known race of people, who, after having occupied part of Asia and Europe, conquered Rome, and founded powerful empires in Spain and even in Africa, is still diffused from the Don to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Adriatic, the most extensive zone, Herder says, that was ever occupied by a single nation.

Still more amusingly characteristic of the attention given in Germany to what are deemed in this busy, practical, mammon-worshipping country, to be mere pleasurable or profitless pursuits, is the language in which Dr. Borchard* signalises the advantages gained to health, and consequently to civilisation, by the patronage extended by Frederick Francis to sea-bathing. A learned professor—Lichtenberg—declared that he was indebted for his well-being to bathing at Margate; the grand-duke took up the idea, and founded a bathing establishment at Doberan, on the Baltic, which became the model for subsequent establishments of a similar description. Frederick Francis mingled there with his subjects, and, being courteous to all, added much to a well-deserved popularity.

Peaceable pursuits of this description had to give way upon the breaking out of the French revolution, and the aggressive military ope-

* *Études sur le Mecklembourg, et sur la Question Allemande.* Par M. Borchard, Docteur en Médecine, &c. Paris: Henri Plon.

rations that followed in its train, to occupations of a far more serious character. And here Dr. Borchard, criticising Thiers, remarks very truly, that the dread of seeing Germany become a neighbour powerful enough to be a danger to France, has ever dominated so tyrannically over the people of the latter country, that they wilfully close their eyes to the sufferings of forty millions of human beings, whose material existence was at the least as miserable as their moral condition was unworthy of a nation which prided itself in having given birth to so many philosophers, poets, and learned men. Industry, commerce, and public works, were all alike trammelled by the fiscal privileges of castes and corporations; all morality was stifled by a mechanical despotism; the middle classes were trampled upon; the more learned became mere pedants under the same system; Catholicism became "coarse Jesuitism," and Protestantism an "idiotic pietism."

When Napoleon I. handed over the kingdom of Westphalia to Jerome, he said, "Do not listen to those who will tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefactions with ingratitude." "What the people of Germany want is, that those who are not noble, and yet possess talents, should have a right to consideration and employment; and that all species of serfdom and bonds intermediary between the sovereign and the lowest of his subjects should be effaced." "Your people must enjoy an amount of liberty, equality, and well-being unknown to the people of Germany." Dr. Borchard, in his enthusiasm for his native country, traces liberty of worship, equality before the law, access to public employments, the abolition of serfdom, and of the privileges of corporations, simplification of the law, publicity, the institution of juries and of general councils, as also political representation, to this emanation of the French Republic over the states of the Rhenish Confederation.

It is certain that Frederick Francis adopted most of these ameliorations, but his pride as a German and a prince of the empire revolted against vassalage imposed by a foreign potentate; and as he had been the last to accede to the confederation of the Rhine, so was he the first among German sovereigns to detach himself from that which had been imposed upon him by force of arms.

But in as far as the ameliorations theoretically supposed to have been introduced by the French Revolution, or its armed exponent Napoleon I., are concerned, and as to how far the convention of April 18, 1786, gave birth to principles and created guarantees, which were only known up to that time in England, can only be determined by the actual state of things. The legislative power of the states, their right to impose or relieve taxation, the almost sovereign independence of justice, and freedom of commerce, such were the four corner stones of the imaginary constitutional edifice. All that is written in the convention. But what is the interpretation given to the writing on the wall? The states are composed of—First, seven hundred and fifty members, who are nobles, or, at all events, of what is called the equestrian order; secondly, of forty-five representatives of towns. The members of the equestrian order, whether noble or not, have their seats in virtue of their personality and their possession of land; they are not elected. The towns are represented by the burgomaster, or some other member of the municipal body.

Now, in twenty-three towns, the burgomaster is named by the grand-duke, and in most of the others his nomination has to be confirmed by the sovereign. As to the five hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, no mention is made of them, no notice is taken of them in the fundamental law. This famous convention was, indeed, only a treaty of peace between the sovereign and his vassals, and in no way a constitution after the modern sense of the word. The vote for taxation is merely the concession of a subsidy. Justice is simply the will of the equestrian proprietors, and the axiom of freedom of commerce remained a mere subterfuge so long as the innumerable taxes of the interior were in force.

Thiers describes the olden constitution of the minor states under the defunct empire as a venerable monument of ages, and as presenting some features of liberty, not of that description which protects individuals in modern times, but of the kind that protects feeble against powerful states. But Borchard denies this, and says that, in as far as Mecklenburg is concerned, it never derived any benefit from its confederation with the old Germanic empire. In the eighteenth century violent discussions sprang up between Charles Leopold and the equestrian order; it was settled by bribery. The Aulic council sitting at Vienna, and the tribunal sitting at Wetzlar, were approached by no other means. Schlosser, Franke, and Lisch all give their testimonies to this fact.* Again, in 1717, Mecklenburg was invaded by the Russians. An appeal was made to the Germanic empire, but without result, and the country was delivered by the aid of British and Danish troops.

Credit is given to Frederick Francis for his sincerity: his minister, Plessen, having been the only one among the various representatives of Germany—the Metternichs, the Hardenbergs, the Humboldts, and the Steins—at the Congress of Vienna who introduced the project of a constitution. This project for a united constitutional Germany, which was published by Plessen during the sitting of congress, under the title of "Principles whereby to constitute a German State and its National Unity"—by a German Plenipotentiary at the Congress—is admitted by Portz, of Berlin—a high judicial authority—in his "Das Leben des Ministers: Freiheirn von Stein," as adapted to have settled, even at that epoch, the formidable problem, which now, after the lapse of half a century, threatens Central Europe with disturbance to its very foundations. Mecklenburg, or rather its liberal minister, never desisted from the stand then taken. The meeting of the Diet on the 22nd of December, 1817, remains celebrated in the annals of Germany, for Plessen recalled to mind the solemn engagements entered into by the princes in the hour of danger; and in the words of Varnhagen von Ense, he adhered to his olden programme with at once "a chivalrous, liberal, and loyal firmness."

In 1863, places were changed, and the policy of Mecklenburg, handed down by Frederick Francis, was taken up by the very power which had most contributed to its rejection by the congress. Francis Joseph of Austria convened at that crisis all the members of the confederation to

* Schlosser: *Geschichte des Achtzehnten und des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Franke: *Beschreibung des Alten und Neuen Mecklenburgs*. Lisch: *Graf Heinrich XXIV., Reuss und Herzog Carl Leopold von Mecklenburg*.

meet in Diet, in order to reconstruct the edifice of 1815, which, it was universally admitted, was in so ruinous a condition, that it could no longer be propped up. But it was in vain that the black, red and golden flag—emblem of a free and united Germany—floated in the air, the same rival pretensions, the same fatally irreconcilable personal ambitions, which disorganised the common will at Vienna, paralysed the efforts made at Frankfort. The sovereign of Mecklenburg constituted himself at this meeting the hereditary champion of the enlightened and disinterested love of his country, by advocating its unity. Under the iron grasp of Prussia, he still maintains the same attitude, and looks to the union of all German States as the basis of a free and truly constitutional form of government. Events seemed for a moment to place all such noble and generous aspirations without the realms of possibility; but already there are signs of reaction, and Herder's dream of a genius uniting Prussia and Austria in a friendly Germanic grasp is not altogether an impossibility. The invocation addressed by the poet and philosopher to the Emperor of Austria is now still more pointedly applicable to the King-Emperor of Prussia. "Give us that for which we so ardently thirst, a German country, one law, one beautiful language, one honest religion, so that the sons of Germany shall love one another like brethren; their manners and science, so long, alas! expelled from the thrones, shall be restored with the vigour of their fathers, so that the happy times which Frederick saw before, and failed to take advantage of, shall surround you and be your eternal hymn!"

Frederick Francis was opposed to bigotry; he gave protection to the peasantry and advocated the abolition of serfdom, a more equitable system of taxation, and reforms in feudal institutions. He emancipated the Jews. Around his person were grouped the hereditary prince Frederick Louis, well informed, yet modest; Paul Frederick, father of the existing grand-duke, who won the love of his subjects during a brief reign of five years; and his daughter Helena, afterwards Duchess of Orleans. Alexander von Humboldt has said of this unfortunate princess that she was, when young, "as remarkable for the grace that pervaded her whole person as she was for her intellectual superiority."

The dynasty of the two Mecklenburgs is one of the most ancient in Europe: it traces its origin to Witzan, prince of the Obotrites and an ally of Charlemagne. In the era of Napoleon, upon the dissolution of the Germanic empire this dynasty objected to exchange the monotonous plains, the lakes and forests bathed by the rude waves of the Baltic, for the beautiful banks of the Rhine. Yet does Borchard agree with most writers of the day in viewing "the whole plan taken together, and of which the cession of Mecklenburg to Prussia, with indemnification on the Rhine, constituted a part, as a great service rendered by the conqueror of Marengo to Germany, which it delivered from its exuberance of three hundred sovereigns." But he adds afterwards, "King William I. and Count Bismarck entertain the lofty ambition of regenerating Germany, of opening a new era to that country, and Heaven grant that they may succeed in so imposing an enterprise! But victorious fields of combat are only so many first stages, readily abandoned, and whatever may be the brilliancy of the triumphal procession, it cannot cross, drums beating, bugles blowing, and flags waving, the threshold of that glorious career

which is called the high civilisation of a people. The trophies of war remain suspended only in the vestibule of the temple. None but just, wise, and beneficent laws ought to be deposited on the altar of the sanctuary; Heaven rejects all other offerings with anger."

The German parliament, conceived with a boldness which assumes almost the character of grandeur, is, however, admittedly a safeguard to the different members of the confederation. It is conceived that it will be impossible for a select body representing a nation which has ripened in labours of intelligence, and which pretends to a secular renown for rectitude and for an unalterable sentiment of justice, to pass laws unworthy of its mission.

The Mediterranean has been hitherto the scene of the greatest historical events which have influenced the progress of the human race, but we are told in the enthusiasm begat of a new state of things, the North being the last-born of European civilisation, the Baltic, which is the Mediterranean of the North, is destined to fulfil the part hitherto played by the Mediterranean of the South. Mecklenburg enjoys pre-eminence among the territories washed by this sea, not so much from its extent as from its bringing it in relation with countries of a high intellectual culture.

Although a level country, it is not so much so as Holland. It is diversified by hills and ranges of hills. It boasts of no less than four hundred and sixty-one lakes; those to the north pour their waters into the Baltic, those to the south into the Elbe. The hilly country around Lake Malchin is designated as the Switzerland of Mecklenburg. It presents beautiful views of lands covered with forests and fields of corn, dotted with large villages, churches, chateaux, and historical ruins. Canals of navigation, derivation, and irrigation exist on many points, and have been latterly much multiplied. The meadows and pasture lands are clad with a luxuriant verdure, and enamelled by an infinite variety of bright-coloured flowers. It is admitted, however, that many of these are of an Alpine character. They are often also very marshy—mere morasses, in fact, out of which boggy, wooded islands grow up and gain daily in extent upon the waters.

Where there is soil it is generally adapted for cultivation, the more so as there are no stones, save the occasional boulders (Gerselle) or transported rocks. Thanks to the Geestland, the soil of which is clayey, Mecklenburg is one of the most fertile countries of Germany. Other districts (Fuchserde, Ur,) are more sandy and less productive. The cultivation of cereals constitutes the chief source of wealth. These include wheat, barley, and oats. Colza, potatoes, and turnips are also largely grown, as is also tobacco and some grape-vines. Pasturing horses, cattle, and sheep takes rank next to agriculture as one of the chief resources of the country.

And who are the people of this country of Wendes, as it has been called? The oldest known are the Obotrites, also supposed to be of Slavonic origin. The Wendes, or Slavonians, are said to have been tributary to them. German, Saxon, Dutch, and Flemish populations took the place of the Wendes in the twelfth century. The latter enjoyed a kind of democratic organisation under their chiefs, and this form of government appears to have been upheld by the colonists. It was not,

however, until 1701 that Mecklenburg was constituted into two duchies—Schwerin and Strelitz—united by a family compact and a common constitution and Diet. Titles and diplomas, which date as early as 1304, show that the German knights associated themselves with the Slavonian nobles. The citizens, strong in their old municipal privileges, soon took their place in this equestrian order. The union of states was concluded in 1523 between the prelates, the nobles, and the representatives of towns. This first attempt at a constitution was matured in the seventeenth century and completed by the convention of 1755, which defined the fundamental law of the state and its political status, and it has remained in vigour up to the present time. That it is much in need of reform to bring it into harmony with what is deemed to be a constitutional representation in modern times, will be at once judged of by a few remarks previously made upon it. But it must not, in studying the past or future of different nations, be for a moment supposed that the same form of constitution is adapted for all. The circumstances in which they are placed, the habits of the people, the necessities of their surroundings, may all indicate a different state of things. But Mecklenburg, which boasts of having preceded England in the art of self-government, should not be so far behind England in its system of constitutional representation and government.

The representative assembly of the states, designated as the Diet, is composed, according to this constitution, of representatives of towns, delegated by the municipal administrations, and of landed proprietors, whether noble or not, to whose domains the hereditary right is attached of a seat at the Diet. The number of these domains, according to Kellner,* in the hands of nobles amounts to three hundred and one; in that of commoners to three hundred and twelve. This certainly shows that with the lapse of time the majority of rural domains known as squirearchies, or of the equestrian order ("*Ritterschafflichte Güter*") are in the hands of commoners; but as the number of landed representatives is as six hundred and thirteen (some make it seven hundred and fifty) against forty-five representatives of towns, not only has the landed interest an overwhelming majority, but so also it may readily be supposed has the government; for the representatives of towns being delegated by the municipal authorities, they generally send the burgomaster or one of their own body, and that when in twenty-three towns out of forty-five the burgomaster is appointed by the grand-duke, and his nomination has to be confirmed by the sovereign in most others. This famous convention, which Borchard would have us believe has been quoted in Germany as a model, and which has established principles and created guarantees of which no one had an idea, except in England, is, in reality, as we have before remarked, only a treaty of peace between the sovereign and his vassals, and in no ways a constitution in the modern sense of the word. It preserves one of the worst features of the old feudal system—justice being the simple expression of the will and pleasure of the equestrian order; while as to the five hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants no mention is made of them, nor is there any question of them in the funda-

* Kellner. *Taschenbuch der Politischen Statistik Deutschlands*. Frankfurt-on-the-Main. 1864.

mental law. They have no direct voice in the election of their representatives, and a very indirect one in the election of the minority, or the municipal body, the burgomaster or chief of which, who is generally sent to the Diet, is, in twenty-three cases out of forty-five, nominated by the sovereign, and whose nomination has in most other cases to receive his sanction! A representation which is rendered hereditary by the possession of a domain must always render the proprietors noble or conservative, or whatever it may be termed, but what Montesquieu described as establishing a bond of union between the power of the prince and the weakness of the people (*Esprit des Lois*, liv. v. chap. ix.). The tendencies of such an equestrian order, or of a squirearchy having a hereditary representation, would indeed be inevitably aristocratic. The appointment, being independent of the wishes of the people, also leaves the representative without responsibility, whilst the interests of labour and capital being always more or less at variance, the opportunities for oppression are infinite, at the same time that the people have neither voice nor representation with which to counterbalance aggressions or oppressions. There is, however, a kind of popular representation, which is said to have its origin in seigniorial domains passing into the hands of several co-proprietors, who then elect a representative among themselves. But this is a mere attenuation of feudalism. On the other hand, the office of councillors, who monopolise the presidency and commissions of the Diet, is reserved to the oldest nobility, or what is called the indigenous knighthood ("*Eingeborene Ritterschaft*"). But we are assured that "as it is with the English aristocracy, so it is with the Mecklenburg aristocracy, which repudiates more and more the egotistical tendencies of the past, enters more fully into the exigencies of the age, and associates itself with its valiant efforts." Certain it is that agriculture, upon which Mecklenburg has to depend for its well-being, has been benefited, as in all other countries, by farming upon a large scale; that is, by the existence of territorial domains.

The customs reforms carried out within the last few years have necessitated considerable sacrifices, as is also the case with the toll of the Sund, which became a European question. Rostock, formerly a powerful member of the Hanseatic League, and the first port of Mecklenburg, is said to still enjoy an autonomy based upon its ancient privileges, and to revel in a degree of independence which is almost republican. Its flag is not that of Mecklenburg, and it always enjoyed certain privileges with regard to the passage of the Sund. It consequently declined to pay its share of the expenses of buying up the rights of passage, and the equestrian order in this case honourably took the burden upon itself. The same party is always ready to assist in cases of public calamities, as fire, inundations, or epidemics; and it raised a fund to send the working classes to the Exhibition of London. It is in fact asserted, and that upon incontrovertible grounds, that the modern representatives of the old feudal system, who used to lead the people in their war expeditions, now place themselves at their head in search of industrial conquests.

It is not so indicative of an advanced state of things, that as yet the middle classes are to a considerable extent excluded from civil and military advancement. There are officers in Mecklenburg who belong to that class, and there are also councillors and employés in the ministry,

the courts, and the post-office; but it is admitted that the majority belong to the equestrian order. The clergy are no longer admitted as representatives since the reforms introduced by Luther.

Such are the leading principles of the Mecklenburg constitution; but there are wheels within wheels in working it out. For example, the Diet can be convoked in only one of two towns. The grand-dukes cannot be present in person, but are represented by special commissioners. Each of the two orders—equestrian or civic—can demand a separate deliberation, and it is even said that the unanimity of the members of the equestrian party remains powerless against a negative vote of the towns. The Diet devotes itself to business, and indulges very little in eloquent discourses, although the sittings are public. It meets for little more than five or six weeks, but during the other ten or eleven months a committee is left in charge of the liberties of the country. Further, ever since 1817, any differences which may arise between the government and the states may be submitted to the arbitration of three German sovereigns. Such an alternative has, however, only once been had recourse to.

Respect for established rights and for the law, indeed, imparts its characteristic impress upon the whole of the institutions of Mecklenburg. Thus, in the only case referred to in which recourse was had to the arbitration of the sovereigns of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony, differences arose upon a constitutional question, which was decided by determining that the ancient constitution of the country remained in full force. Whether the development of liberty is consistent with a strict adherence to ancient laws and customs, not only as held by orders of society, but also by privileged corporations, communities, and persons, is quite another consideration. There are two sides in the discussion of such intricate questions, which are, after all, best determined not by general principles, which may lead to erroneous deductions, but by a reasonable and fair consideration of each individual case as it presents itself. Where a number of individual cases present themselves which are all alike, then alone it is time to arrive at general conclusions.

The territory of Mecklenburg is divided into three categories, the domain of the grand-dukes, rural properties, and towns. The last two alone have representatives, if they can be so termed; the dwellers within the royal domain—and they are very numerous—have not even a pretence to representation. They are, however, protected by the secular traditions of the country and by the law, which is superior even to sovereign power, and, thanks to a wise and paternal government, they are not only as well off, but they are, in many respects, better off than the rest of the population. Constitutions are wonderful things for politicians to prate about, and without them there are, no doubt, no guarantees for public liberty; but without justice and benevolence on the part of rulers, landlords, or capitalists, and industry, sobriety, and perseverance on the part of the working classes, there are neither prosperity nor happiness for either.

The commerce of Mecklenburg is by no means insignificant, and it has materially improved since all commercial restrictions have been removed, except in the interior, where they still weigh heavily. In the year 1862, 620 vessels, of which 430 belonged to other countries, entered the harbour of Rostock, and 283, of which 190 were foreigners, the

harbour of Wismar. 703 vessels sailed from the former port, 273 from the latter. There is a smaller port called Ribnitz, concerning which we have no statistics. The importation of articles of consumption for 1858 equalled 24,114,100 kilos ; of rough material, 72,161,700 kilos ; and of manufactures, 4,884,800 kilos ; in all, 101,160,600 kilos. It is argued that the fusion of Mecklenburg in the Zollverein will be prejudicial to its financial interests, but as the Zollverein is tending towards free trade, it is to be hoped that the day will come when the necessary fusion of Mecklenburg into the system of commerce, almost generally adopted throughout Germany, will not be attended by any sacrifices of the principles of free trade so long in existence in its ports.* It must be admitted, at the same time, that when it is argued that the system of protection adopted by the Zollverein will give an impetus to industry, that this will be found to be a fallacy. If nations cannot find within themselves the skill and industry necessary to compete with others, they will not obtain either success or pre-eminence by protection.

The resources of Mecklenburg have been as yet chiefly confined to agriculture and commerce. Whatever other branches of industry have been introduced have sprung from the legitimate wants of the country, as manufactures of machines, cotton and woollen stuffs, sugar, chicory, manures, and cement. They have risen gradually with the progress of demand, they want no artificial protection to give to them a ruinous impulse, but at once satisfy the wants of the country and the ambition of the factors.

The maritime towns of Mecklenburg boast of 450 merchantmen of various tonnage. Commercial exchanges with Russia, England, France, and other parts of Europe are very active. Some 120 vessels are said to visit Constantinople every year, and twenty ships are engaged in transatlantic voyages to America, India, and Australia. The mercantile marine now gives employment to 4500 hands ; in 1855, not more than 3500 were in the service. Mecklenburg thus takes its stand as a maritime country next to Prussia, Hamburg, and Bremen. The comparison in tonnage, calculated upon the last, or two tons, is as follows : Prussia, 196,049 lasts ; Hamburg, 121,255 lasts ; Bremen, 112,497 lasts ; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, 84,300 lasts ; Hanover, 62,148 lasts ; Schleswig-Holstein, 53,776 lasts ; Oldenburg, 25,818 lasts ; and Lubeck, 5310 lasts. Mecklenburg possesses, in addition, 329 vessels engaged in coasting or river navigation. There are three schools of navigation, and as, except in case of war, three years' service exempts from conscription, good sailors are never wanting.

There is what is designated as a "patriotic association" for improvement in agriculture. It is said to contribute largely to its progress by the introduction of steam and other machinery. Beasts, corn, and cheese are largely exported to England, France, and the United States. The exports in corn are estimated annually at 4,112,675 crowns ; of beasts, at 2500 horses, 4500 cattle, 45,000 pigs, and 60,000 sheep.

Gypsum, alum, lignites, salt, and iron are also objects of commerce. The iron is bog-iron, and it has been worked ever since the period of the

* This has, since writing the above, come to pass, by France releasing Mecklenburg from the obligations of the commercial treaty of 1865.

Wendes. The horses of Mecklenburg are, it is well known, highly prized upon the continent, and were especially favoured by Napoleon I., who selected his own chargers from the stud of Count Plessen-Ivenack. The value of land has so much increased by an enlightened attention to agricultural improvements, that it has more than quadrupled in the space of a century. These improvements are materially aided by a system of credit which is admitted throughout Germany to be worthy of all praise. The Bank of Schwerin presents also every facility for life and other assurances, as also the advantage of a savings' bank. It has been so successful as to have paid dividends of sixty or seventy per cent. ! Smaller savings' banks and loan societies exist in all the small towns. The returns given by these banks attest to the material prosperity of the working classes. In 1847 the amount deposited was twelve millions of francs ; in 1854, nineteen millions ; in 1857, twenty-two millions ; and in 1862, twenty-seven millions. Should France go to war with Germany out of jealousy for its unification, this progressive prosperity will be checked, if not cast back for half a century.

It is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the absence of what the English would deem to be sufficient constitutional guarantees, and a consequent oppression by landlords, capitalists, and masters, co-operative societies flourish throughout Germany, to the great benefit of the working classes, whose intelligence is developed at the same time that their well-being is ensured. In this respect Mecklenburg surpasses, in relation to its population, all the other German states, and consequently in a still higher degree such states as are not German. Prussia has 409 co-operative societies, Austrian Germany 118, Saxony 90, Nassau 41, Mecklenburg 38, Wurtemberg 31, Hesse-Darmstadt 26, Anhalt 15, Bavaria 14, Baden 14, Electoral Hesse 11, and, if we were to continue the comparison, it would also show a considerable pre-eminence in the Protestant over the Roman Catholic states. But in as far as population is concerned, Prussia, to be on a par with Mecklenburg, should have nigh 1300 societies, German Austria 530, and Bavaria 350. It has only 14. Mecklenburg also boasts of having been the first state in Germany which adopted assurances against fire and hail. Both were introduced, the one in 1797, the other in 1801, in Neubrandenburg.

Mecklenburg occupies a position in regard to education and the cultivation of science, art, and literature which will bear comparison with that of any other German state. It is said, indeed, to have had the first university in the north—that of Rostock—which dates as far back as 1419. Wallenstein took it under his protection, and, with the aid of Tycho Brahe, spread its reputation all over the world. It still maintains its reputation, and unites the four faculties of theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy. It is proposed to add a chair of agricultural science. Religious reformation gave the first great impulse to public instruction throughout the country. Luther and Melancthon were personally engaged under the ægis of the dukes of Mecklenburg in organising schools. Five gymnasiums or lyceums already existed in the sixteenth century, and we have already seen the development which they took under Frederick Francis I. Primary instruction is obligatory in Mecklenburg, and is probably less costly than the punishment of those crimes and evil doings, and the maintenance of unions and other establishments in main part entailed by the absence of a proper education. In Meck-

lenburg public opinion, however divided it may be upon other administrative questions, is unanimous in its approval of this legal obligation as the basis and condition of all moral and material progress. We wish it were the same in this country. Even conscripts are subjected to scholastic discipline, and it is to this that their exemplary conduct during the late war is attributed. Young persons who are destined for industrial or commercial pursuits are educated in what are called real (or realistic?) schools (Real-Schulen) and citizen schools (Bürger-Schulen). Each of these schools number ten or twelve professors. Other institutions of vital importance in the instruction of the people are the primary normal schools, known as seminaries in Germany. Transferred since 1862 to the country, they instruct in the usual scholastic studies, as also in agriculture, gardening, and other branches of industry, and even in music and singing. Lastly, there are educational institutions for the deaf and dumb, for the blind, and even for young imbeciles.

Prisons and houses of detention are carefully looked after. The central establishment is organised upon a system of modified separation, and young criminals are educated. The asylum for lunatics at Sachsenberg is said to be a model of its kind. There is also a hospital for incurables (unquestionably a misnomer; to cure (a curare) is to take care of, to relieve, not to restore, hence there can be none that cannot be taken care of), and numerous hospitals of a more general character.

There are some among the foundations in the country which present a peculiar character. The Protestant religion having been declared to be that of the state as early as in 1572, the property of the monastic orders was confiscated. Some of these situated at Dobertin, Malchow, Ribnitz, and Rostock were very wealthy, and the value of the lands has increased with the progress of agriculture. The revenues are chiefly devoted to the maintenance of unmarried females of the equestrian order, but those of the old convent of Rostock go to the families of citizens.

The number of learned societies is very great. There are few professions or pursuits that have not their point of union. Among the most popular is the Patriotic Society, before alluded to. It is devoted mainly to fostering agricultural science, it has its sub-committees in almost every town, and reckons over twelve hundred members. It has its shows and exhibitions, and distributes prizes. The Society of History and Archæology, founded by Frederick Francis, publishes valuable reports and annals, edited by Lisch and Beyer. Theatrical matters are confided to the enlightened charge of Flotow, author of "Martha" and other popular works, and of Putlitz, a poet of renown throughout Germany. The national enthusiasm for music gives origin to festivals upon a scale which exceeds anything of the kind known in France.

The inventions of modern times have by no means been neglected in other directions. Railroads are in progress, or already in existence, connecting the chief marts and centres of population; and the main line, which is to extend from Hamburg to St. Petersburg, will be of great importance to the future of the country. Wherever there are railroads there are also electric telegraphs. The post-office has become a considerable resource to the state, although not equal to what is brought in by the Customs. As the reigning houses contribute to the expenses of the states, taxation is much lighter in Mecklenburg than in most other states; and although there is a national debt, it has been diminished of

late without the Treasury having recourse to the issue of exchequer bills or any other paper-money.

It is owing to all these circumstances combined that the traveller in Mecklenburg is struck with the general appearance of ease and prosperity, and the almost total absence of mendicity. According to Dr. Dippe, the mean duration of life is, from the same causes, greater in Mecklenburg than in England, Prussia, Bavaria, or Saxony. The population is also, from the same causes—although improvident marriages are not encouraged—always on the increase. It is estimated at 553,428 souls in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and 99,060 for Mecklenburg-Strelitz. In the year 1866 the births in the first were 19,117 to 13,273 deaths. The departition of this population is characteristic of the country. It is in the grand ducal domain of the first, 204,261; of the second, 33,647. In the possessions held by the equestrian order, in the first, 135,740; in the second, 16,381. In the towns and rural districts of the first, 204,466; of the second, 32,021. To these are to be added the population (16,885) of the principality of Ratzeburg, which enjoys a certain autonomy, and that of the ancient monastic lands, 8691. The two Mecklenburgs are, manifestly, from these statistics, two grand-ducal domains, to which are attached certain towns and ports, and some rural properties, having privileges and rights of their own, but all under the sway of one common law.

But influenced by the passion for change, which affects all countries alike in modern times, the Mecklenburgians seek to conciliate new desires, with ancient laws and rights, hitherto the traditional objects of their respect. One of the first directions in which this love of innovation has shown itself, has been in the elaboration of a new code of commerce, a maritime code, and a uniform legislation with respect to letters of exchange; and these reforms were carried out with the concurrence of delegates from other states.

Means have also been assured to the poor to defend their rights before courts of justice. The penal code has also been the object of many ameliorations, more especially in what regards forms of procedure. Juries are, however, as yet unknown in the country. Corporal punishment is inflicted, but only in cases of repeated conviction, and after notice has been given that if brought up again the evil-doer will be subjected to such a punishment. The accepted tradition that the population of Mecklenburg is divided into two classes—those who beat, and those who are beaten—has no foundation in fact. If the equestrian order used formerly to take sometimes the administration of the law in its own hands, it can no longer do so with impunity.

The condition of the peasantry has, indeed, ever been an object of deepest solicitude on the part of government. No one can forfeit his legal right of domicile before he has obtained another. The position in which the peasantry stand with respect to the landlord is also clearly defined. The administration of public assistance is placed in the hands of the communes, or parishes. These communes are constituted into corporations, something like our boards of guardians.

The reform in the Customs is looked upon as the most important of all. By throwing open the ports, they are now enabled to compete with Hamburg and Lubeck. The tariff has been hitherto much less protectionist than that of the Zollverein. It was, indeed, said by Borchard to be lower than that of any other country, and to present more favour-

able conditions to the importer. Exportation and transit were also perfectly free, except upon the line from Berlin to Hamburg, a concession being made of a small tax to repay the expenses incurred by Mecklenburg in the construction of the line. This, however, only applies to merchandise, and the traveller is neither subjected to examination or to customs on entering into the country. The Mecklenburgians have, indeed, as great a horror as the English for police, customs, and excise interference with the rights of individuals. Nor, in the presence of these notable reforms, which have demanded large sacrifices on the part of the equestrian order, for so long a time fenced in by privileges, can it be any longer said that the country is insensible to the progress going on around it, or that it in any way wishes, as has been said of so many of the minor states of Germany, to envelop itself in a shroud of egotism.

The peasantry are divided into proprietors, hereditary farmers, and labourers. The number of hereditary farmers is constantly on the increase, as is also the value of their farms. The labouring classes, emancipated from serfdom ever since 1820, are not the less protected by the landlords. They have a home, right of labour (a subject of so much theoretical controversy in France), and are relieved and cared for in times of distress and sickness. They are an intelligent and satisfied class, and enjoy an incontestable well-being. But, whereas formerly, every labourer could, after twenty years of toil and good conduct, become himself a small proprietor; the rise in the value of land has been so great, that this is no longer the case. The consequence is—one of the banes of Germany—that not rich enough to buy land in Mecklenburg—the peasant yet has enough money to convey himself and his family to America, where he buys land for clearance in the Far West. Emigration has hence assumed a remarkable development in recent times, and, with some writers, this has been made use of to point arguments detracting from the justice and benevolence of the Mecklenburg administration. It has even been said that the landlords put every difficulty in the way of the peasants marrying and becoming housekeepers. But, on the other hand, this is said not to extend beyond the principle carried out in other countries, that if a servant marries you are not expected to receive the husband or wife (as it may be) into your house. Again, it has been said that some organisations rebel against the religious and conventional prejudices by which they are surrounded in old countries, and that the teachings of "pure reason" meet with no sympathy in the tyranny imposed by habits and traditions. The rigid disciple of Kant, and the absolute sectarian of Robert Blum, alike sigh for new countries and a new life. To these feelings, and not to the dread of conscription and horror of an impossible taxation—a point at which we are rapidly arriving in this country—is attributed the astounding emigration that is going on from almost every state in Germany. It is probably a law of nature, that man should desire to change, if not to better his condition; and while there must be deceptions in the Far West, as well as in Old Europe, there it no doubt that emigrants are carrying out the will of Providence in clearing, cultivating, and populating those remote lands.

The people of Mecklenburg speak the same language as the other people who dwell between the Eider, on the confines of Scandinavia, and the mouths of the Rhine. It is spoken by nine millions of souls, but it has its centre in Low Germany, and hence it is also generally known as

"Low German." But Borchard assures us that it is identically the same language that was spoken in the country at its Christian and Germanic origin. This idiom is by no means a provincial dialect; it is the ancient language of Germany, which was in general use at those epochs of political grandeur which have once more become the object of its aspirations. The history of this language has never been written, it is involved in so much obscurity. It is met with in a religious poem known as "*Heliand*"—"the Saviour"—written on the borders of the Baltic in the fifth century of the Christian era. All traces of the idiom are then lost, to be recovered at a modern epoch. Low German has in this respect undergone the same vicissitudes as High German. No known transition, however, separates the latter from the Gothic—that is to say, there is an interval of four centuries of obscurity. Between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, the old Saxon enjoyed great literary distinction, although we do not know the history of the gradual origins and developments which made of it what is now called Low German. It became with the Anglo-Saxon the principal element of the English language, which J. Grimm considers as the most perfect of all languages.

"There are people," says Borchard, "among ourselves, who have imagined and described Germany as a country divided into tribes, who have an antipathy for one another from a diverse origin, different religion, different language, and different traditions, and they might deduce from the peculiar circumstances in which Mecklenburg is placed, that it constitutes a little nationality within itself and apart from the rest, having its own language, as it has also its own political and commercial legislation. But this would be a great illusion. From a period which extends beyond the memory of man, neither the pulpit, nor the professor's chair, nor official publications, or the press, know anything of the ancient dialect. Mecklenburg lives exclusively of the moral and intellectual life of Germany, and it lives in it with its whole heart."

This is the great fact of modern times—a fact which, from the perversity of a few democratic and factious partisans, a small group of ultramontane Romanists, and a still smaller fraction of adherents to the ancient pretensions of the house of Austria, many still persist in ignoring or denying, whilst others boldly present themselves in the field, trying to avert by political or armed power an unification which is inevitable from the force of circumstances, and which is, indeed, already virtually carried out by the military and political alliance of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and the adhesion of Baden—the limitrophal state of the south—to the essentially Germanic confederation of the north. The error and misfortune of the old Germanic empire was that it was not German, but contained a number of foreign elements; the new empire appeals to the hearts of all Germany, as, although Lutheran, it is still purely Germanic.

France having only the other day relieved Mecklenburg from the obligations of the commercial treaty of 1865, the commercial unity of Germany is now complete, and the North German confederation is relieved of a contradiction between theory and fact which might have proved some day very embarrassing. The Zollverein may be said now to embrace the whole of Germany, with the exception of the German provinces of Austria. There are, no doubt, certain further exceptions, but the whole area of German territory not comprised in the customs

union is very trifling. It consists only of the three free cities, with their respective territories, and of some small districts on the sea and land frontiers excluded from considerations of local convenience. Every day, however, we see the article of the North German constitution, which declares that the confederation forms one customs and commercial district surrounded by a common customs frontier, becoming more and more a reality, and the free cities, entrenched as they are in their mediæval prerogatives, just as Rome is in her mediæval superstitions, will have to give way to the inevitable logic of events.

France could have kept the two Mecklenburgs outside of the confederation, commercially speaking, for ten years more if she had pleased, and the Prussian government must be well satisfied to have gained this great point without paying anything for it. In consideration of the lesser customs before alluded to, Prussia has, on its side, promised in the name of the Zollverein certain reductions of duty, but they are quite in accordance with its own free-trade policy, and if any sacrifice is involved in them, it will be borne by its commercial allies south of the Maine as well as by itself. The principle upon which France has given its consent to the two Mecklenburgs joining the Zollverein was that Austria and the said Zollverein were to conclude a new commercial treaty, the advantages of which France is to enjoy. The reduction of the duty upon wine, which apparently will be from four to two thalers (twelve to six shillings), the fifty litres is the one upon which the French government sets most store, and with reason. Except in the wine-producing districts, the Germans drink more French wine than wine of German growth. But the Austrians and the Hungarians will also benefit greatly by the modification, and the greatest sufferers will be the wine-growers of Rhenish-Hesse, of the palatinate of Franconia, to some extent of Baden, and to a much smaller degree of the Prussian wine districts on the Saar, the Moselle, and the Rhine.

Recognising fully the great benefits conferred by the Zollverein upon Germany, there can be no question that the governments of the two Mecklenburgs consulted the interests of their peoples in refusing to join the association until certain concessions were made—such as, indeed, could only be granted within these few years, since the commercial policy of the Zollverein has assumed a more liberal and soundly economical character.

It is not surprising, then, that if, notwithstanding the rivalry of the Pomeranians and Holsteiners, the two Mecklenburgs should, under the system of free trade cramped at the land frontier by fiscal customs, have attained so great a development, that it may be fairly anticipated that this commercial success will obtain a far greater development when, by being admitted into the system of the northern confederation, not only will all rivalry be done away with, but so also will the objectionable customs duties levied on the Recknitz, the Prussian, and on other frontiers. It is under these circumstances that enthusiastic Teutons anticipate that under German unity the Baltic is destined to become (minus the climate) the Mediterranean of the north, and Mecklenburg is to be the Attica or Venetia of the central lake or sea of modern European intellectual culture and civilisation, commercial prosperity, and political power.

BELPHAGOR.

A NOVELLA OF NICOLÒ MACHIAVELLI.

BY FATHER TRISTRAM.

RHADAMANTHUS sat on his throne,
 Judging men as they came below,
 Judging high and judging low,
 Judging fast men and judging slow,
 Judging men of profound sagacity,
 Judging men of the meanest capacity,
 Truthful men and men of mendacity,
 Modest men and men of audacity,
 Wary men and men of temerity,
 Faithless men and men of sincerity,
 Obstinate men and men so pliable,
 Men untrustworthy, men reliable,
 Men of tempers hot and cold,
 Timorous men and men so bold,
 Men like bears and men all suavity,
 Frivolous men and men of gravity,
 Men with wit and men without,
 Tall men, short men, lean men, stout.
 A varied unclassified rabble rout,
 As though the whole world were being turned out,
 On and on like a torrent pour
 Through the gates of hell with a deafening roar,
 Till Rhadamanthus, his patience nigh o'er,
 Called to the porter, "Shut the door!
 This work is becoming a regular bore;"
 But the porter answered, "There's more and more,
 There is more behind than has come before"
 (For the porter grammar did quite ignore).
 Then Rhadamanthus rose up and swore
 All the oaths that are in the infernal vocabulary,
 To the great delight of the impish constabulary;
 At last he spake,
 In a voice that did make
 The wretched culprits shiver and shake.
 "I'd like to know
 If cause you can show
 Why you come in such multitudes here below?
 Thus creating an over-population,
 Which, through reason of our peculiar relation,
 Can't of course be relieved by emigration."
 Then a voice from the crowd
 Replied, clear and loud,
 "Alas! your majesty, true as our lives,
 We've been driven hither by our wives;"
 And a mighty chorus uttered the shout,
 "It's our wives that have brought the mischief about."
 "Your wives! absurd!
 I won't hear a word;

It's all duplicity,
 Base complicity,
 Just to impose upon my simplicity.
 No, no, I have heard of wedded felicity,
 Love in a cottage and domesticity;
 And I doubt the whole lot of you most implicitly."
 And he further averred,
 If they wished to be heard,
 The matter to Pluto must be referred.
 So to Pluto they went, and Pluto decided
 The case should to him be duly confided;
 He'd receive them in state,
 And hear them relate
 Their sufferings prior to their present hard fate.
 The exciting debate
 All hell did await—
 Jocular devils and devils sedate,
 Affable devils and devils irate,
 Devils loquacious,
 Rapacious,
 Tenacious,
 Uncivil devils and devils gracious,
 "Devils black and devils blue,"
 And a list of devils too long to go through,
 So I'll leave them and merely make reference to
 The fact that, according to Ingoldsby's view
 (At least as he doth in a poem declare),
 The very worst devil of all wasn't there;
 Which perhaps was as well,
 Or the plaintiff in hell
 Had never been able his story to tell.
 As it was he began:
 "Of the sufferings of man,
 His trials, his wretchedness, nobody can
 Form the slightest conception,
 Or faintest perception;"
 Then into a list of such grievances ran,
 That the horrified demons, in trembling surprise,
 Did turn up, and turn up, and turn up their eyes,
 Till at length their strained eyeballs showed nothing but white,
 As the speaker his "last painful fact" brought to light;
 Then a shiver and shudder and scraping of claws,
 And groans sympathetic in place of applause,
 Whilst the devils rejoiced that, midst all their disasters,
 They were clear of a sphere in which women were masters.
 As the speaker left off, the king nodded gravely,
 Murmured half *sotto voce*, "Ah, *in re* Omphale,"
 Then aloud, "To your case we must put down a '*male* ;'
 Yet we've heard but one side, and, even in Hades,
 We're willing all justice to do to the ladies;
 I therefore propose that to earth one should go,
 To gain further evidence for us below—
 Some grave steady devil, who may be relied upon—
 Before we what measures to take can decide upon.
 Who seconds the motion?" Here Pluto looked round,
 But demon lips uttered no answering sound;
 All had inwardly counted the cost and had reckoned it,
 And never a devil would venture to second it.

Pluto frowned,
 As he looked around,
 And said he, " You're a pack of craven hounds ;
 Go one of you must,
 As we wish to be just,
 And not take the matter entirely on trust.
 As you won't volunteer, why lots must be drawn,
 Though such a proceeding I utterly scorn."
 So 'twas done, and the lot upon Belpagor fell,
 Who was one of the sovereign princes of hell,
 Who on hearing his fate, as one imp observed *naïvely*,
 Although an arch-devil, by no means looked lively.
 Then midst silence profound was pronounced the decree :
 " For ten years a dweller on earth you must be,
 Assume human shape, nor escape human ill,
 Except by your own ingenuity and skill,
 And your joy and your pleasure
 Shall lie in the measure
 That you can enjoy of earth's rust and moth treasure ;
 But your object in life
 Is to take a wife,
 In order to settle the point now at strife—
 If the married estate be with such evils rife.
 When this knowledge you gain,
 Then death you shall feign,
 And our imps will convey you to hell back again.
 As we wish you a striking impression to make,
 A million or two of gold pieces pray take ;
 Thereby a most pleasant conceit we shall settle,
 That a devil of spirit should have lots of metal."

Thus 'twas fixed, and one morn, so the story goes,
 As the sun in its splendour o'er Florence rose,
 And the Arno, escaping from mountain snows,
 In the rainbow tints of the morning glows,
 And calmly on to the blue sea flows,
 And the busy had waked from their night's repose,
 And the idle were taking another short doze,
 At the city gates were heard thundering blows,
 And the sentinel wide the gate open throws,
 And a cavalier enters with aquiline nose,
 Eyes black as sloes,
 Cheeks like the rose,
 Hair dark as the raven's plume or the crow's,
 With a turned-up hat and turned-out toes,
 A crimson slashed doublet and silken hose,
 A mantle with diamond buttons in rows,
 A magnificent man in magnificent clothes.
 In fact, his appearance decidedly shows
 That he must be somebody rather the "*chose*,"
 Though who is that somebody nobody knows.
 A merchant prince from the regions of Spain !
 Mines ! Argosies ! Treasures ! The Spanish main !
 Doubloons and ducats, and thriving gains,
 And mountains with gold and silver veins ;
 Lace and tapestry, amber rocks,
 Silkworms and vineyards, and diamonds in blocks !

Great pearl fisheries,
 Mermaid witcheries,
 Conjuring up, by their wonderful trickeries,
 Costly pearls of so vast a size,
 That no one who sees them believes their own eyes!—
 So rumour each preceding rumour outvies.
 Rodrigo says nothing, yet nothing denies,
 And the wise ones decide, though they think rumour funny,
 "This handsome young man *must* have plenty of money."

The fathers and mothers were all very kind,
 And ceaseless in their endeavours to find
 For this excellent catch
 A suitable match.
 A Lucifer never once entered their minds—
 They'd have cast such a sulphurous thought to the winds;
 A flame of love, not of brimstone, to light
 Was their work by day and their dream by night.
 But Rodrigo, despite
 Their attentions, thought right
 To use his own judgment and use his own sight,
 And to do as so many men have done before him—
 To shape his own course and let nobody bore him.

Onesta was lovely, Onesta was poor,
 Onesta was silent, and shy, and demure,
 And yet, when it pleased her, she had the capacity
 Of assuming a piquant and charming vivacity;
 A model she seemed of most rare amiability,
 And descended withal from the oldest nobility;
 She'd several sisters, and more than one brother,
 And a noble but indigent father and mother,
 Who of course had a plan
 This delightful young man
 To catch for a son-in-law, if they can.
 Imagine their rapture, then, when they discover
 That Rodrigo is fast turning into a lover:
 For so it did hap,
 Ere they baited their trap,
 Ere Madonna Onesta had settled her cap,
 That his heart all at once gave a terrible snap,
 His nerves seemed to crack,
 And his tortures, good lack!
 Were as great as if he had been stretched on the rack.
 What witchcraft is this? His pulsation increases,
 And something is gnawing his heart into pieces,
 His appetite, too, once so good, now decreases,
 And from that sad moment he knows not what peace is
 For a moment he wonders, with touching surprise,
 Wherefore all these odd symptoms should suddenly rise,
 But he traces them soon to Onesta's bright eyes,
 Whilst a flash from below or a flash from above
 Reveals to Rodrigo, "Alas! this is love!"

Onesta sat like a statue of stone
 As Rodrigo his feelings ventured to own,
 Of how he adored her,
 And wildly implored her
 For one word of hope to the love he outpoured there.

Onesta "regrets," and Onesta "deplores,"
And "such very extravagant folly" ignores;
"There are richer girls in Florence by scores—
He does not mean it, he does but jest!"
Rodrigo endeavours in vain to protest.
"No, he's laughing at her, like all the rest—
If she's poor, she's proud!"
Here she wept aloud,
And her beautiful eyebrows curve into a frown,
And the tears o'er her beautiful cheeks trickle down,
Whilst Rodrigo, amazed,
In bewilderment gazed,
And explained,
And maintained,
And vowed and he swore
That "he loved her as no one ere loved before;"
But in vain, for Onesta but sobbed the more,
Till at length she vanished and closed the door,
Whilst Rodrigo remained as if glued to the floor,
And in a condition of mental paralysis
Attempts of the past to make an analysis,
Yet can't comprehend what on earth now the matter is,
Till her father appearing,
He begs for a hearing,
Asking, "How have I vexed her,
Perplexed her?"
"What next, sir?"
The father says, smiling, "'Tis merely the sex, sir;
Those who know them are used to these little checks, sir,
That seem of our hopes to threaten shipwreck, sir.
You'll find by experience their minds most complex, sir."
And shaking his head very sagely, "In fact,
One has to deal with them with infinite tact,
Not one man in a thousand e'er knows how to act.
Onesta is yours, for I feel you deserve her,
Bless you! bless you!" And here the Donati with fervour
Grasped the hand of Rodrigo, who, quite overcome
By all that had happened, was almost struck dumb;
But he managed to stammer, "I don't understand.
I thought that Onesta refused me her hand;
But from the remarks you're so good as to make, sir,
It strikes me that somehow there's been a mistake, sir."
The point was gained,
A wife was obtained;
In that word the bliss of the world was contained,
And the witnesses false down in hell he disdained.
Hell ne'er would regain him,
For earth would retain him,
And long past the half-score of years would detain him;
In a state so ethereal he wished to remain,
And the evidence Pluto might wait for in vain.
Onesta's tears vanish
As her lover, to banish
Her anger, magnificent presents did lavish,
Though he found to his cost the Donatis were clannish;
He must portion the sisters, and set up each brother,
And settle a sum on the father and mother,
And buy this thing or that for one or another;

But Onesta's sweet smile
 Repaid him the while,
 And Rodrigo his offerings continued to pile
 At the feet of the fair,
 For what did he care,
 He'd plenty to spend and plenty to spare,
 And he held, what is no very uncommon view,
 "One's some time getting rid of a million or two."

So Rodrigo was married, and he and his wife
 For a very short time led a halcyon life,
 Which, alas! very speedily gave way to strife—
 Not on Rodrigo's part,
 For his poor enslaved heart
 Could not bear to see tears to Onesta's eyes start;
 So she had her own way,
 And used it, they say,
 In such a very tyrannical way
 That pages and maids declined with her to stay:
 Indeed, the poor imps that formed Rodrigo's train
 Were thankful to flee back to hell once again,
 For it can't be denied,
 That so great was her pride,
 That Lucifer and half his demons beside
 Could scarcely have vied
 With Rodrigo's fair bride,
 If a handicap race with her they had tried,
 Though the odds, one would think, should have been on their side.
 Great as her arrogance
 Was her extravagance,
 Till Rodrigo the fact from himself can't withhold
 That his wife makes away with a good deal of gold;
 And one day he even became so bold
 As to hint at the same in the mildest strain,
 Not the least intending to give her pain;
 Then the raging main,
 And a gunpowder train,
 And a storm of the heaviest hail and rain,
 Mixed with shot and shell
 And the thunders of hell,
 Could not match with the fearful explosion that burst
 On Rodrigo's head at sentence the first;
 As for sentence the second, and sentence the last,
 They were all swept away as the hurricane passed.
 In the midst of her ire
 Did Rodrigo retire,
 And he made up his mind that, let what would transpire,
 He'd ne'er again venture within range of fire.
 But his love grew no colder,
 Though he found her a scolder,
 And Madonna Onesta waxed bolder and bolder;
 And despite his humility
 And his servility,
 She treated him soon with most marked incivility—
 Till so wretched his fate,
 He wished, when too late,
 He had never entered the marriage estate.
 His troubles domestic were certainly great,
 And other misfortunes did on him await:

His speculations,
His calculations,
His investments, his loans, and his expectations,
Turned out to be mere infatuations.
His money was lent,
His money was spent,
His creditors could not or would not relent ;
They'd find him,
They'd bind him,
And he would be sent
To prison. But no, he'd escape from the ruin,
He'd not wait for the storm that around him was brewing.
Of married life sated,
His wife he quite hated ;
And as he thus mused his resolve became stronger
Not to stay in the city of Florence much longer.

Pursued, pursued,
By a harpy brood,
By a band of officials surly and rude.
But the Prato gate he had safely passed through,
And was out in the country a mile or two.
" What ho, good peasant !" Rodrigo began ;
" Good peasant, and canst thou devise a plan,
Whereby to help an unfortunate man ?"
Then the whole of his tale he to Matteo confided,
Which the good man, on hearing, directly decided
He would if he could help Rodrigo through,
For as half of the devil's story was true,
As he by analogous reasoning knew,
The other half might be so too.
The pursuers, who fast on his track had ridden,
Came up as Rodrigo was safely hidden ;
But nothing at all could they glean from the clown,
As to whether a gay cavalier from the town
Had gone this way or that, or had passed by the door.
Matteo's face an expression quite imbecile wore,
And the officers, when their inspection was o'er,
Rode away nothing wiser than they were before.

When the horsemen were gone, Rodrigo outpoured
His thanks, and said, " Friend, though I cannot afford
To pay you myself, you shan't lose your reward.
In a few days you'll hear
That a nobleman near
Is in a great state of distraction and fear,
Of a devil possessed is his daughter dear.
Now your course in the matter is simple and clear ;
Just go to the father, and say you will free her
For a good round sum, and then when you see her
Just whisper, ' 'Tis Matteo,' close in her ear,
And the very moment your voice I hear
I'll depart from the lady, and leave her as sound
As ever she was ere I came above ground."
So 'twas settled, and happened all just as here stated,
One incident only has to be related ;
When the nobleman asked him, " Pray, what is your charge ?"
Poor Matteo answered, " I fear it is large,"

And in voice overcome by a scrupulous qualm
 Named a sum just sufficient to buy a small farm ;
 And homeward he went with much exultation,
 But Rodrigo o'ertook him in great indignation.
 "What folly and stuff,
 You've not asked half enough ;
 I meant to have made your fortune, you muff !
 But I'll give you another trial, and then
 You must never come in my way again ;
 I've done you some good, I may next do you harm,
 Good-bye for the present, good luck to your farm."

So Matteo went home, and thus it fell out
 A most grievous report went buzzing about
 That the King of Naples was sorely distressed,
 His beautiful daughter was surely possessed,
 And to Matteo del Bricca a message was sent,
 And to court with the messenger Matteo went ;
 And he cast out the devil, and named a good price,
 And the grateful old king paid it down in a price ;
 And Matteo thought, "I shall now live in clover,
 I've plenty of money, and troubles are over."

Not over, alas ! Soon tidings are brought
 The King of France has a daughter distraught,
 And, hearing of wonders by Matteo wrought,
 The king summons Matteo del Bricca to court.
 In vain his excuses, in vain his distress,
 In vain his endeavours the king to impress
 That he's lost the power that he once did possess ;
 The king doth in sternest accents express
 His decision that Matteo shall do his best,
 And that if he fails he'll be hanged like the rest.
 Del Bricca gave way to grief unexpressed,
 He tore his hair and he beat his breast,
 And perceiving that mischief was to him intended,
 Bewailed that he ever the devil befriended.
 But the princess is there ;
 In a state of despair

The agonised Matteo approaches her chair.

"Rodrigo, *it's me,*

Your old friend, you see ;

Have pity, as I once had pity on thee.

They threaten to hang me. Oh ! save if you can me ;

The terror and fear of the gallows unman me.

You been so kind to me,

You would not undo me ;

Rodrigo, Rodrigo, show mercy unto me."

But Rodrigo shouted,

And Matteo scouted :

"Do you think, you poor wretch, that by you I'll be routed ?

You'll be hanged ? So you may,

I'll never say nay,

For hanging's a very good thing in its way.

To see you strung up will afford me much pleasure,

Your struggles and torments I'll watch at my leisure.

You are wasting your words, for whatever you say,

I've made up my mind in the princess to stay ;

So don't think by your tricks that you'll drive me away.

I gave you fair warning to leave me alone,
So that if you are hanged—why, the fault is your own.”

Matteo withdrew.

What was he to do?

Rodrigo would keep his word he knew.

Then a ray of hope like a sudden gleam

Of the golden sun o’er his heart did beam,

And he heard far off as in a dream,

In his own fair Florence far away,

From the Campanile sweetly stealing,

The silvery bells so softly pealing,

And they seemed to ring through the silent air :

“ Matteo, Matteo, never despair !”

’Twas as though the mountains had caught their tone,

And flung it down in masses of snow

Into the waves of the dark blue Rhone ;

And the winds had stooped to the waters low,

And caught up the sound in glittering spray

That ever and ever melted away ;

And the bubble-blown bells, as they lightly swung,

Spoke to Matteo in his own Florentine tongue.

Oh ! one sweet home sound in a foreign land,

One thought of home in a loving heart,

Can nerve the heart and can nerve the hand

For many a toilsome and desperate part.

To the king, then, Matteo hastened away :

“ Let a stage be erected without delay,

Adorned with coverings costly and gay ;

Assemble the court, and provide a band,

At one of the sides of the stage to stand,

With all the drums that are near at hand,

And all the trumpets in the land,

Hautboys and horns and cymbals clashing,

Bagpipes and flutes and kettle-drums crashing,

And when the signal by me is given,

The air with a deafening noise shall be riven ;

The drums shall be beat, and the trumpets bray,

And every man shout as loud as he may.”

So the stage was built, and the populace wait,

And the court assembles in pomp and in state,

Princes and dukes all crowded together,

Very fine birds in very fine feather,

Lovely ladies and knights so bold,

Sparkling jewels and cloth of gold,

Such a sight had never been seen in France,

And Rodrigo looks round with astonished glance.

The poor bewitched princess sits on a throne,

And now and then she utters a groan,

And now and then gives a piercing cry ;

And as Matteo del Bricca draweth nigh,

She glares upon him with fiery eye.

“ You fool, pray why have you brought me here ?

Is there aught in this dazzling scene to fear ?”

And yet had Rodrigo the truth confessed,

He couldn’t help feeling a little impressed.

Then mass was said by a white-robed priest,
 "Oh, fool, do you think I care in the least?
 Pray when will this mummary all have ceased?"

Then a pause. Not a sound doth the silence break;
 All was still as the morn when the sun doth wake;
 All was still as the night when the wing of sleep
 Across the face of the earth doth sweep.

Then the signal was given,
 The air was riven
 With such a discordant burst of sound
 As only that once was heard above ground;
 It pierced through the brain
 With a jarring pain,
 And all the nerves of the head did strain—
 Description will fail to give even a notion
 Of that unearthly and wild commotion—
 The roaring and humming,
 The blowing and drumming,
 The shrieking and clashing,
 The rolling and crashing,
 As if everything everything else was smashing,
 And the storm-spirits giving each other a thrashing,
 And the earth-fiends fiercely their great teeth gnashing,
 And the ocean-furies raging and splashing,
 A howling, a yelling, a thundering, a roar,
 Such as Rodrigo ne'er heard before.

And in spite of his devilhood, in his breast
 He felt rising symptoms of sore unrest,
 And he called to Del Bricca in tones unquiet,
 "Pray what is the meaning of all this riot?
 I ne'er before heard such an infernal row."
 "Alas!" answered Matteo, with anxious brow,
 "Your wife's coming for you—I hear her now!"
 None can imagine the anguish upstirred
 In Rodrigo's breast at the sound of that word;
 He lost all presence of mind, 'tis averred,
 And with such a yell as seldom is heard,
 Leaped out of the princess, and swift as a bird
 He fled back to hell; for much he preferred
 Infernal torments to those incurred
 In the state matrimonial, the which he declared
 Was a trap into which the unwary were snared;
 And in a full conclave he solemnly swore,
 "That he'd pondered the matter o'er and o'er,
 And in fact had learned, by experience sore,
 That all a man's sins and troubles in life
 May be traced entirely to taking a wife."

THE DEEPPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE FIFTEENTH.

I.

A THUNDERBOLT.

It was a chilly evening in the spring ; the days were growing quite long, but upon the whole it was rather a comfort when night closed in, and the lamp could be lighted, and the curtains drawn to exclude keen draughts of air that kept finding out new ways of getting into Josiah's cosy parlour. Grace was up-stairs, hushing the baby to sleep ; it still lived, in spite of numberless predictions to the contrary, but it continued so very sickly and delicate, that its little life appeared to hang upon a thread from day to day. The parlour was littered over with needlework, not charity-work this time, for the materials were exceedingly fine and delicate, and Mrs. Ashton looked at them lovingly, with a depth of tenderness in her expression that was never yet seen in the face of the most devoted Dorcas. They were Grace's wedding-clothes.

"She does not seem to be at all depressed or out of spirits as the time draws near," Josiah was saying.

"No. I should not be sorry to see that it made just a little change in her usual manner, but perhaps this self-possession is natural to her," Mrs. Ashton answered, with just a shade of doubt in her voice.

"I scarcely think that—no, Grace is sensitive by nature, but she has suffered so very much that she has lost the faculty of looking forward to the future with hope and expectation. It will all come back again, I feel sure."

"And I also," Mrs. Ashton eagerly replied. "Nothing could content me more than to see her your wife ; a deep, unselfish love like yours will stand between her and all the ordinary trials of life, and I know that you will never forget your promise—never separate her from me."

Josiah answered that he never would ; and soon afterwards he put on his hat, and went out to pay one or two visits to sick persons who should have been visited earlier in the day, only that he was now apt to procrastinate a little where matters of duty were concerned. The street was crowded, and an itinerant showman was calling attention to a van, or house on wheels, covered with placards, by beating a drum with both hands, while he blew a lively accompaniment on a set of pipes. A crowd had collected round him, among whom Josiah perceived Stephens, the sausage-maker, staring grimly at the outside of the show.

"Look there, sir," he observed, as Josiah slowly pushed his way among the people—"look at 'em a-crowding up and a-paying ha'pence to see them works of Satan, when it's as much as we can do to get 'em to come to church by twos and threes of a Sunday, and only three bad pennies and the lid of a pill-box was put into our missionary chest last week!"

"They are not works of Satan," Josiah was beginning; but the uproar increased so that he could scarcely make himself heard.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—walk up! Exhibition of Natural Curiosities! The real original boa-constrictor! Admittance, one penny!"

"There!" Stephens exclaimed, turning upon him indignantly; "and you mean to say as that there ain't a work of Satan, wot was the first serpent himself, and the father of the rest of 'em! Lord bless my soul, if there ain't one of my Sunday scholars going into that there place of perdition! I'll constrictor him, and bore him too!"

With which indefinite threat he plunged into the crowd and presently emerged dragging after him a limp little boy, who looked as if he would have collapsed altogether had it not been for the stiffening influence of a new suit of corduroy, adorned with yellow buttons that put one in mind of coffin nails. On being deposited on a door-step, he dropped instantly into a sitting posture, as the only possible way of getting a little farther from Stephens, and then ejaculated, "Criky!" either at the hardness of the door step, or the sudden nature of the whole proceeding.

"There, sir!" Stephens exclaimed, "I've bin and tore my coat-tail, like the shepherd in the parable a-seeking the lost lamb. Now you 'ardened young Pharisee, p'r'aps you'll tell us wot you mean by going in the paths of the destroyer, and spending of a penny on seeing a image of Satan, wot might have bought a track and softened the 'eart of an Indoo."

"Please, sir, I was going to be let in for an 'apenny," the prisoner pleaded.

"Oh, you was going to be let in for an 'apenny, was you? An apenny would have bought one of them picters of the burning of Cranmer with red and blue flames in it, and the martyr a-turnin' black and all, wot you could have hung up against your bed, to 'ave something cheerful to look at night and morning, and remind you as you was in a Protestant country. Instead of that you goes and pays it to see a unnatural beast wot may be the same 'un as tempted Eve for anything you know; there ain't nothing said in Scripture about his departing from the earth again, and how do you know but wot he's in that there wan?"

"Please, sir, I didn't go in," the child asserted.

"No, you didn't; but I'll tell you where you'll go, without paying no 'apence for it. You'll go where you'll be shut up for ever with the real old serpent, the boa-constrictorist of the lot, with a fire underneath you and another a-top. I wish I could show it to you now. I wish as I could chuck a good handful of salt into the flames of the bottomless pit, and make 'em blaze up so as you could see 'em plain. You wouldn't go running after no more boa-constrictors after that!"

The child began to cry, and Josiah to interpose.

"Come, come, Stephens, that will do. Go home now, my boy; you did not mean to do anything wrong, I dare say; but it is better never to go near places of that kind. A great deal of bad language is spoken in them, the money is ill spent, and the time too. Go home and see if you can do something to help your mother instead of loitering about the streets."

"Look at that there crowd," Stephens continued, pointing fiercely in the direction of the van, when the boy had taken his departure, "a-

tearing along in the broad and easy path; leastways it ain't too easy just now, but they goes at it all the same. Well, it's a comfort to think where they'll find themselves afore long, showman, and show, and all!"

"Too many of them, I fear. But it is an awful thought, Stephens, not a comforting one."

"Ain't it, sir? Not when you sees the wicked a-flourishing like a green bay-tree, and sinful booths and shows a-taking of money that the missionary collectors might beg for all day long and never get? I don't know as I could stand it, if it wasn't for knowing where they're all going to. You ought to preach them a reg'lar rouser, sir, and serve 'em out good hot ladle-fulls of damnation all round. None of your fine names and mild spicings, but real unadulterated brimstone. Your seasoning ain't hardly strong enough for 'em, sir; I'd preach the pews down, afore I'd have booths and shows in the parish if I was you. There goes some more, like fat 'ogs a-getting ready for the mincing machine!"

Josiah left the sausage-maker to his meditations, and managed to get free from the crowd; but presently he was conscious of being pursued by pattering feet, and on looking round he saw a little girl, not more than nine or ten years old, who came up to him as quickly as she could.

"You're Mr. Meadows, arn't you?" she asked, cautiously.

"Yes. Do you want anything with me?"

"I've got a letter for you, and, if you please, will you come with me when you've read it?"

The letter was a very dirty scrap of note-paper, on which the following words were scrawled, in a woman's writing:

"SIR,—Poor Susan is still alive, but seems to every one to be sinking, and not to be far from death at this present time. She knows of the care that you and the ladies have took of her child, and she has something on her mind that she wants to say to you before her last hour comes. She is willing to trust you, feeling that even if you was to betray her nothing much could be done to her now. If you are willing to see her, and to keep the place that she is in a secret, please to follow the messenger, who will bring you straight to the door."

This was all; there was no date and no signature. Josiah read the lines by the failing light of evening, now fast closing into night, and then he turned to the little girl, and intimated his willingness to go with her. It would be a comfort to Grace, he thought, if she knew that this woman had been cared for during the last hours of her life, if indeed it were about to close; he also remembered that some word of his might sink into the dying sinner's heart, but this came quite as an after-thought, Grace was first, now.

The child took him through some very narrow and miserable streets, into one a little more pretentious than the rest, from which fruit and vegetable-stalls had vanished, and in which "Lodgings to Let" appeared to be the order of the day. She knocked at a house in the middle of the row, which was opened by a woman, rather smartly dressed, and yet rather dirty in appearance.

"Does Mrs. Marsh live here?" Josiah asked.

"Hush, if you please, we don't call her by that name here; Mrs. Wall is the name she goes by, or Susan, still oftener. Please to step inside."

Josiah followed her into a little den of a room, that smelt strongly of very stale tobacco and of washing-day; the last odour was accounted for by a clothes-horse hung with newly-washed garments of a miscellaneous kind, that fenced-in the fire, and steamed perpetually. Josiah was quite accustomed to such discomforts as these in the houses of the poor, and he took no notice of them.

The woman took two tobacco-pipes from a chair, and considerably blew some ashes from the seat before she offered it to her visitor.

"You see," she began, "we knew her first husband very well, and had dealings with him many times, and once when we were out of luck, she helped us till times were better with us. She was always free-handed, was poor Susan; and when she got into such trouble, and didn't know what had happened to her husband—her second one, you know—and couldn't tell where to turn for a hiding-place, we took her in and made her welcome to the best we had. Her baby was born here, and she was anxious to be doing something, not that we ever thought her a burthen, but she got about too soon, and took a chill, and she's been in a bad way ever since."

"So we understood from her letter to Miss Ashton. We feared that she might not now be living."

"Yes, she has lived on, in a very poor way, though, cough, cough, cough, all day and all night. I thought, myself, it was nothing but right that the child should be took care of by its own aunt, for my hands have been very full indeed, with her being so ill, and the baby wanted better attendance than we could give it."

"It has not thriven very well, but it has had great care and attention," Josiah assured her.

"Oh, bless you, sir, we know all about that. Nothing would satisfy Susan but getting news of it some way, and we found out an old body that knows something of your servant's mother, and got news that way when we could; and when we couldn't, we made up something just to quiet the poor soul. And now she says she's got something on her mind that must be made known to Miss Ashton, if you will be so good as to take the message."

Josiah promised to do so, and asked by what means the vicinity of Miss Ashton had become known to these people.

"Why, you see, sir, you are known by name to everybody in the two parishes, and we heard about your coming into a fortune, and then Susan said as you must be the one as Miss Ashton was so set on restoring the money to. And that set us trying to find out a little more about you, for I wanted to find where Miss Ashton was living, thinking that the child should be sent to her, and not having too much time to look after it myself; and all at once we heard for certain that Miss Ashton and her mother was at your house, either living there or staying there on a visit."

The little girl now put her head into the room, and announced that Susan was ready to see the gentleman.

"Stop one minute," the woman continued, laying her hand on his arm.

"We have done the best we could for her, not being in any great luck ourselves; and if she is to be taken—as seems likely—may we look to Miss Ashton for funeral expenses, do you think?"

Josiah replied that he was sure they might do so; the woman's grim forethought did not shock him in the least, for he knew that the poor are compelled to study these matters, from which the rich may turn away, at least until the Last Enemy confronts them. He followed the woman up some steep uncarpeted stairs, into a small bedroom, more comfortable-looking than the rest of the house; and already the sound of a hollow and constantly repeated cough struck upon his ear almost like a knell. Susan was greatly altered since the Basnet days; Grace would scarcely have recognised her, if she could have seen her now. Josiah had never seen her before, and so knew nothing of the very great change that had rapidly taken place; he only saw a wasted anxious face, with two hectic spots, that were burning more brightly from the excitement of his presence.

"How do you feel this evening?" he asked, gently.

He was accustomed to visit the sick and dying, and he always found it better to speak to them first on the subject of their bodily ailments.

"Very poorly, thank you; and I don't think I'm likely to be any better."

"Have you any advice from a doctor?"

"Yes, one comes to see me every two days, or so. I have something to take for my cough, but it doesn't do it much good."

"Do you know what your complaint is considered to be?"

"Something the matter with my lungs; chronic inflammation is the name of it, I think. I've been this way a long while now, getting so thin, and breathing so fast."

Her cough interrupted her here.

"We must provide you with some additional comforts, and with anything in the way of nourishment that the doctor orders. I should like to see him myself."

"Thank you, you're very good; but don't forget to call me Mrs. Wall. The police are still looking out for me; they wouldn't get much but skin and bone if they took me now. They've got a picture of me, taken when I was well, and I should be quite safe if they went by that. How is my baby?"

"Rather thin and delicate; she is taken every possible care of, I assure you."

"Is Grace fond of her?"

"Very; and so is Mrs. Ashton."

"Is her hair coming nicely?"

Josiah considered. It struck him that the baby was quite bald; and then again he was almost sure that he had seen a kind of fluff on its head, that probably might be intended for hair; so he answered boldly:

"Yes, oh yes; there is some nice down coming on her head, where the hair is to be."

"Any one would think you were talking of a barn-door fowl," Susan fretfully observed. "Down, indeed! She had beautiful hair when she was born—a deep chesnut colour. Does she take much food?"

Josiah was quite certain upon this point.

"Yes; they are constantly feeding her, several times a day, and in the night as well."

"With good milk, I hope?"

"Oh, yes. They order it from one cow; they are very anxious about her."

"Thank you for telling me that. I almost feel as if I could get better now. And they will bring her up to be respectable, I know; but not to think that every innocent pleasure is a sin, will they?"

"They will try and bring her up in the love and fear of God. Let me hope that you will so employ your remaining time, that deep repentance may be followed by earnest faith, and that you and she may spend a happy eternity together."

"You mean well, I dare say," Susan answered; "but I don't see that I've got anything very particular to repent of, except of being taken in hand by a very good Christian, who drove me over the traces altogether, just for want of a little kindness, and faith in human nature. Grace was foolish, and there would have been no harm in keeping the money; but I hear that you are doing a great deal of good with it, and I'm not sorry it has come to you. There! Now please don't begin about my soul again; my breath is short, and I have something particular to tell you about Grace."

"What is it?" asked Josiah, eagerly.

"It's about Mr. Brooks—you've heard of him most likely?"

"Mr. Brooks? No, I cannot remember the name. Who is he?"

"He was her sweetheart, and was very fond of her, and so was she of him."

"Oh, I did not know his name. What has happened to him?"

"I don't know, except that we gammoned her about him, and made her believe that when he thought she was dead, he got engaged to somebody else."

"Made her believe? Then—then——"

Josiah's breath failed, and the little room was turning round and round.

"Yes. You see we thought she was fretting about losing him, and that this was at the bottom of her unwillingness to join in our plans; so one day, my husband, Robert Ashton, proposed that we should give out that Mr. Brooks was dead, and get Grace to believe it, and then she would not have any reason for opposing us—at least we thought not. But how to make her believe it was the thing. And while we were considering, Robert found something in the newspaper about a Mr. Brooks who saved the life of a Miss Flora Somebody-or-other, and it mentioned that he was engaged to be married to her. It was a Leeds paper, and this happened near Leeds. So Robert said it was the very thing; and first we told Grace that *her* Mr. Brooks was engaged to a young lady at Leeds, mentioning the name, and then Robert contrived to have the newspaper sent to the house, quite in an accidental way, and it seemed to confirm what he had said, and Grace is such a silly that she never thought of doubting us. Brooks is a very common name in those parts, but she never seemed to think of that, as we had mentioned the lady's

name to her beforehand. All she seemed to think was that it was just like her Mr. Brooks to do such a thing—it was nothing very particular after all, only stopping some ponies from upsetting a chaise. But although it was easy to gammon her, we did ourselves no good by it; she believed that she had lost him, and yet she stuck to her own foolish notion about what it was right to do, as tight as wax."

Susan's interest in her narrative had kept her from coughing much up to this point; but she now returned with distressing violence. Still Josiah said nothing, but gazed intently forward, with closed teeth and set vision, as if he could see through the wall of the cottage, and into some part of space far beyond it.

"So, now," Susan resumed, when she could speak, "as I heard she was so kind to my baby, I began to think that I could do one thing for her, and tell her it was all nonsense about Mr. Brooks; we only made her believe it that she might have less reason for holding back and opposing us. The truth is that he was much too fond of her to think of another sweetheart, even though he did believe her to be dead, and that was a point that he had doubts on, or, at least, we thought so, from what we could hear about him. The whole thing has been kept very quiet; but still it was not possible, I suppose, to keep it altogether out of the newspapers, and it is a great wonder to me that Mr. Brooks has not found out everything, and come after her. He must be abroad, surely. He has not been to see her, has he?"

Josiah was aware that her last words contained a question of some kind, and that she was waiting for a reply. He turned his head towards her very slowly, and with an effort, and looked at her. Susan had never met such a look as that before; it frightened her, as if a corpse had turned towards her, animated by some kind of spectral life. She did not know his face again, for every vestige of colour had gone out of it, and the features had acquired that strange rigidity that people call "a change," when it appears as a herald of death. Darkness was settling down upon the room; but a lamp had been lighted in the street, just outside the window, and its light fell upon Josiah's face, making it look to the terrified spectator as if it were lighted in some way from within, through the distended, unspeculative eyes. Susan was very weak, and easily frightened—the sword of the grim conqueror was hanging over her from day to day. She cried out once, with all her strength, and tried to get hold of a hand-bell that stood upon a small table, rather too far from her to reach it. The double exertion broke through some filmy barrier that yet interposed between life and death, and in less than a minute, the white pillow on which her head fell back was soaked in blood.

Josiah, through the strange stupefaction that had fallen on his senses, was aware of what had happened, though he failed to perceive that he had in any way hastened the event, which must have been near at hand. The emergency roused him, and he ran to the head of the stairs and called to the woman of the house.

"I'm coming, sir; I heard her call, though I was out in the wash-house. Something must have frightened her, surely."

Saying this, she bustled past him into the bedroom, with a lighted

candle in her hand; it showed them a ghastly sight, but one for which the woman was not altogether unprepared. Susan was dead; the lower part of her face was disfigured with blood, in which the bed-clothes and the front of her night-dress were steeped through and through. The woman set down her candle, and lifted up her hands in horror.

"Poor dear!—poor dear! The doctor was right, after all, though he was only a parish one. He said this might happen any time with a extra fit of coughing, or even without it, and that if it did happen she'd go out like the snuff of a candle. Well, well, well, we must think that it's a happy release; nobody could wish the poor soul to live only to suffer. She felt it coming, and that made her cry out so wild-like, sir."

"Yes," Josiah answered.

He supposed in some dim and feeble kind of way that this was really the case.

"And what a turn it's give you, sir! You do look bad, to be sure! Wait a minute, till I get you a drop of rum; you look as if you'd fall down in the streets if you went out like that. Come out into the passage, and don't wait in this room."

She took up the candle again, and hurried along the narrow passage and down the stairs; he followed slowly and mechanically, and had nearly reached the bottom of the stairs when she reappeared, with a tumbler in her hand.

"You'd better sit down and take a drop of this," she said. "It's given you a worse turn than me, for I was expecting it, in a way, though it always does seem sudden when it comes."

Josiah was, practically, a very near approach to a teetotaller, and had never even tasted the kind of spirit that was now offered to him; but the shock that he had just experienced had already resulted in great physical depression, and he took the glass from the woman's hand, and drank some of its contents. Meanwhile she talked incessantly.

"Only last Sunday she felt herself very near her end, though her cough was quieter than what it has been; she said she longed for rest, poor dear! and that she didn't mind if I read a few verses out of the Bible to her. I didn't like to see her getting so down in the mouth as that, and I told her I wouldn't be thinking of anything dismal yet awhile, for her cough was easier, and who knew whether she mightn't be taking a turn for the better? So I got her the *Sporting Life*, and read her a bit here and there, though not being as good a scholar as she was, nor anything near it. Perhaps, after all, she knew she was to go soon better than we did. And about the funeral, sir, you think if it was managed reasonable, Miss Ashton would not object to settling for it?"

Josiah compelled himself to attend to what she was saying, and to speak with his usual voice and manner.

"All expenses will be paid," he said, "and you will be remunerated for your trouble and loss of time."

He knew that when he came to the house he had been intending to ask some question either of Susan or of this woman, and now he tried to remember what it was, but quite in vain. His thoughts seemed to be scattered as by a whirlwind when he tried to fix them on any subject unconnected with the discovery that he had just made. He left the

house, therefore, with the question still unasked and unremembered ; it was quite dark now, but he felt that he could not yet return to his home and meet the looks of Grace and of her mother, so he went for a long walk out of his own district that he might be less likely to meet any one who knew him, and tried to escape from his own reflections as he pressed along the crowded streets. Either people looked at him a little intently, or he fancied that they did so, and this fancy grew upon him till at last he went into a place in which refreshments were sold, and in which he could see a large looking-glass fastened to the wall. He looked at himself, after making some trifling purchase, to see whether there was any reason for the intent gaze that he seemed to be continually meeting ; he saw that he was unusually pale, and his eyes had a wild and anxious expression. It was the look, he thought, of some one enduring bodily pain. No one was observing him, and before he moved away from the mirror he made quite an effort to look just as usual, but in a moment a nervous spasm distorted his features into something almost like a grimace, and he hurried away. He walked farther and farther from home till he felt very tired, and then he called a cab, and was driven to within a short distance of his own door, which he entered a few moments afterwards.

II.

PASSION VERSUS PRINCIPLE.

Mrs. ASHTON was alone in the parlour, working by the light of the lamp.

"Grace is gone up-stairs," she said, "as baby awoke and was fretful, and I don't suppose she will come down again. Do you know I was so foolish as to feel a little uneasy about you when it got late, but Grace said you were sure to have been detained by some of the people you went to see."

"I was detained," Josiah answered ; "and you will be surprised to hear how it happened. A little girl followed me with a note, containing a request that I would go with her to see Susan Marsh—Mrs. Robert Ashton, I should say."

Mrs. Ashton started, and let her work fall from her lap.

"So she is still alive!" she exclaimed.

"She is not now alive ; she died while I was there."

"Good gracious, how dreadful! No wonder you were looking pale and ill when you first came in. I thought you were over-tired. In what way did she die?"

"She broke a blood-vessel, and was gone almost instantly."

"Poor creature! Had you any time to speak to her before it happened?"

"Yes, a little."

"And did you ask whether she knew anything of Robert?" Mrs. Ashton eagerly asked.

And now Josiah knew what it was that he had intended to ask, and could not remember.

"I—I had not time," he answered, hesitatingly.

"Ah, no; you spoke, of course, about the great change that was then so near—nearer than either of you knew, and she was gone, I suppose, before your conversation was over."

"She was," Josiah answered.

"Well, I should have been glad to hear the least crumb of news about Robert; but perhaps she had none to give, and you were quite right, as it proved, to speak first on religious subjects. Did she appear to be penitent for the part that she took in that dreadful conspiracy?"

"Scarcely, I fear," he replied; "but we must not judge her. How do we know how great the temptation was? Oh, how do we know?"

He rose from his chair, and began to walk restlessly up and down the little room.

Mrs. Ashton was absorbed in her own reflections, and she scarcely noticed him.

"I wonder whether we ought to go into mourning," she said, presently.

On that point Josiah could offer no opinion at all.

"The circumstances are so very peculiar," Mrs. Ashton resumed; "so disgraceful to the family, in fact, that I really think it would be better not to do so. It would only remind people afresh of what we would much rather let them forget, and then it would put off the wedding, which would be a great pity."

Josiah suddenly paused in his restless pacing to and fro, and leaned towards her, with his hands on the back of a chair.

"Would it be a pity? Would it be a *great* pity, do you think?" he asked, hoarsely.

Mrs. Ashton looked at him with an anxious and pained expression.

"My dear Josiah," she said, kindly, "it seems to me that you have received a great shock to-night, and I do not wonder at it, but strongly advise you not to sit up any longer, but to get a good night's rest if possible. Have you been to see those people with the fever to-day?"

"No," he answered, mournfully. "I should have seen them, I know, but——"

"But your strength is not equal to such very constant demands upon it, anybody can see that. Let me persuade you, for once, to take a glass of wine with your biscuit before you go to your room. I am going to bed myself directly."

She took a bunch of keys from a small basket, and unlocked the cellaret; but a sudden knock at the front door startled her, and almost made her drop the decanter that she had just taken out.

"Dear me, who can that be, so late as this? Are the servants gone to bed, I wonder?"

Josiah sat speechless and stupefied, his mind filled with a single idea, and incapable, as it seemed, of receiving another. Susan's words were still sounding in his ears, still he heard her surmising that Mr. Brooks must have learnt something of the conspiracy from hints that had appeared in the newspapers, and inquiring whether he had yet traced Grace Ashton to her present abode.

The servants had not gone up-stairs; the door was quickly opened,

and a demand whether there was "anything to pay?" was answered in the negative. Then a bandbox was brought into the parlour, muffled up in quite a great-coat of brown paper, and plastered over with notices of "Care." Mrs. Ashton opened it in a flutter of expectation, and took out, with a kind of religious awe, as if to touch were to profane, a delicate fabric of white lace, water-lilies, and airy nothings. This was Grace's wedding bonnet.

Mrs. Ashton stood before it in a devout attitude.

"They have taken care to send it in good time," she said at last; "and look, there is the orange-blossom, just the least bit of it here and there among the water-lilies. What a beautiful idea! I wish I knew how to get it into the box again just as it was; but Grace must see it first, and perhaps she can manage it. Oh, there is the bill—two pounds twelve shillings; very reasonable, really. Now, Josiah, you open the door for me, and I will take it to her. Don't sit up long, and take a glass of wine. Good night, and be sure you put the keys away."

In another moment she was gone, bandbox and all.

Grace took but feeble interest in the bonnet; she agreed with her mother that it was very pretty, and to please her she tried it on, and even showed a little pleasure on perceiving that it became her well. The great trials of life do not crush out a woman's natural satisfaction in her own good looks; on the contrary, it survives her hopes and her happiness, sometimes even her sanity.

"I never saw you look so nice in anything before," Mrs. Ashton declared, fondly looking first at Grace and then at the reflection in the looking-glass; "and really the bonnet itself is beautiful. I know I have not such a taste for books and poetry as you have, and perhaps you will think it silly of me to say that I think those exquisite lilies would be a subject for a poem—better, perhaps, than the wet and slimy ones, with very tough stalks, that grow in stagnant water."

Grace kissed her, and acknowledged that the flowers were artistically made, and were in some respects an improvement on nature; and then, the great subject of the bonnet having been discussed, Mrs. Ashton remembered the news that Josiah had brought, which had been for the moment eclipsed by the later event. Grace was greatly shocked at the account of poor Susan's death, and of the manner in which it happened; her eyes were full of tears as she heard that her sometime jailor had lingered in a hopeless condition, attended by strangers, who probably regarded her as a burden.

"I should like to question Josiah about her myself," she said; and, hastily drying her eyes, she went down to the sitting-room, where she found that Josiah had gone to bed, leaving the cellaret open, the keys on the table, and the lamp still burning. All this was unlike his careful and tidy habits, and she thanked him in her heart for sympathising so much with her own sorrow; his feelings were in no wise blunted, she thought, by the many distressing scenes he was obliged to witness.

Josiah, meanwhile, had gone up to his room, and had looked the door, although no one was likely to intrude upon him, with some feeling that a great conflict was impending, to be witnessed by good and evil angels, and by no others. Josiah was no self-deceiver, or he might have told

himself that it would be right, or not so very wrong, to keep silence on the subject of the discovery that he had made. He might have told himself that to give Susan's message to Grace would be only to unsettle her mind, perhaps to make her very miserable with no good result, for nothing had been heard of Mr. Brooks, and it was likely enough that time had at length converted the lie into a truth. He told himself nothing of the kind; he did not try to gloss over the fact that duty and principle pointed plainly in one direction, and that no compromise could be made with them. Susan was dead, and her message could not now reach Grace's ear if he chose to withhold it; his duty was very clear, let the result be what it would: the result probably would be, that his marriage would never take place, that Grace would be lost to him.

He asked himself whether he could do this, for the sake of truth and honour, for the sake of the Christianity that he professed and practised, for the sake of the Name at which every knee must bow; he had often declared, and firmly believed, that strength to bear, in proportion to the trial to be borne, is meted out to the devout suppliant, and in this, his hour of greatest need, he made one desperate attempt to test the validity of his belief. But between his eyes and the Throne there came a vision of life without Grace, a great emptiness, from which he turned away, he could not choose it.

He checked himself there, he *would not*; he was not willing to seek with all his heart the superhuman aid that might, perhaps, have enabled him to conquer. He could not make himself willing to conquer, that was the point. The crown of life had grown dim and distant, in comparison with the crown of earthly happiness, so longed-for, and so near. He made another effort, and turned a despairing gaze into the far past, striving to roll away well nigh two thousand years; they had often rolled away for him, and scenes in the life of Incarnate Deity had been as real and as present to him as any that were then passing around him, for his imagination had been cultivated in a religious direction only. But, lo! the scenes on which he looked back had collapsed into history, sacred history still, but nothing more. He asked himself the awful question, "What shall it profit a man?" and he answered boldly that it would profit him—much. Some years of life with Grace, say twenty years, and even then they would both be comparatively young, every year containing its three hundred and sixty-five days, every day beatified into something apart from common life by the presence of the one beloved—Josiah declared aloud that it did and would profit him, though all the terrors of eternity arrayed themselves as the background.

The system in which he had believed so firmly as a guide through life, was in some sense an artificial one; he had often said so in different words, when he had boasted of it as something quite apart from and superior to the light of Nature: now he felt that it withered up before the touch of temptation, and suddenly another thought struck him, for now he knew the force and meaning of that word, as the conquered man understands and realises the power of the conqueror. He could not well give up his vocation, he was bound to it by many ties, all difficult to break, and now he would be able to preach to souls in pain, as he had never preached before. Temptation, he now knew, had been an abstract word

to him ; it had only represented the hindrances to those inward strivings after a certain rule of thought and mental disposition, that now seemed so very small and pitiful, seen in the glare of a strong and real temptation ; his bringing-up had been quite unworldly, his education had not been permitted to stray beyond the narrow religious groove ; he had never acquired a taste for any expensive pleasure except the most expensive one of all, the pleasure of doing good, and it had really cost him no effort to give his fortune to works of charity ; he felt much more interest in those works than in any of the things that money usually represents to the mind of the money-seeker. But now that he had felt the force of an irresistible temptation, would not the sword of his ministry be sharpened ? would not his words come with power, as the words of one who has plucked the fruit from the tree of fatal knowledge ? True, he would preach to others, himself a cast-away.

When once his resolution was firmly taken, the conflict over, the victory lost, not won, he unlocked his door, and went to bed, and to sleep, almost directly. No restless tossing to and fro, no uneasy dreams, no voices of the good and evil angels, he was too thoroughly exhausted and worn out to suffer more, even in a dream. When he was called in the morning, the night seemed like a moment to him, the battle seemed to be just at an end, the decision just taken ; he never once thought of reconsidering it, however, but appeared at the breakfast-table with all trace of excitement and agitation cleared away.

"You have had a good night ?" Mrs. Ashton surmised. "I thought so, for you are looking quite yourself again ; you looked terribly pale and ill when you returned from witnessing that dreadful sight yesterday evening."

"It was kind of you," Grace added, gratefully, "to sympathise with poor Susan, as you evidently did. She was dreadfully misguided, warped by circumstances and by a most unfortunate bringing-up, but her nature was a kindly one, and though she took part against me, there are very great allowances to be made for her ; with a different training she would have been as good and conscientious as any of us."

"You admit the doctrine of extenuation, then ?" Josiah asked, smiling a little *too* naturally.

"Surely. Can anybody help holding it ?"

"Perhaps not ; but then comes the puzzle—shall we be judged by what we are, or by what we should have been, only for this, or that ?"

"You are beginning to find as many puzzles as I do," Grace answered ; "and only a little while ago, you had the whole moral system of the universe at your fingers' ends, without a shadow of doubt upon any part of it."

"I wonder whether the people who received poor Susan have any idea of what has become of Robert," Mrs. Ashton observed. She had not followed the conversation just recorded.

Josiah promised to make the inquiry without delay.

"And I don't think," Mrs. Ashton continued, "that the wedding need be delayed on this account ; you both wish it to be as quiet as possible, and Susan will be buried under another name, so that we have only our own feelings to consult, and not the world to consider at all. The

funeral, of course, will be over in a week, and we must not let the wedding come very close to it, for that would seem like a bad omen; but I think that ten days after the funeral it might very well take place, as we have decided that it will be better not to call attention to painful circumstances by going into mourning."

Josiah wished that the seventeen days could be diminished into as many hours; he felt as if every moment of delay must be fraught with danger now; he began to start at every sound, to dread the postman's budget, to feel relieved when night had fairly set in, and no more knocks or rings could be expected. When the marriage had once taken place, all these fears would be over; let Mr. Brooks come to light then, and the awful vow would stand between him and Grace for ever. And Grace could never know, could never guess, that the secret had been made known to him by lips now sealed in death.

He gained no news of Robert, for Susan had heard nothing from him, but he gained two days. He told the people with whom Susan had died that the inconvenience which death causes in a very small house need not be prolonged for an entire week; he was as glad of the two days as if they had been two kingdoms. He did not forget to recommend strict silence on the subject of Susan's real name, because, as he said, the act of sheltering and concealing her might prove to be an offence against the law. After leaving these people, he procured the licence for his marriage, and counted the days of suspense, shortened now by two, that yet remained to be endured.

And Grace?

She made her quiet preparations day by day, taking some pleasure in the great pleasure that her mother appeared to find in all the impending arrangements, thinking that, upon the whole, she had done well in thus employing a disappointed life by brightening other lives. Only now and then the thought *would* rise up before her of the contrast between this marriage and one that she had once looked forward to, between the passive acquiescence of death, and the troubled happiness of new and keener life. And at such times she would be a little more still and quiet than usual, that was all.

ABOUT NOVICES AND ADEPTS IN THE MELTING MOOD.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

II.—ADEPTS.

WHETHER our chapter of instances be concerned with those who are used to, or those who are unused to the melting mood, from the stores of Shakspeare we may, here as ever, cull and come again. Hubert's tears are true salt water at the discovery of young Arthur's death :

I honour'd him, I loved him ; and will weep
My date of life out for his life's sweet loss.

But the barons, naturally suspicious in such a case, mistrust the man's show of grief. " Trust not," exclaims Salisbury,

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.*

In a complimentary and admiring spirit, Pandarus attributes the like facility in tear-shedding to his young hero, Troilus. " He will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April." Which only elicits from Cressida, with her wonted levity, the jaunty assurance, " And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May."† No crying philosopher was Cressida ; herself as unversed in them as in the chemistry of them, comprising the due proportions of muriate and phosphate of soda and phosphate of lime. Yet the Greek proverb says that men prone to tears are good,—*ἀγαθοὶ δὲ, ἀπιδάκνυες ἄνδρες*.

Madame de Staël makes it one of the most seductive attributes of her Oswald, Lord Nevil, that his eyes so frequently and so readily filled with tears ; and asserts that " at such moments he was irresistible," that is to say whenever " this ready yet restrained sensibility . . . so oft, in spite of him, bedewed his lids."‡ Tastes differ ; and some people would vote this facility as objectionable as Mr. Thackeray accounted the artistical sensibility of Sterne, who, as he relentlessly describes him, used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, utilised it, and cried on every occasion. " I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains."§ Lord Eldon's tears have enlisted still fewer sympathisers. And as for those of his royal master, " our truly Protestant King," in 1829, Mr. Fonblanque writing in that year, ironically pictured him, for the admiration of posterity, as, " under the pretext of fishing," going daily " to weep in the Virginia water,—a sheet, indeed, which it is known he has increased to its present handsome size by his pious tears ; and where he floods away his sorrows [for the Emancipation Act] in private, in a marquee, and with a Mar-

* King John, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† Corinne, l. xiii. ch. v.

‡ Troilus and Cressida, Act I. Sc. 2.

§ Thackeray, English Humourists, lect. vi.

chioness."* Royalty met with unroyal treatment when and while George the Fourth was king. The tears of the sovereign of these realms have been otherwise respected in later times; more in the spirit of Chateaubriand's *bon religieux*, when discoursing on the sorrows of life, that touch high as well as low: "L'habitant de la cabane, et celui des palais, tout souffre, tout gémit ici-bas; les reines ont été vues pleurant comme de simples femmes, et l'on s'est étonné de la quantité de larmes que contiennent les yeux des rois!"† Cromwell, in one of Sir Walter's historical novels, is seen bursting into tears at being called King-killer and Parricide. "Here he fell into a flood of tears, which he sometimes was wont to do. This extremity of emotion was of a singular character"—being neither actually penitential nor absolutely hypocritical, but arising merely from the temperament of a man in whom deep policy and ardent enthusiasm were intermingled with a strain of hypochondriacal passion.‡

Racine could not "assist" at the reception of a novice without *se noyer dans les larmes*. Mme. de Maintenon writes of him on one occasion, "Racine, qui veut pleurer, viendra à la profession de la sœur Lalie." *Cette facilité excessive aux émotions* may have been the death of him. "Les Larmes de Racine" is the name of a French lyric, of some dozen stanzas, which abounds of course with "sanglots, soupirs, pleurs de tendresse," "les yeux mouillis encore," &c. Racine should have been poet-laureate to a Pio Nono, whose allocutions he would have appreciated whenever, "overcome with grief and plunged into affliction, deeply laden with sorrows and suffering, under great bitterness of heart, the Father of the Faithful sheds tears enough to suggest the expediency of reviving lachrymatories."§ One of the French papers Roman correspondents, in 1862, described "this sensibility of the Pope" as "every moment apparent. If he receives an address from the churches of America or Oceania, he weeps; if he hears of any fresh persecution, he weeps; and on the day when the bishops laid at his feet the produce of Peter's pence, he shed tears in abundance."|| But not even his foes, if he has any, charge the Holy Father with personal insincerity in these lachrymose effusions. Not a heretic would say of him anything like what Swift said of Godolphin,—that "he has tears at command, like a woman, to be used either in an intrigue of gallantry or politics."¶ But he is at least of the brotherhood of Brand, known to readers of Professor Kingsley's "Last of the English," as one who had acquired, by long devotion, the *donum lachrymarum*—that lachrymose and somewhat hysterical temperament common among pious monks of the time, and held to be a mark of grace.** When proofs of the sanctity of Dominic were being collected, with a view to his canonisation, a monk deposed that he had often seen his face during mass bathed with tears, which coursed down his cheeks so copiously, "that one drop did not wait for another." "He spoke with such floods of tears as to move his hearers to give the same

* England under Seven Administrations, i. 232.

† Atala.

‡ See Woodstock, ch. xxxiii.

§ Saturday Review, viii. 416.

|| La Presse, 14 juin, 1862.

¶ Swift, History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne. (A title suggestive of the vexed question in Dean Alford's "The Queen's English," whether the Four Last, or the Last Four, be the correct expression.)

** Hereward the Wake, ch. i.

signs of their compunction."* When lachrymatories, observes an Edinburgh Reviewer, were the fashion, it might, for aught we can tell, have been easy for the ancient mourner to drop a tear into the little cruet at any given moment.† Dr. Hook, in his Life of Archbishop Arundel (1397-1414), having, or taking, occasion to describe Bolingbroke's (Henry IV.) first visit to his father's tomb, beside the high altar in St. Paul's, tells us that he wept over it, "with that profusion of tears which men of that age seem always to have had at command."‡ Gibbon points out what every reader of Villehardouin must have observed, the frequent tears of the marshal and his brother knights: "Sachez que la ot mainte lerne plorée de pitié;" "mult plorant;" "mainte lerne plorée;" "si orent mult pitié et plorerent mult durement;" "i ot mainte lerne plorée de pitié," &c. They weep on every occasion of grief, joy, or devotion.§ Insomuch that, in Juvenal's phrase, it becomes an almost puzzle to divine from whence the weeper drew his stock of brine:

Mirandum est unde ille oculis suffecerit humor.||

Une singulière facilité de larmes is noted by M. Michelet among the special characteristics of Henri Quatre. That bonhomme of a king had a turn for tear-shedding, whatever the occasion, grave or gay, so *facile* was his *sensibilité*. "Il pleurait d'amour, pleurait d'amitié, pleurait de pitié,"¶—but was not a whit the more to be depended upon for all that. Saint-Simon accredits Louis Quatorze with the like capacity. Naturally he wept with great facility, says the duke; and accordingly at the death of Monsieur, the Grand Monarque wept a good deal,—in fact, was all tears.**

Madame de Sévigné appears to have admired in M. de Vardes "ce don de larmes que Dieu lui a donné."†† Marmontel not only made the like gift his boast—*moi qui pleure facilement*—but his characters, as M. Sainte-Beuve says, "ont volontiers les yeux humides," and "arrosent leurs embrassements de larmes."‡‡ Beaumarchais, again, plumes himself on the same facile sensibility: "Mes yeux fondent en eau sur le moindre trait de bonté."§§ Barnave is described as another of these Dieu-donné ones: "ayant le beau rôle des larmes, et se le donnant toujours."||| The type is not popular in England, not often credible. Mr. Carlyle's portrait of the elder Sterling—"Captain Whirlwind," as he used to call that "amazingly impetuous, hasty, explosive man"—includes the distinctive trait of great sensibility; a real sympathy, and affectionate pity and softness, which he "had an over-tendency to express even by tears,—a singular sight in so leonine a man." Enemies called them hypocritical and maudlin, these tears; but that was nowise the complete account of

* Acta S. Dominici, pp. 367, 594.

† Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1842. Art., Life and Writings of Fuller.

‡ Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury, by Dean Hook, vol. iv. p. 474.

§ Gibbon, Rom. Empire, ch. lx.

|| Juvenal, Sat. x.

¶ Michelet, La Ligue, p. 333.

** See the Mémoires de Saint-Simon, touching the sudden death of Monsieur after the quarrel with his brother.

†† Lettres de Mme. de Sévigné, 26 Mai, 1683.

‡‡ Mémoires de Marmontel.

§§ Mémoires de Beaumarchais.

|| Causeries du Lundi, ii. 25.

them, Mr. Carlyle* contends. His enemies—and of course a thundering contributor to the *Jupiter* (*Tonaus*) had his enemies—could or would see nothing more respectable than Mr. Thackeray recognises in the tears of his Reverend Charles Honeyman, who “cried a good deal in his sermons;”† hardly more, perhaps, than is due to Job Trotter, who, to the best of Sam Weller’s belief, had a main in his head as was always turned on. Chelsea waterworks was nothing to him. A day came when Job Trotter confessed himself a dismal deceiver. “Tears are not the only proofs of distress, nor the best ones.”—“No, they ain’t,” replied Sam, expressively.—“They may be put on, Mr. Weller,” said Job.—“I know they may,” said Sam; “some people, indeed, has ’em always ready laid on, and can pull out the plug whenever they likes.”‡ So with John Adams as pictured by another Sam of immortal memory,—Sam Slick. “He had something the matter with one eye—well, he knew I know’d that when I was a boy; so one day, a feller presented a petition to him, and he told him it was very affectin. Says he, It fairly draws tears from me, and his weak eye took to lettin off its water like statiee. . . . That eye was a regular cheat, a complete New England wooden nutmeg. Folks said Mr. Adams was a very tender-hearted man. Perhaps he was, but I guess that eye didn’t pump its water out of that place.”§

But upon this topic, of all others, *Place aux dames*. “Strange to me,” writes Lovelace, of Clarissa in tears, always in tears, “that those charming fountains have not been long ago exhausted! But she is a woman. And I believe anatomists allow *that women have more watery heads than men*.”|| Mr. Lovelace italicises his jeer. The derisive scorn of feminine facility in tear-shedding finds ample utterance in Shakspeare. Cleopatra’s gift that way amounts to “greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report.”¶ Capulet waxes impatient of Juliet’s misconceived weeping:

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Ever more showering in one little body
Thou counterfeit’st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears,** &c.

Aufidius is mad at the susceptibility of Coriolanus to “certain drops of salt,” “a few drops of women’s rheum, which are as cheap as lies.”†† Cordelia’s self-command is the theme of eloquent praise—when, as she read those sorrowful despatches, “now and then an ample tear trill’d down her delicate cheek: it seem’d, she was a queen over her passion; who, most rebel-like, sought to be king o’er her.”‡‡ And Hermione is as proud of being able to say to “good my lords” of the council,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are,§§

as though trained and hardened in the school of Swift, whose

* Life of John Sterling, part iii. ch. v.

† Pickwick Papers, *passim*.

|| Clarissa Harlowe, vol. vi. letter viii.

¶ Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. 2.

** Romeo and Juliet, Act III. Sc. 5.

†† King Lear, Act IV. Sc. 3.

† The Newcomes, ch. xi.

§ The Clockmaker, ch. xiv.

†† Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 5.

§§ The Winter’s Tale, Act II. Sc. 1.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain;
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.*

Byron says, or sings, that "woman's tears, produced at will, deceive in life, unman in death."† It is an old, old complaint of railers against the sex :

Uberibus semper lacrymis, semperque paratis
In statione sua atque expectantibus illam,
Quo jubeat manare modo.‡

Sigismonda, in Glorious John's translation from Boccace, is an adept in these copious effusions :

—Her brimful eyes, that ready stood,
And only wanted will to keep a flood,
Released their watery store, and poured amain,
Like clouds low hung, a sober shower of rain.§

Mrs. Browning's heroine, sitting down to weep, with a piteous consciousness of her weak womanhood the while, muses and moralises on the why and wherefore of women's tears in general, if not of her own in particular :

—Tears, tears ! *why* we weep ?
'Tis worth enquiry ?—That we've shamed a life,
Or lost a love, or missed a world, perhaps ?
By no means. Simply, that we've walked too far,
Or talked too much, or felt the wind i' the east,—
And so we weep, as if both body and soul
Broke up in water—this way."||

This way, being, one may presume, what Dryden would translate, as above, into a more or less sober shower of rain.

Nor as a sign of grief their weeping take,
But think, their eyes, use soluble doth make,—

is the caution of one¶ who by the vindictiveness of a bold bad woman was brought to a bad end. "It is nae mair pity to see a woman greit nor to see a goose go barefit," is a proverb cited by Dean Ramsay,** as a harsh and ungallant reference to the facility with which the softer sex can avail themselves of tears to carry a point. One of our old poets bids us

Trust not a woman when she cries,
For she'll pump water from her eyes
With a wet finger, and in faster showers
Than April when he rains down flowers.††

Of this kind came Madame d'Etiolles, who, says M. Arsène Housaye, "avait merveilleusement le don des larmes ; elle mettait tant d'art à bien

* Swift, Cadenus and Vanessa.

† Miscellaneous Poems, Euthanasia.

‡ Juvenal, Sat. vi.

§ Dryden, Sigismonda and Guiscardo.

¶ Aurora Leigh, book vii.

¶ Sir Thomas Overbury : The Remedy of Love.

** Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character, l. 151.

†† Decker.

pleurer qu'elle donnait à ses larmes, dit un poëte, la valeur des perles."*
Mais parlons d'autres belles.

Madame de la Fayette, designated by Boileau, *la femme de France qui avait le plus d'esprit et qui écrivait le mieux*, was equally distinguished among her intimate friends, the Sévigné's and the Sablys for instance, by *une sensibilité extrême et pleine de larmes*. There is a *jolie lettre* of Madame de Sévigné's to her, beginning: "Hé bien! hé bien! ma belle, qu'avez-vous à crier comme un aigle?" &c. These effusions, as M. de Sainte-Beuve remarks,† were all the more charming in a person of so calm a judgment and with a spirit so tranquil. An Irish lady novelist, utterly unlike the Fayette in her main characteristics as authoress,—Maria Edgeworth,—had in a subdued measure the same *larmoyant* susceptibility. At least Mr. Lockhart pictures her a listener to some pensive reflections of Sir Walter Scott's, not without water in her eyes—adding, "her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched;—for, as Pope says, 'the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest;—'but she brushed them gaily aside,"‡ and there an end.

That kindly but weakly old maiden, Miss Seton, in one of the latest of Mrs. Oliphant's (Homerically speaking) inarithmeticable novels, has been justly objected to, as becoming something of a nuisance from her lachrymose habit. Certainly, said a critic, there are excellent old maiden ladies in real life, full of kindness of heart, and always ready to burst into tears and little sobs. But this Miss Seton§ he declared to abuse the privileges of her very worthy class. "Her readiness to shed tears is indescribable. She is able to weep and sob, and quiver with nervous fearful quiverings, at half a moment's notice, and for the slightest imaginable reason, or even for no reason at all; and she avails herself of this remarkable capacity to such a tiresome extent that the reader gets positively to dislike her, and to wish her anywhere." It is the authoress that is held to be at fault when things are come to this pass.

Wheedling Lady Crawford, in Mr. Lister's "Arlington," is prompt to point an ingratiating speech with "one of those tears which she could always summon to her aid on the slightest occasion," and which at a moment's notice, and for any reason, or none, could be "made to glisten in her large expressive eye."|| But perhaps the most extraordinary master-ship of these waterworks on record, and in real life, is that exercised at will by the fair and famous S. S., so well known to readers of Mrs. Thrale and of Madame d'Arblay. She is accordingly introduced as an example to this effect, in Mrs. Piozzi's work on "British Synonymy," in the section headed "To Cry, to Weep." ¶ Tears, observes the writer, have a very powerful effect on young people, and indeed on all those who are new in the world:—but veterans have seen them too often to be much affected; "and since the years 1779 and 80," she continues, "when I lived a great deal with a lady who could call them up for *her own* pleasure, and often *did* call them at *my request*, the seeing one WEEP¶¶

* Portraits du XVIII^{me} Siècle, ii. 258.

† Portraits de Femmes: Madame de la Fayette.

‡ Lockhart, Life of Scott, ch. lxiii.

§ In Madonna Mary.

|| Arlington, ch. xxviii.

¶ Capitals and italics all Mrs. Piozzi's own.

has been no proof to me that anything sad or sorrowful occurs." And indeed Mrs. Thrale (Piozzi) adds her belief that probably some of the sincerest tears that flow are those shed when reading Richardson's "Clarissa," or seeing Siddons in the character of Mrs. Beverley.* It was during Fanny Burney's visit to Streatham in February, 1779, that Mrs. Thrale first challenged her attention to the water-works of the fair S. S. Fanny had found Sophia Streatfield a very amiable girl, and extremely handsome; more learned, however, than wise. Mr. Seward had already told Fanny of S. S. having tears at command, and she soon had an opportunity of witnessing a display. "Come hither, Miss Burney," cried Mrs. Thrale, "come and see Miss Streatfield cry!" Fanny thought it a mere *badinage*; but going to them, was shocked when she saw real tears, with no cause to show for them; and saying, "No, I won't look at her," ran away frightened, lest S. S. should think she laughed at her, which Mrs. Thrale did openly. "Miss Streatfield, however, whether from a sweetness not to be ruffled, or from not perceiving there was any room for taking offence, gently wiped her eyes, and was perfectly composed."† "Ah," said Mrs. Thrale, at an after visit, before a number of guests, "I would insure her power of crying herself into any of your hearts she pleased. I made her cry to Miss Burney, to show how beautiful she looked in tears." "If I had been her," said Mr. Seward, "I would never have visited you again." "Oh, but she liked it," answered Mrs. Thrale, "for she knows so well how to do it. Miss Burney would have run away, but she came forward on purpose to show herself. I would have done so by nobody else; but Sophy Streatfield is never happier than when the tears trickle from her fine eyes in company."‡

Three days later occurred a scene which Mme. d'Arblay declares to have been the most curious she ever saw. In a company of seven persons, including S. S., the conversation turned upon that young lady's alleged "crying for Seward" (when Johnson affronted him); who, instead of being in an ecstasy, said, "Pho, pho, don't let's have any more of this—no more piping, pray." "Well," said Sir Philip Clerke, "I have heard so much of these tears, that I would give the universe to have a sight of them." "Well," said Mrs. Thrale, "she shall cry again, if you like." "No, pray, Mrs. Thrale," S. S. remonstrated. But Sir Philip importuned, "Oh, pray do! pray let me see a little of it." "Yes, do cry a little, Sophy," said Mrs. Thrale, in a wheedling voice, "pray do! Consider, now, you are going to-day, and it's very hard if you won't cry a little: indeed, S. S., you ought to cry." Now for the wonder of wonders, as related by Fanny Burney. When Mrs. Thrale, in a coaxing voice, suited to a nurse soothing a baby, had run on for some time—while the rest of the party, in laughter, joined in the request—two crystal tears came into the soft eyes of the S. S., and rolled gently down her cheeks. "Such a sight I never saw before, nor could I have believed. She offered not to conceal or dissipate them: on the contrary, she really contrived to have them seen by everybody." Her features were unruffled, and indeed she was smiling all the while. "Look, look!" cried Mrs. Thrale; "see if the tears are not come already!"—

* Autobiography, &c., of Mrs. Piozzi, vol. ii. p. 371.

† Diary of Mme. d'Arblay, part v., 1779.

‡ Ibid., June 13, 1779.

and loud, rude bursts of laughter broke from them all, while Sir Philip turned almost black in the face from the furious struggle between convulsive laughter and politeness. When our mirth abated, Sir Philip, colouring violently with his efforts to speak, said, "I thank you, ma'am; I'm much obliged to you." "What a wonderful command," said Dr. Delap, very gravely, "that lady must have over herself!" She now took out a handkerchief and wiped her eyes. "Sir Philip," cried Mr. Seward, "how can you suffer her to dry her own eyes?—you, who sit next her?"—"I dare not dry them for her," he answered, "because I am not the right man."—"But if I sat next her," returned the other, "she should not dry them herself."—"I wish," cried Dr. Delap, "I had a bottle to put them in; 'tis a thousand pities they should be wasted."—"There, now," said Mrs. Thrale, "she looks for all the world as if nothing had happened; for, you know, nothing *has* happened." Sir Philip then asked Miss Burney if she would cry, if they asked her? and Mrs. Thrale protested that not for ten worlds would she have Miss Burney thus dealt with: "I should think she'd be more likely to walk out of my house than to cry because I bid her." Mr. Seward had no doubt that Miss Burney could cry on any proper occasion. "But I must know what for," was her conditional assent—which she professes to have uttered in a voice too low for S. S. to hear; not however that the latter would have taken it amiss. The procedure of the fair and facile weeper is summed up in and with the following note of admiration: "Without any pretence of affliction,—to weep merely because she was bid, though bid in a manner to forbid any one else,—to be in good spirits all the time,—to see the whole company expiring of laughter at her tears, without being at all offended,—and, at last, to dry them up, and go on with the same sort of conversation she held before they started!"*

Fiction will scarcely afford us the equal of S. S. in this highly developed idiosyncrasy. Not even the impressionable little woman like Amelia Sedley, of whom Mr. Thackeray bears record that she "began to cry" at every trifle that touched her—"at all this simple little creature's fêtes, the *grandes eaux* were accustomed to play."† When don't ladies weep? he asks in another chapter, describing how the flood-gates were opened when Amelia rejoined her mother after the wedding: "at what occasion of joy, sorrow, or other business of life?" About a question of marriage, he professes to have seen women who hate each other kiss and cry together quite fondly.‡ As an observer of human nature he pretends to have been a regular frequenter of St. George's, Hanover-square, during the genteel marriage season; and the result of his observations is, that although he never saw the bridegroom's male friends giving way to tears, or the beadles and officiating clergy in any way affected, yet it is not at all uncommon to see women who are not in the least concerned in the operation going on—old ladies who are long past marrying, stout middle-aged ones with plenty of sons and daughters, "let alone pretty young creatures in pink bonnets, who are on their promotion, and may naturally take an interest in the ceremony,—I say it is quite common to see the women present piping, sobbing, sniffing; hiding

* Diary of Mme. d'Arblay, part v., June 16, 1779.

† Vanity Fair, ch. lviii.

‡ Ibid., ch. xxvi.

their little faces in their little useless pocket-handkerchiefs, and heaving, old and young, with emotion."* Colonel Hamley remarks that it would be something entirely new in female hydrostatics, if one woman could cry over another without meeting with a copious supply of fluid in return. Accordingly in the scene he is painting, which is that of lachrymose confidences between Rosa Young and Orelia Payne, "there ensued such a pluviose duet of sobbing, murmuring, sighing, and blowing of noses, that nobody hearing this meeting of the waters would have ventured into the room without a waterproof cloak and goloshes—except, perhaps, a Deal boatman or a Newfoundland dog."† Except in the utter unlikeliness in the *personnel* of the two performers, and the *motif* of their performance, there is a sort of companion picture to this duet in Mr. Dickens's Tale of the Riots of 1780. At a cruel rebuke from Mrs. Varden, Miss Miggs, "whose tears were always ready, for large or small parties, on the shortest notice and the most unreasonable terms, fell a crying violently; holding both her hands tight upon her heart meanwhile, as if nothing less would prevent its splitting into small fragments. Mrs. Varden, who likewise possessed that faculty in high perfection, wept too, against Miggs; and with such effect that Miggs gave in after a time, and, except for an occasional sob, which seemed to threaten some remote intention of breaking out again, left her mistress in possession of the field."‡ Whose superiority being thus thoroughly asserted, Mrs. Varden herself soon desisted likewise, and fell into a quiet melancholy. Such is often the passive voice of the very irregular verb, to weep.

THE WELCOME VISITOR.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE ray, the ruddy ray of Morn!
 It shoots from eastern hills,
 With glory crowns the old church-tower;
 It plays on moss-lipp'd rills,
 And with a warm, soft, amber light,
 Each dewy flower-cup fills.

The ray, the blithesome ray of Morn!
 Joy to the bee 'tis bringing;
 It wakes the spotted butterfly,
 A living pausy winging;
 It pierces the brown gloom of woods,
 And sets the birds a-singing.

* "When my friend, the fashionable John Pimlico, married the lovely Lady Belgravia Green Parker, the excitement was so general, that even the little snuffy old pew-opener who let me into the seat, was in tears. And wherefore? I inquired of my own soul; *she* was not going to be married."—*Vanity Fair*, ch. xvi.

† *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, ch. xxii.

‡ *Barnaby Rudge*, ch. vii.

The ray, the beauteous ray of Morn !

It paints the ruin old,
Cheats the sad ivy into smiles ;
And where pale Death doth fold
His silent flock, it gilds the tombs,
Gilds them with softest gold.

The ray, the healthful ray of Morn !

It calls the lusty boor,
And sends him forth to wield the scythe,
Or plough the daisied moor,
And bids his fresh-cheek'd daughter milk
The red cow at the door.

The ray, the bold, free ray of Morn !

It steals, and slyly creeps
Through pane and half-drawn curtain white,
Where high-born Beauty sleeps,
And, kissing brow and loose black curls,
Richness in richness steeps.

The ray, the merry ray of Morn !

Calnly a babe reposes ;
Light wakes it, like a flow' ret, up,
Its glad, blue eye uncloses ;
To catch that beam, arms open wide,
While glow the cheeks' bright roses.

The ray, the cheering ray of Morn !

Through bars it gently steals,
Where weeps the captive in his cell,
Light to his heart appeals ;
It tells him of the far, free hills,
And joy awhile he feels.

The ray, the placid ray of Morn !

It trembles down the skies,
And makes the room more hallowed, calm,
Where a maid dying lies ;
To greet that last beam—ah ! the last,
She feebly opes her eyes.

The ray, the holy ray of Morn !

All gently as a dove
It speeds, a messenger from God,
And tells her of His love,
That angels come, on shining wings,
To bear her soul above.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

MR. DUFF WATSON'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.

IN the midst of their consternation and misery, Mrs. Arlington had a note from Mr. Duff Watson, dated from Southampton, offering a visit, if agreeable to her and her family to receive him. He said he had just returned to England, having crossed from Havre the day before. Of course his visit was accepted in complimentary terms, and the proposal came like a healing balm to wounds that were very painful.

His writing to them so immediately after his arrival in England, and expressing a wish to revisit the abbey, evinced a pleasant recollection of them, and a good hope for the future.

"If only," cried Fanny, "he is not so much disgusted at Richard's conduct, as to feel no wish to connect himself with our family."

"He may not have heard of it," said Letitia; "and we certainly are in no way bound to enlighten him on the subject."

"But suppose he asks about Richard," replied Fanny, "what can we say?"

"Say that he is abroad on his winter leave, and is going to spend it on the Continent; that is only true," Letitia answered.

"Well, I only hope that my troublesome sister, Lady Danby, with her long tongue and gossiping propensities, may not force herself upon us while Mr. Duff Watson is here. She never cares what mischief she does. I wish she lived in New Zealand or Canada, or some other far-away place, where she would be precluded from troubling us."

"She is safe enough at home for the present, however," said Maria, who had just joined her mother and three of her sisters, who were in Mrs. Arlington's boudoir. "Here is a letter to me from Susan Danby. Sir Adam Loftus is staying with them. Susan says she finds him a very nice old gentleman, but he does not seem to have much conversation for young ladies; he prefers talking to her uncle."

"He won't be allowed to prefer that long," remarked Mrs. Arlington. "My worthy sister will give him his fling for a while, until she has made him feel at home and comfortable in her house; then, having lulled all suspicion in his mind of any schemes, she will open her battery upon him, and end by palming off Miss Susan on him."

"I don't think Susan will let herself be palmed off," said Maria. "She has a will of her own, and her letter is full of a Colonel Dean, who has lately come to Plymouth. She says he is quite a lady-killer; and five young ladies are looking after him and paying him attention."

"It is the gentleman's part to pay attention," interrupted Fanny, "not the lady's."

"It may have been so formerly, and even in *your* day, Fanny," said Letitia; "but things are changed now. Men expect to be courted, and coaxed, and fed, and found in amusements."

"*My* day!" cried Fanny, with an offended air. "There are not so many years between you and me. One would think I were old enough to be your grandmother, Letitia."

"What Colonel Dean is this?" asked Mrs. Arlington.

"Dean of the artillery," replied Maria. "Susan Danby says that there are already two girls at Plymouth who have made up to him, and that there are three Miss Greggs from London who follow him wherever he goes. But she hints that he seems to like her better than any of these others."

"There was a Captain Dean, who was a good deal in society in London about twenty years ago. I remember," said Mrs. Arlington, "he was quite a male coquette, a very conceited fellow, though I do not know what he had to be conceited about. He was then a short, squat, stupid young man, very fond of punning, and therefore thinking himself remarkably witty. He was rather an admirer of yours, Fanny, when first you came out," added Mrs. Arlington, with cruel tenacity of memory.

Fanny coloured violently, bit her lips, and replied that she did not in the least remember the person to whom her mother alluded.

"Oh!" said Letitia, laughing, "if the gallant officer in question be such a bundle of conceit, and so sought by young ladies, he would think you a perfect Goth, Fanny, not to remember him. Miss Danby, however, would do better to look after her uncle's former chum, Sir Adam Loftus, than to waste her time on the gay Lothario whose trio of admirers pursue him everywhere."

The next post brought a letter from Lady Danby herself to Mrs. Arlington, in which she mentioned the Colonel Dean spoken of in Susan's letter to Maria, and confided to her sister her great annoyance that this person paid attention to her husband's niece, which seemed to make a considerable impression on her, and quite prevented her from taking any pains to gain the regard of Sir Adam Loftus, who was in all respects a better match, and who evidently seemed inclined to marry. She added that she did not know what had come over Sir Adam; he seemed in low spirits, and she almost fancied he had met with some disappointment; but if he had done so, he kept his own secret.

This letter was more pleasant than most of Lady Danby's epistles to Mrs. Arlington, who settled in her own mind that the elderly baronet had not forgotten Eleanor, and might, perhaps, repeat his offer.

A very friendly letter was despatched by Mrs. Arlington to Mr. Duff Watson, and that gentleman made his appearance without much delay at Arlington Abbey. He was aware that his juvenile tormentor, Master Lionel, was safe on board a man-of-war, and therefore he did not hesitate to return to his former pleasant quarters. He was received kindly by the whole family, and with especial courtesy by the lady of the house. She could not help remarking that he looked somewhat *farouche*, and that his mood seemed more fitful even than formerly; but she discreetly kept her thoughts to herself, and did not even communicate them to her confidante, Fanny.

The young ladies, when Letitia was not present, discussed Mr. Duff Watson, and what they called "his wild appearance at times;" but they thought that, having lived so much alone, he was not accustomed to put any restraint upon himself or his humours, and that if he married he would be toned down, and become like the rest of the world. Letitia herself said she liked his little dash of eccentricity; he was not a common-place person, and she could not bear common-place people. So all were satisfied, except Mr. Arlington. That worthy man, though he was looked upon as very obtuse by his wife and daughters, was not without good sober sense, and there was something about Mr. Duff Watson that staggered him.

"The man seems to have dropped from the clouds," he said to his wife. "Nobody seems to know anything about him; he never receives letters, or writes any; he never speaks of his family or friends; he seems to stand alone upon the earth. How and why is this?"

"His parents are dead, and so are all his near relations," replied Mrs. Arlington; "and, as everybody knows, cousins, especially remote ones, scarcely know each other now-a-days. The ties of kindred are by no means so strong as they used to be, even in Scotland, where family connexions used to extend far and wide."

"But he is not a very young man; he might have made some friends, some acquaintances," said Mr. Arlington.

"He has been much on the Continent," was Mrs. Arlington's answer. "And of course he associated most with foreigners. Their friendship or acquaintance could be of little or no use to him here in England."

"I should like to know something of his antecedents, though," persisted the father of the family.

Mrs. Arlington shrugged her shoulders, and replied, sneeringly, that she did not know how he could manage acquiring such knowledge unless he would make a journey into Scotland, and inquire about him at his birthplace, if he could find it out, or where he had derived his early education, or where any members of his family had lived.

"If you are acute enough to do that, Arlington, well and good," she said. "If you attempt it, and make a bungling business of it, you will only do harm."

Poor Mr. Arlington, as usual, was silenced, but he was *not* convinced.

His convictions, or ideas, or fancies, mattered little, when his better half had made up her mind; and on this occasion, as on not a few others, he gave in, and, resigning all paternal authority, he let matters take their course.

On another subject he differed from his wife and most of his daughters, for he thought it would be but right and honourable to let Mr. Duff Watson know of Richard's elopement, should he not have heard of it.

"Well," said Mrs. Arlington, "I cannot really see why we should trouble him with any of our family misfortunes or family affairs at all; he does not communicate to us any of *his* family affairs."

"We do not know anything of his family," replied Mr. Arlington; "but he knows that unfortunate and sinful young man, Richard."

"How can we tell that he has not heard the whole affair already," said Mrs. Arlington, "and that it is only from delicacy and good feeling he does not mention it?"

"That is possible, certainly," Mr. Arlington admitted.

"And besides, Arlington, as he has not made the slightest matrimonial overture yet to Letitia, I cannot perceive that it is incumbent on us to treat him as a person whom we are bound to take into our confidence."

"Very true, very true, Letty," said her husband; "no doubt you are right."

But though Mrs. Arlington advised patience and apparent indifference, she herself was exceedingly fretted at Mr. Duff Watson's slow proceedings, and most eager for an *éclaircissement* between him and Letitia.

"I hope he is not playing fast and loose," she said to Fanny. "He has no claim upon us, and has no business to put himself down here as if it were his own home, unless he is thinking of entering our family."

"I dare say he is thinking of it," replied Fanny; "but thinking and doing are different things. He is a very odd person; he seems to spend half his life in dreaming. The other day, when Letitia, Aurelia, and myself were sitting together, he joined us, and began to read aloud something to us from one of the newest magazines; we were all listening as we worked, for Aurelia, who had been reading, had put down her own book. Suddenly he stopped short in the middle of a sentence—it was something about guilty deeds being always found out some day or other—and he sat in profound silence, with a sort of vacant look in his eyes, until the bell for luncheon roused him from his reverie."

Such were the conversations going on in the family about Mr. Duff Watson; but Letitia did not seem to participate in the general surprise and her mother's annoyance at his lukewarmness or dilatoriness. The fact was, Letitia felt lukewarm herself; she was in no hurry to marry, and merely thought of it as performing a duty incumbent on any of the nine daughters who had an opportunity of making a tolerable match. Had she *loved* Mr. Duff Watson as poor Eleanor had loved Captain Colville, she would have been somewhat anxious, and perhaps a little mortified, or pained, at his strange conduct. But her feelings not being engaged, she took matters quietly, and did not make herself unhappy about the future.

II.

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

HOWEVER, something came to rouse the self-invited visitor to Arlington Abbey from his dreamy or apathetic state. He actually received a letter!—a letter which had been following him for weeks, even for months, and had at last reached him in Dorsetshire.

This letter evidently caused him much uneasiness. It was placed on the breakfast-table, like the rest of the epistles addressed to the gentlefolks; for the servants' hall had also its tolerably large number of written communications, somewhat different, of course, in orthography and calligraphy from those which greeted the eyes of the family and guests at the Abbey when they descended to their morning meal.

Mr. Duff Watson took up his solitary letter, and looked at it as if it had been a remnant of antiquity which had unexpectedly fallen into his possession. He turned it over and over, and upside down, and examined

the post-marks, and at last, as he glanced round the table and saw every one at it, engaged either in reading their letters or eating their breakfasts, he ventured to open the missive sent to him.

He read it eagerly, carefully, yet as he read he half groaned; then laying down the letter he tried to carry a cup of tea to his lips, but his hand trembled, and he did not seem able to swallow his tea.

Mrs. Arlington's eyes, always on the *qui vive*, were fixed on him, though he had not observed this, as she had pretended to be very busy buttering a piece of toast for herself. Letitia, too, had beheld at a glance how much he was moved by the contents of the letter he had received, but she took refuge in feeding a little dog which was a pet with some of the family, so the recipient of the evidently unwelcome letter fancied that no one had observed his unwonted agitation.

Mr. Arlington raised his eyes from his newspaper, and began descanting on some article in it which was not agreeable to his political opinions, and Mr. Duff Watson gladly exerted himself to discuss the matter with him, and thus regained some degree of composure.

After breakfast he left the room, with his letter half thrust into his waistcoat-pocket, and no one saw anything more of him for two or three hours. He then emerged from his self-imposed seclusion, and whether he had been reflecting on the past, the present, and the future, or had been doing battle with himself or with some imagined enemy, no one ever knew, but he sought Letitia, and then and there made her an offer of his hand, and heart, and fortune! Letitia was naturally very much surprised, although she *had* been anticipating this offer for some time. All he stipulated for was, that if she did him the honour to accept him—as he earnestly hoped she would do—she would not delay the wedding long. He said he had a great dislike to long engagements; something or other always came in the way to break them off, and such an idea was too painful to him.

Letitia did not close at once with his proposition, but asked a day or two for reflection, and also that her father and mother might be consulted.

Mr. Duff Watson thought these requests only reasonable, but again entreated that he might not be kept long in suspense relative to a matter which so greatly concerned the happiness of his future life.

This was all right and proper, and neither Letitia nor her mother could find any fault with his anxiety to secure the young lady for his wife.

He was accepted, and from that moment he seemed to be in a nervous state of anxiety to get the ceremony over.

Mrs. Arlington undertook to reason with him.

"My dear Mr. Watson," she said, "your eagerness for the marriage to take place soon is very flattering to my daughter; but really," she added, laughing, "a wedding cannot be got up in such a hurry as a ball, or private concert, or dinner-party; and these even take some time to fix on and arrange. There will be the trousseau to get—milliners and dressmakers never hurry themselves;—then there are the settlements—lawyers are proverbially slow;—and we must get back to town before the marriage takes place, it would be inconvenient to have it here at the Abbey."

Mr. Duff Watson said he thought it would be better that the wedding should take place in the country than in London; it would be more

quiet, and he had a great objection to a large number of guests, and great display on such an occasion.

"It is just to escape being obliged to have numerous guests, and avoid what you call 'a great display,' that I think the wedding had better take place when we return to Eaton-square. Here, we should be forced to invite all our neighbours far and near, or give great offence. Then the tenantry and the labourers with their wives and families would expect a merry-making; for instance, a substantial feast first, and a rustic ball afterwards. There would be no end of trouble and fuss here in the country. In town there would be no need for us to ask any but our nearest relations, and perhaps one or two intimate friends, and, of course, *your* relations and friends, at least as many of them as you chose to ask."

"There is nobody whom *I* care to ask," said Mr. Duff Watson. "I have no intimate friends, and no near relations—none, at least, but *one*, a cousin of mine, my father's nephew, and he is the last person on earth I should wish to be present; he . . . he is not my friend, but my greatest enemy. He would be glad to see me in my grave to-morrow; he has done his best to put me there already. Why? you will ask. Because he is heir-at-law to my father's fortune. I was a very delicate child for some time, and that man, who is twelve years older than myself, seemed to think, whenever I recovered from any illness, that I had done him a positive injury. My father put great confidence in him—a confidence of which he was, and is, quite unworthy—and named him his executor along with an elder gentleman, who is dead, and my guardian—at least one of them. He always disliked me, and I always disliked him. His interference with me was the bane of my early days."

"Had your mother no power to counteract his influence?" asked Mrs. Arlington, whose curiosity was roused; "or was she dead too?"

"Not then—not then!" replied Mr. Duff Watson, with a sort of gasp, while a sudden shiver seemed to pass over his whole frame. "She did not like him either, but she gave way too much to him."

"What a bad man he must be!" ejaculated Mrs. Arlington.

"A very bad man. And, mark my words, if the marriage to which you have kindly given your consent does not take place before *he* finds me out, it will never do so. I shall be separated from my dearest Letitia."

"I do not see how he can in any way interfere," she replied. "*We* will not be like wax in his hands, whoever he is. But where is this quondam guardian of yours at present?"

"On his voyage from the East Indies, I suppose, if he has not already arrived. The letter I received this morning was from him, to announce his intended return to this country. If the salt sea waves would engulf him, how thankful I should be!" exclaimed Mr. Duff Watson, with flushing cheeks and flashing eyes.

Mrs. Arlington was not a timid woman, but she absolutely recoiled from the expression of deep hatred and anger in his wild eyes.

"There is some mystery under all this," she said to herself; "but I won't say a word to Arlington, or he will perhaps take an obstinate fit, as he has misgivings already about poor Mr. Duff Watson, and insist on putting off the marriage until this cousin from India presents himself. After all, probably the cousin-guardian took umbrage at some boyish or youthful pranks, and was hard on him. He seems very sedate and steady

now, however, and with nine unmarried daughters we can't afford to be so very particular."

So Mrs. Arlington held her tongue, and Mr. Arlington did not hear a word about the dreaded ex-guardian, the mysterious past, or the possible interference with his daughter's proposed marriage.

But Mrs. Arlington, alive to the fact that something might occur to postpone if not break off the match, if it were delayed, hurried it on as fast as she decently could. The family came to town the latter end of January instead of waiting until February was tolerably far advanced, as they intended to have done. Dressmakers and other tradespeople required to prepare the wedding outfit were set to work, and lawyers were directed to draw out the settlements without loss of time. Mrs. Arlington was a very busy and a very happy woman. All misgivings respecting Mr. Duff Watson's early career were chased from her mind. She was filled with admiration at the beautiful presents the generous lover made to the bride elect; and it was a great pleasure to her to describe these costly gifts, especially the jewels, to her sister, and to show them to several "dear friends," who she knew would be envious and annoyed.

"So," exclaimed Mrs. Watkyns Jones, of some unpronounceable place in Wales, to a mutual acquaintance, after she had seen and admired a beautiful necklace of emeralds set in pearls, with earrings, brooch, &c., to correspond, and declared how becoming they would be to the dear girl who was to wear them. "So, one of the nine Muses is going to forsake the sisterhood! Upon my word, this Mr. Duncan, or Dugald Watson, or whatever he is called, must be a bold man to venture among so many spinsters."

"Ah, Letitia is going to be married!" cried another lady, who considered herself somewhat intimate with the family in Eaton-square, but who had not seen the jewellery. "I congratulate you, dear Mrs. Arlington, and sincerely hope the young couple may do well. Of course, Mr. Arlington will have to come down handsomely, but it is something to get one of your daughters married anyhow."

"Mr. Arlington will do what is proper in respect to settlements," replied Mrs. Arlington, dryly; "but as Mr. Duff Watson is a man of fortune, he stands in no need of assistance from us."

"Oh, indeed!" replied the friend, with a crestfallen look and vinegar aspect. "I thought he was, perhaps, a clerk in the bank, who was going to better himself by taking one of your daughters."

"You nasty venomous toad!" thought Mrs. Arlington. "It will be long before one of *your* red-headed daughters gets even a clerk in a bank."

Then came a third "friend," but she was only envious, not malignant.

"My dear Mrs. Arlington, you are very fortunate that the gentleman has *really* popped the question. So many men now-a-days make up to girls, and lunch and dine at people's houses, and dance off whenever it suits their convenience, that it is quite disheartening. There is Emily, my eldest girl; you know how clever and useful she is; she writes poetry, and draws so nicely, and can make bonnets, and I don't know what all. Well, a lawyer—you have met him at our house—Mr. Griffith, has been paying her a great deal of attention for some time past, and the other day he was asked to dine with us; we expected two or three

other people, but they did not come. In the evening he sat down by Emily, and after looking a long time at her without saying a word, he suddenly asked her whether she would like best to live in town or in the country! That I consider was tantamount to an offer. Emily was much confused. I did not pretend to hear what was going on, but I heard her say if she had a happy home with a person she liked, it would not signify to her whether she lived in town or in the country."

"And what happened then?" asked Mrs. Arlington, somewhat amused.

"Nothing—nothing came of it. At last I wrote to ask him what were his intentions, and he actually wrote me back that, though he had the greatest respect and esteem for Miss Emily and all our family, he had no idea of marrying her! Fancy such a letter for a mother to receive!"

"Very disagreeable indeed," said Mrs. Arlington, in a sympathising tone, though she could hardly help laughing; "but I think it was a pity you committed yourself and your daughter by making the inquiry of him. I do not approve of asking gentlemen their intentions."

"It is the only way to bring them to book, though, sometimes," said the mother of the slighted Miss Emily.

"I cannot think so," replied Mrs. Arlington. "I should say it was the sure method of frightening them away."

The Arlingtons' affairs and Letitia's approaching marriage gave occasion for no small amount of gossip in their circle, and not a few ill-natured remarks were made—some ladies who were, of course, patterns of propriety, and great upholders of respectability, declaring that after Richard's disgraceful conduct in eloping with another man's wife, and Silvester's having made such a very low match, it was a wonder any one would enter into a connexion with the Arlington family.

But if Richard had carried off a dozen men's wives, and Silvester had married a street beggar, Mr. Duff Watson would not have been deterred thereby from marrying Letitia. It was nothing to him how the brothers acted, so they did not trouble him as Lionel had done. He did not consider Letitia responsible for the conduct of her brothers, and he had only one wish—to have the wedding over before his disagreeable cousin came to ruffle his serenity.

III.

A WEDDING.

THE eventful day came at last, with the wedding dresses, the bride's beautiful veil, the orange-blossoms, the white favours, the ceremony at St. Peter's, in Eaton-square, and the old shoe thrown after the newly married couple, as they started for the wedding tour, to bring luck!

Does the old shoe always bring luck?

Alas! how often may not that question be answered in the negative!

But, whatever might be lowering in the future, Mr. and Mrs. Duff Watson's wedding-day passed off well, and quite to the satisfaction of all concerned. The dreaded cousin did not arrive from India. The bridegroom found a friend whom he had known in Italy to be his groomsman, but no one else was asked on his account. The two sisters at Brighton

were not allowed to come to the wedding, but Sir Thomas, Lady Danby, and Susan were at it. Susan Danby, Aurelia, and Maria were the bridesmaids. The breakfast was quite a success, with no speechifying, except from Sir Thomas, who insisted on addressing the party, and spoke humorously, making them all laugh, except Cornelia, whom he advised to look out for a bishop, and predicted would be the next to be married.

There was an evening party afterwards, to which Colonel Dean, being in town, was asked.

The squat little man made his appearance about eleven o'clock, with his usual self-satisfied air, unmeaning smile, and eyes destitute of a single ray of intelligence. When the sonorous voice of the butler announced "Colonel Dean," Susan Danby almost started, and she looked quite in a flutter, while, turning to Maria Arlington, who happened to be near her, she exclaimed:

"Oh, Maria! there he is! The dear, darling colonel! Does he not look nice? How kind of him to come!"

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Maria, not entering at all into the young lady's enthusiasm respecting the gallant officer. "There are not many parties going on at present, and every evening at his club or the theatre must be rather dull work."

"I hope we shall have some dancing," said Miss Susan. "I long to valse with him again."

"Oh yes, there will be some dancing as soon as all this showing off is done; when every one who can scramble through a fantasia has played, and every one who takes credit for singing has inflicted us, we shall have dancing."

"You are going to sing, I hope, Maria?" asked Susan.

"I! Not I; it would be casting pearls before swine," responded the damsel, with a conceited smile. "If the people can listen with such seeming pleasure to that man's braying and his sister's squeaking, my assistance would be of no use in the musical line."

But poor Miss Susan Danby was fluttered and delighted in vain. Her beloved colonel, though most cordial and friendly to Sir Thomas and Lady Danby, took very little notice of their niece. He shook hands with her coldly, said afterwards a few vapid words, and, without even asking her to dance, passed on to pay the little attentions which he considered so acceptable to every lady, young or old, to others in the room. He first made up, having been introduced, to the Miss Emily, whose mother had written to ask a gentleman his intentions, and then, having observed Eleanor, he devoted himself entirely to her, notwithstanding her unwillingness to be bored by him.

Eleanor was a very lovely girl, with a good figure, and the pensive expression of her countenance was attractive even to persons who, like Colonel Dean, had no mind. Her manners were very gentle, and though she never got into gay spirits, she was always cheerful and pleasant.

Colonel Dean had ascertained before he came to the house that Mr. Arlington's daughters would have about seven or eight thousand pounds each. That could not be called a fortune; but seven or eight thousand pounds, with a house in town to come to during his winter's leave, and a house in the country, with shooting and fishing for his summer's leave,

would be no bad look out, and when a very pretty, stylish-looking girl was thrown into the bargain, the exquisite colonel began to think that he might at length sacrifice himself and his liberty. So he set to work in his usual fashion, talking nonsense to his own heart's content, and made no end of bad puns, at which he himself laughed heartily.

He did not observe how Eleanor yawned behind her fan, but he *did* observe Susan Danby's dolorous looks and mortified air, and was considerably exhilarated by these tributes to his power of fascination.

"Poor creature," he said to himself, "I must have the charity to dance once with her." And he sauntered up to her, and, in the most careless manner, asked her to dance with him.

Susan Danby ought to have had the spirit to refuse, but she was too glad that, according to her, he had returned to his allegiance to slight him in the least degree. So they valed together, and Susan kept him whirling round and round until he was quite out of breath, and entreated her to let him rest a little. They retired to the refreshment-room, where, having provided Susan with an ice, the cold of which, on a winter's night, made her teeth chatter, he left her to attach himself again to poor Eleanor.

"So Eleanor has made a decided conquest, I see," remarked Lady Danby to her sister. "The colonel will be no bad match for her, and I am very glad that he has transferred his attentions from Susan to her. Susan will now, perhaps, listen to reason, and take some pains to win Sir Adam Loftus."

"If she can," said Mrs. Arlington, suppressing a sneer.

"I shall ask Eleanor down to Plymouth," continued Lady Danby, confiding her plans to her sister, "and invite Sir Adam at the same time. Colonel Dean will doubtless devote himself to Eleanor, and Susan, out of pique, will try to please the baronet. I should be very glad to see her Lady Loftus."

Mrs. Arlington was too prudent to say anything to dash her sister's hopes, and contented herself with answering :

"Of course you would."

But she rejoiced at the prospect of Sir Adam and Eleanor being brought together again, now that Captain Colville was married, and her daughter's thoughts could no longer be fixed upon him.

At supper Sir Thomas Danby, being an old-fashioned person, proposed a toast, much to the dismay of his refined sister-in-law. He would not be satisfied without drinking to the health of the newly married couple, and added that he hoped *this* wedding would soon be followed by others.

Colonel Dean and Eleanor, whom he had taken to supper, were still in the room, and on the admiral's toast and speech being given, the colonel softly took possession of Eleanor's hand, pressed it, and, with what he intended to be quite a killing look, expressed his hope that the admiral's wish might be fulfilled.

Could he have seen into Eleanor's mind his vanity might have received a check, for he would have perceived how she scorned him. But he was encased from head to foot in the impenetrable armour of self-conceit, that invisible armour which so many wear, happily, perhaps, for themselves !

The wedding and the subsequent evening party took place on the 12th of February. On the 14th, St. Valentine's Day, Eleanor received a gaudy missive, gilded even on the outside, and the inside full of "loves and doves," "hearts and darts," &c., and portraying a young damsel with cheeks redder than any cabbage-rose sitting amidst flowers of tints never beheld in this world, and a gay youth in a very tight, closely fitting uniform kneeling at her feet. There was no attempt to disguise the handwriting in the address of the valentine, and it was impossible to doubt that this *recherché* offering came from Colonel Dean.

It was greeted with screams of laughter by all the Arlington young ladies, and poor Susan Danby, who felt much inclined to cry, was forced to pretend to laugh also. In the course of the day a valentine was despatched from Eaton-square to the charming colonel, but neither the writing in the inside or on the outside was recognised by him. It ran thus :

St. Valentine's Day
Might a lesson convey
To one in your situation ;
You have ceased to be young,
Yet will linger among
The gay votaries of—Flirtation.

Look how on your heels
Many a young rival steals,
Almost throwing you into the shade ;
Why struggle on so
To play, then, the beau,
And Time's stringent laws to evade ?

At fêtes, soirées, and balls,
In bright festive halls,
Philandering ever and aye,
With assiduous care
Selecting some Fair
To whom pointed attention to pay.

When age wrinkles your brow,
And whitens your pow,
And fairly you're laid on the shelf,
You'll think with regret
Of those damsels you've met
Who might really have cared for yourself.

Deem not male coquettes
Will always be pets,
There's a time when their triumphs must die
In old bachelorhood
With sorrow you'll brood
O'er the hours that are now flitting by !

IV.

SCENES IN PARIS.

MRS. LARPENT'S absence from home was not thought anything of for some days. The children's governess, the housekeeper, and of course the rest of the household, believed that she had gone to town to join her husband and look out for a new maid, as she had given out. They were rather surprised at a letter arriving from Mr. Larpent addressed to his wife, but as it bore the post-mark of Buxton they concluded that Mr. Larpent had left town on a visit to his sister, and that Mrs. Larpent was waiting in town for his return to it, on his way home.

No curiosity was therefore excited and no uneasiness felt. But when Mr. Larpent returned home to Craig Court and inquired for his wife, apparently in complete ignorance of her visit to London, suspicions became awakened and wonder aroused.

Poor Mr. Larpent had expressed his own surprise too openly at first to be able to retract his words and to feign a knowledge of her proceedings. He feared that she had taken some terrible step, but there was no certainty of it. He might have missed her in town; she might have been taken ill in the railway going up, and be confined to her bed in some little roadside inn. He had no one to whom to apply for advice or assistance, for even her own father he knew, under the influence of her step-mother, would judge harshly of her conduct. The poor man was in the deepest distress.

"What am I to do?" he exclaimed to himself. "How am I to proceed to ascertain where she is, and what she has done, without committing her and casting a slur on her character—a slur probably quite unjustifiable?" Then he called to recollection the various stories which he had heard of strong men as well as delicate females being spirited away by wretches who would murder any one for a few sovereigns. "She must have taken money with her," he thought; "she would not go to town even for two or three days to look out for a maid without money. She no doubt came to me, but I was away—away, and she was deprived of my protection. My poor, poor Sophy! what may not have befallen her—what may she not now be suffering if she is still alive!"

Mr. Larpent determined to return immediately to London and to institute, through the police, a search for the missing lady. His first inquiries were made at the railway station, and there he ascertained that Mrs. Larpent had certainly gone to London, and had arrived there in safety. He found out the day, and the hour when she started, and the train by which she went. He also found that the guard had, at her request, sent a porter to engage a cab for her, and that the porter had seen her and her luggage into it, and, further, that no one, male or female, had met her at the station.

Arrived in London, by dint of application and a little money, Mr. Larpent found the porter who had called the cab for Mrs. Larpent; he said the lady had mentioned an hotel to which she wished to be driven, he could not remember its name, but it was in Albemarle-street.

Poor Mr. Larpent inquired at every hotel in that street, and, at

length, found that his wife had been at one of them, and on leaving it, had desired to be driven to the Euston-square station. There was no address on her luggage.

"The Euston-square station!" exclaimed Mr. Larpent; "how very odd!" But he added, in his own mind, "Then she must have gone to Buxton after me—and perhaps she is there now!"

So he hurried off to Buxton, only to meet with disappointment. She had not gone near Mrs. Hamilton—and no tidings of her were to be obtained in the place.

Mr. Larpent put a carefully worded advertisement in the *Times* and *Morning Post*, requiring S. to return to her agonised M., &c. &c., and desiring an answer to be sent to the Buxton Poste Restante addressed M. As this brought no reply, the unfortunate man inserted, without his sister's knowledge, another advertisement, offering five hundred pounds for any tidings of a lady who left an hotel in Albemarle-street, London, by the Euston station, on a day named, and had not been heard of since.

In the mean time, Mr. Larpent remained at Buxton with his sister; he could not bear to return to his bereaved children—he could not endure the idea of meeting his own servants, and the father and step-mother of the missing Sophia. His sister tried to calm his agitation and hold out hopes to him, in which she did not herself participate.

It was a trying time for the poor man, and for her, the blind Mrs. Hamilton!

In the mean time the runaway couple had gone to Paris, and taken apartments at one of the best hotels there. Sophy had provided herself with a Swiss maid, and she was in high spirits at their elopement having been managed so easily. She was in great glee at the consternation their "petit voyage" would occasion.

"I think I see them all!" she exclaimed; "first and foremost Marmaduke, with his hair standing on end, as if he had seen a ghost, searching every place, from the garrets to the cellars, even every rat-hole, to find me—the old housekeeper marching after him, curtsying, and curtsying, and her old head shaking as if she had the palsy—my precious stepmother roaring and scolding—my father flogging his horses and dogs, and whatever cattle or sheep or little boys may come in his way to cool himself—and that hypocritical Laura sitting with her hands meekly folded, mumbling some words to pretend that she is praying. I really pity Marmaduke, for he has so few ideas that he will inevitably fancy I have been drowned by accident, or have been murdered for the sake of my diamond rings."

Mrs. Larpent had all the laughing to herself, for Richard looked very grave: at length he exclaimed:

"How can you be so heartless, Sophy, as to rejoice in all the misery you have occasioned!"

"My heart has nothing to do with it, Richard," she replied, still laughing. "I don't care a straw for any of these people. I am very glad to be rid of them all—for ever—for ever!"

Time passed on—as it does for the happy and the unhappy, the bad and the good—and Mr. Larpent's second advertisement, offering five

hundred pounds for tidings of his wife, appeared in the newspapers. Richard had just been complaining to his fair companion that his finances were getting low.

"We began on too extravagant a scale, Sophy," he said. "A few hundreds go a very little way here in Paris, especially when people buy a quantity of useless bijouterie. You have really so many costly jewels that I can't see what you want with all those trumpery things you are laying in such a stock of."

"Nonsense, Richard!" exclaimed Mrs. Larpent, half angrily; "why should I not buy what I please? Marmaduke never interfered with any purchases of mine, whatever they cost."

"Marmaduke is a rich man—has thousands a year—and a few hundreds more or less are nothing to him. I have only hundreds a year, and very few of them, and I can't afford foolish extravagance."

At that moment a servant brought in a parcel for "madame;" three hundred francs were to be paid for it.

Richard looked aghast, but he said nothing.

"Oh! Richard," cried Mrs. Larpent; "it is such a love of a shawl, and the man let me have it dirt cheap."

"I don't know what you call 'dirt cheap,'" said Richard, sulkily, "but I know that twelve pounds is a good haul out of my last hundred pounds."

The lady turned a deaf ear to what he had said; she took out the shawl, and tried it on, admiring it and herself in one of the numerous mirrors in the room. Richard had to pay the money, after doing which he took his hat, and left the lady to her own devices.

During his absence she had been looking over an English newspaper, which had just been brought up to her by one of the waiters, and when Richard came back she greeted him with:

"Well, Arlington, here's a nice little windfall for us. That worthy ass Marmaduke has offered five hundred pounds to any one who will give him information about me, and whether I am dead or alive. I think I had better write a letter to him to certify that I am alive and well, and to claim the reward. It would be a nice little sum, would it not?"

"I fear you are too late, Sophy, to enter your claim. I met Mr. Larpent's cousin, Mr. Thornhill, just as I was leaving the hotel; he was on the other side of the street, so I pretended not to see him, and was in the act of turning down the nearest side street, when he ran after me and caught me. He asked if I were living at the hotel from which he had just seen me issuing; how long I have been in Paris, how long I was going to stay, and told me that Lady Mary was in Paris, and would be glad to see me. He then went on to say that the disappearance of his cousin, Mr. Larpent's wife, was a very unfortunate affair, and that Larpent had requested him to make every inquiry about her in Paris. I got away from him with the utmost difficulty, by telling him I had an appointment I must keep. Lady Mary will assuredly track you out now, Sophy. Had we not better start for Brussels to-night? Or for Rome, or for Florence? Do let us be off at once to Italy."

"I can't go to Rome," replied Mrs. Larpent, "for my extremely pious uncle is there with all his puritanical brood, and I would not encounter them for the world. And—and—the clergyman from our neighbour-

hood, who used to be so intimate at our house before I married Marmaduke, is at Florence with his wife. I *will* not run the risk of meeting them. We can go to Brussels, since you wish it, the day after to-morrow. I am going to see a fashionable modiste to-morrow at four o'clock, and I can't go till I have seen her."

Early the following day Richard went out; he did not venture to show himself in any of the fashionable or most frequented parts of Paris; so he wandered about the environs, among the—to him—dull and stupid, but to the crowds gathered there, busy scenes of unfashionable life. He saw much that was new to him, but nothing interested him. He felt weary and dispirited. To what had he to look forward in life? Penury and disgrace—penury, at least, during the long years of his youth! He might be a grey-headed man before he came into his father's property, and he hoped he should be so, for he did not wish his good father dead. "Excellent sons Silvester and I have been!" he exclaimed, bitterly. "How much reason they all have to hate us! And poor Eleanor, who was always so good and kind! Colville deserting her, Silvester and I disgracing her!"

Richard felt as if he could have dashed his head against the stones in a projecting wall near which he was standing. But to commit suicide would not make things better, he bethought him, so he let that alone.

Mrs. Larpent had driven to the elegant modiste's at four o'clock, as agreed to, but on arriving there the first person she beheld was—Lady Mary Thornhill! It was anything but an agreeable surprise to either lady. Mrs. Larpent went forward, however, exclaiming:

"Oh, Lady Mary, how do you do?"

But Lady Mary turned her back on her, and in a tone of command ordered one of the demoiselles to show her into a private room where she would not be intruded upon.

Mr. Thornhill and Lady Mary had found out in the course of the morning that Captain Arlington and Mrs. Larpent had eloped together, and were living together in Paris.

Lady Mary, a woman of easy virtue herself, was shocked and indignant at Mrs. Larpent's conduct; while poor Mr. Thornhill was deeply grieved that the task had fallen upon him to acquaint his cousin, Mr. Larpent, with the painful truth.

In a very short time the elopement was the talk of the town; whispered at first, and then more loudly spoken of at the clubs.

Richard Arlington was exceedingly blamed, and "poor Mrs. Larpent" was exceedingly pitied. So much for the *just* judgments of the world and society!

THE ABYSSINIAN FLY.

The Tsaltzala and Tsetse Flies—Tsalsal of the Bible—Root of Tsalsal “to sound”—Applied to the Tree-cricket, to a Spear, and to the Abyssinian Fly—The “hissing” of the Fly—Root of “Tsalsal” from, “to overshadow”—Applicable to Locusts, but not to Flies and Spears—Baal-zebul, the “Lord of Flies”—Story of Ahaziah—The Tsetse, or Elephant-fly—Fatal to domestic animals—Innocuous to man and wild animals—Limits of the Fly—The Sirat, or Gazelle-fly—Its ferocity—Different kinds of Gad-flies—One peculiar to the human species?—The genesis of the Tsetse—Extirpation of the Fly.

EVERYTHING connected with Abyssinia possesses at the present moment a greater or less interest. The olden history of the port of Adule, the metropolis of the kingdom of the Adulites, the point of ingress of successive conquests and civilisations into the interior, and the scene of the death of Ptolemy Evergetes, has been unfolded; the Ethiopic kingdom of Auxume has been in part torn from the darkness in which it has been long enshrouded, and the early civilisation of Sabaea or Meroë has been made the subject of speculative inquiry.

Learned men have even condescended to turn their attention to the Abyssinian fly, and when we consider its peculiar habits, that no domestic animal—without which no civilisation is possible—can exist in the regions which it infests; that it is the most formidable and fatal of all known flies—the very Baal-zebul—the lord or master of flies; and that it possesses a peculiar and marked biblical interest, we cannot but admit that the insect is deserving of any amount of attention that can be paid to it, either as to its nature or its habits.

Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the learned Egyptologist, opened the ball by pointing out in the *Athenæum* (No. 2102) that, as in all sciences it is desirable to avoid a variety of names for the same object, the name by which it is first known shall not, without good reason, be set aside for a new name. The fly, which is so dreadful a scourge to Abyssinia, was first brought to this country by the traveller Bruce, who called it, as he had there heard it called, the tsaltzala-fly. It has since been brought here by Dr. Livingstone, from South Africa, and it is called in his book the tsetse-fly. But as Bruce's name is supported by the name tsalsal, given to the fly by the Hebrew writers, the two together should make the naturalist give up the new name lately introduced by Dr. Livingstone. There is every reason to suppose that tsetse is a mere linguistic or dialectic corruption of tsaltzala or tsalsal, but it is quite certain that the two insects are not the same, differing as they do in size, in appearance, and in habits; and if the name tsaltzala, or, as would be most convenient, tsalsal, is retained, it can only be in a generic or family sense, just as we say bot, or gad-flies.

Bruce had conjectured that the tsaltzala, as he called it, was the fly mentioned, but without its name, in Isaiah vii. 18, “The Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt;” and Sir Samuel Baker has appended the same quotation to his illustration of the seroot-fly, given at page 72 of his work, entitled “The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia,” and which appears to be the name by which the tsalsal is known on the Bahr-al-Aswad, Atbara, or Black Nile, and on the borders of Abyssinia and Meroë. But this is not the whole of the

passage. It says in its entirety, "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the Lord shall hiss for the fly that is in the uttermost part of the rivers of Egypt, and for the bee that is in the land of Abyssinia." Now the seroot, or more correctly sirût, has some of the characteristics of a bee. Baker describes it as being about the size of a wasp, with an orange-coloured body, with black and white rings. The tsetse is also described by Livingstone (Missionary Travels, &c., p. 80) as having some of the same characteristics, being "nearly of the same brown colour as the common honey-bee," and the after part of the body having three or four yellow bars across it. It is not, however, much larger than the common house-fly. We have here, then, two possible versions of the biblical text. If Bruce's taltzala is the same as Livingstone's tsetse, it may represent the fly, and the sirût-fly the insect translated "bee" in the Authorised Version; or it may be that the sirût is the fly, and the taltzala is "the bee."

Mr. Sharpe says we are indebted to Dr. Margoliouth for the remark that in Deut. xxviii. 42, we read, "All thy trees and fruit of thy land shall the tsalsal consume;" or, in the Authorised Version, the locust. Mr. Sharpe remarks upon this, "That it would seem that the writer was not well acquainted with its habits, as it does not destroy vegetables." But the Hebrew word tsalsal, or tzelatza, as it is written by some,* one of ten Hebrew words that are translated "locust" in the Authorised Version, has a root generally assigned to it in the verb "to sound;" and hence Gesenius says, "A species of locust that makes a shrill noise." The tree-cricket, which makes so terrible a noise that the writer has found it impossible for two persons to hear one another speak, when seated under a lonely tree which was infested by this insect, and had hence been deprived of nearly all its leaves, situated on the high road from Shiraz to Persepolis, might then in this particular passage have been described from that very circumstance by the same name, or a name derived from the same root, as the scourge of Abyssinia.

The tsetse is remarkable for the buzzing noise which it makes. Livingstone says of it, that "its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveller," and Baker describes the sirût fly as buzzing about his ears "like a swarm of bees," and when biting it exerts every muscle of its body by buzzing with its wings as it buries the instrument to its greatest depth. It would also appear questionable if the passage rendered "the Lord shall hiss," or "whistle," as Mr. Sharpe puts it, "for the fly," should not be read as referring to the sound emitted by the insect when sent by the Lord as a visitation; the Lord, in other words, hissing through the medium of the scourge sent by Him. The same word occurring in Isaiah v. 26, "and he will lift up an ensign from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth," might appear to invalidate the reading here proposed, but not if looking at the passage in conjunction with the remainder of the text; we find that the prophet is here also speaking of a scourge sent with a loud noise, "and behold they shall come with speed swiftly." We do not say the same scourge, but a scourge accompanied by a loud and hissing noise.

The next passage, Mr. Sharpe remarks, is yet more important, because it had hitherto baffled the commentators. Isaiah, in chap. xviii. 1, apos-

* Art., "Locust." Dict. of Biblical Literature.

trophises Abyssinia as "the land shadowing with wings, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia." Mr. Sharpe reads "the land of the winged tsaltsal," and he adds, "In Job xli. 7, tsaltsal is a spear or harpoon with which fish are killed; and hence the formidable little spikes attached to the fly's mouth may have given to it its name. In order to distinguish the insect from the piece of metal, Isaiah calls it the winged tsaltsal, or the spear-fly."

Mr. Christian Rassam reads the passage in question as referring to the ships which trafficked between Eziongeber and Adule. We do not know precisely on what authority, but as an able Orientalist his opinion has weight. But although the said land "sendeth ambassadors by the sea, even in vessels of bulrushes (papyrus) upon the waters," the fact that it was situated "beyond the rivers of Ethiopia" would not countenance the idea that it was, as an inland country, overshadowed by the sails of ships, metaphorically spoken of as wings. Mr. Sharpe's reading of tsaltsal as a spear or harpoon only enhances the confusion, for if we read tsaltsal as from its root, "to sound," we should have "woe to the land of the hissing winged insect" instead of "the land of the winged spear-fly;" but the spear or harpoon may have also obtained the same name from the sound emitted when hurled and passing through the air. Hence the tree-cricket, the gad-fly, and a spear or harpoon all came to be called by the same name of tsaltsal, from the same peculiarity of emitting sounds. Certain it is, however, that both the sirût and the tsetse have remarkable spear-like probosces.

Mr. John Hogg has grappled with the difficulties involved in the philological portion of the question with his usual learning and ability in No. 2103 of the *Athenæum*. Preferring Parkhurst to Gesenius and others, he reads the root of tsaltsal as from a Hebrew verb signifying "to overshadow exceedingly," and the noun tsaltsal, a locust, is, he says, derived from it, and signifies that the locusts obscure the daylight in their numerous migrations or flights like clouds darkening the sun. This is a happy suggestion, but it is difficult to understand how, if this meaning of the word be accepted, as it is in the authorised version of Isaiah xviii. 1, the same word can be made to apply to a fish-spear. Mr. Hogg justly remarks that the latter verse is made intelligible by reading "woe to the land of the gad-fly;" but to arrive at that version we have to find some common meaning for the word tsaltsal, and that we have at once by adopting Gesenius's root, "to sound;" the tree-cricket, the gad-fly, and a spear alike emitting sounds, the two latter when in motion.

The Hebrew name given to the scourge of Abyssinia is one more of the many proofs of the intimate relations which existed between the Jews and the Adulites, the Auxumites and the Meroites—a relationship which was in all probability actively entertained by frequent communication between the Jewish and Tyrian ports of Eziongeber and Ailath in the Elanitic Gulf and Adule on the African coast. The peculiarities of the two countries must have reacted upon one another, and it is impossible not to trace the strange worship of a fly-god by the people of Ekron, the chief of the five Philistine states, and whose idol was known as Baal-zebub or Belzebub, "the lord or master of flies," to the traditions of the Abyssinian fly, or to a pest or scourge of a similar character that afflicted Philistia. The story of Ahaziah (2 Kings i.) is affecting in its very simplicity. When Moab rebelled against Israel, Ahaziah, who reigned

over Israel in Samaria, fell down through a lattice in his upper chamber, and being sorely hurt, he sent to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, if he should recover. But Elijah, "an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins," justly reprov'd the messengers, saying, "Is it because there is not a god in Israel that ye go to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron? The Lord hath said, 'Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up, but shall surely die.'"

When this was reported to Ahaziah, he, in his anger, sent a captain with fifty men to bring the man of God unto him. But Elijah sat on the top of the hill, and there came down fire from heaven, which consumed the captain and his fifty men. The same thing happened with a second captain and another fifty men; but a third kneeling and imploring the man of God, he went down with him unto the king. But he repeated in the king's presence the penalty awarded for sending to inquire of Baal-zebub, the god of Ekron, and Ahaziah "died according to the word of the Lord which Elijah had spoken." Baal-zebub has been read as fly-destroyer, as a tutelary deity who protected the people from flies, such as house-flies, musquitos, and gad-flies. But this is not the sense, in accordance with the genius of Eastern languages, in which "lord or master of flies" can be read, nor is it, indeed, its Oriental acceptation. "Father of flies" means either a great or an especially formidable fly. Many villages are known as the "mothers of musquitos" from being infested by those little pests. The "lord or master of flies" must have been the greatest of all scourges. Baal-Berith was the lord of covenants, like the Jupiter fidius of the Romans, not the covenant destroyer nor the tutelary deity that protected the people from covenants, as Baal-Peor was the lord of license, not the enemy of carnal gratification, and still less the tutelary deity of virtue or morality.

The probability that Baal-zebub may have had its origin in reports of the African fly-scurge (and we know that Ahaziah became a party with Jehosaphat, King of Judah, in an attempt to revive the traffic on the Red Sea, and must deduce, therefore, that intercommunication was at that epoch an object of interest), or that it may still more probably have had its origin in a scourge of a similar character that afflicted Philistia, leads us to the consideration of some of the leading features in the natural history of gad-flies.

The tsetse, or *Glossina morsitans*, is, we have seen, not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown colour as the common honey-bee, the after part of the body having three or four yellow bars across it, while the wings project beyond this part considerably; it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it with the hand, but in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its bite, Livingstone says, is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In one journey that intrepid traveller lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite, and that when only a small number of insects were present. Livingstone also says that a most remarkable feature in the bite of the tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves, so long as they continue to suck the cows. The mule, ass, and goat enjoy the same immunity as man and game. Many large tribes on the Zambesi can keep no domestic animals except the goat, in consequence of the scourge existing in the country. "Our

children," adds Livingstone, "were frequently bitten, yet suffered no harm; and we saw around us numbers of zebras, buffaloes, pigs, pallahs, and other antelopes feeding quietly in the very habitat of the tsetse, yet as undisturbed by its bite as oxen are when they first receive the fatal poison."

The poison germ, we are further told, is contained in a bulb at the root of the proboscis. The curious feature in the case that dogs perish though fed on milk, whereas the calves escape so long as they continue sucking, led to a belief that the mischief might be produced by some plant in the locality, and not by tsetse; but Major Vardon, of the Madras army, settled that point by riding a horse up to a small hill infested by the insect without allowing him time to graze; and though he only remained long enough to take a view of the country and catch some specimens of tsetse on the animal, in ten days afterwards the horse was dead.

The tsetse is said to shun the excretæ of animals, and this has been turned to account by the native doctors, who mix droppings of animals, human milk, and some medicines together, and smear the animals that are about to pass through a tsetse district; but this, though it proves a preventive at the time, is not permanent. There is, indeed, no preventive or cure yet known for the disease. A careless herdsman, allowing a large number of cattle to wander into a tsetse district, loses all except the calves; and Sebituane, a Makololo chief, once lost nearly the entire cattle of his tribe—very many thousands—by unwittingly coming under its influence. Inoculation does not insure immunity, as animals which have been slightly bitten one year may perish by a greater number of bites in the next. Moyara, a chief on the Lekone river, professed to know a root which was believed to repel the tsetse, but Livingstone believed it to be an evanescent remedy (p. 531).

The tsetse has been described as the elephant-fly, from its abounding in regions most frequented by that animal; but on descending the Zambesi, the insect made its appearance with a vast amount and variety of animal life. There were hippopotami in the river, "hundreds of buffaloes and zebras grazed on the open spaces, and there stood lordly elephants feeding majestically, nothing moving apparently but the proboscis." Numbers of red-coloured pigs stood gazing at the travellers in wonder. The number of animals is, indeed, described as something quite astonishing, and made the traveller think that he could realise an image of that time when megatheria fed undisturbed in the primeval forests; and here, too, was the tsetse!

Again, when on the Lekone, Livingstone describes the tsetse as having been brought by buffaloes into some districts where formerly cattle abounded (p. 527), and in other places tsetse districts are described in which the larger wild animals were not met with. But this agrees with the habits of most flies of this description, which attack a number of animals, but only deposit their ova in one or two species, as the tsetse are also only poisonous to certain animals, and not to others. The point to determine is, what animals they deposit their ova in? In the second journey (Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi, &c.) the tsetse was not met with till the traveller came to the country of elephants and buffaloes. But on the ascent of the Rovuma, the pernicious insect was met with from near the mouth, up as far as they could take the boats,

and yet hippopotami appear to have been almost the only large animals (p. 211).

Livingstone limited the region of the tsetse to the countries south of the Zambesi river, but Petherick fixes its limits to about eight degrees north of the equator.

Sir Samuel Baker met the tsetse on his journey from Khartum to Lake Aibert in Latooka and Obbo, between the parallels of four and five degrees north, and suffered accordingly in the loss of his camels and donkeys. This was in the rainy season, and in countries where there were both elephant and giraffe (The Albert Nyanza, &c., vol. i. p. 376). Speke and Grant do not, however, appear to have been much troubled with the insect in the more central districts of the Victoria Nyanza.

On the line followed by Burton and Speke in the previous journey to the lake regions of Central Africa, the tsetse, as Burton writes it, was found extending from Usagara westward as far as lake Tanganyika, its usual habitat being the jungle-strip which enclosed each patch of cultivated ground. Burton describes the fly as having more persistency of purpose even than the "Egyptian fly," and when beaten off it would return half a dozen times to the charge. The men suffered severely from its bites (The Lake Regions of Central Africa, vol. i. p. 187).

At Khokho, again, the travellers describe themselves as being stung during a fiery day by the tsetse, and annoyed by swarms of bees and pertinacious "gad-flies" (p. 276). Again, on the Mgunda Mk'hali, they say, "signs of elephant and rhinoceros, giraffe and antelope, crossed the path, and, as usual in such places, the asses were tormented by the tsetse" (p. 289). Here, again, the presence of the insect is associated not so much with the locality, or the character of the jungle, or the climate, as with the presence of certain large wild animals.

Mr. Baines, in his "Explorations in South-West Africa," p. 351, also associates the presence of the tsetse with elephants, for being on the Teoge river, he heard of a large vlei (or pond) frequented by elephants, but it would not do to take the cattle near it on account of the fly.

Sir Samuel Baker found the regions at the head waters of the Bahr-al-Aswad, Atbara, or Black Nile, and especially at its junction with the Settite, or Tak'kazi, abandoned by the greater portion of the population, and by all the camels and cattle during the rainy season, owing to the persecutions of what he calls the seeroot or sirût fly. This peculiar fly is described at p. 184 of the "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," as about the size of a wasp, with an orange-coloured body, with black and white rings; the proboscis as being terrific, double, and two-thirds the length of the entire insect. When this fly attacks an animal or man, Baker relates, it pierces the skin instantaneously, like the prick of a red-hot needle driven into the flesh, at the same time the insect exerts every muscle of its body by buzzing with its wings as it buries the instrument to its greatest depth. The blood starts from the wound immediately, and continues to flow for a considerable time. Sir Samuel Baker evidently associates the appearance of the sirût fly with that of the giraffes, which came into the country in herds of upwards of a hundred together in their migration northwards. On one occasion, having shot a giraffe, an attempt was made to flay it, which was defeated by the sirût flies. They swarmed about the carcase, thousands buzzing about their ears,

and "biting like bull-dogs; the blood was streaming," says Sir Samuel, "from our necks, and as I wore no sleeves, my naked arms suffered terribly. I never saw such an extraordinary sight; although we had killed our giraffe, we could not take possession; it was no wonder that camels and all domestic animals were killed by this horrible plague, the only wonder was the possibility of wild animals resisting the attack. The long tails of the giraffes are admirable fly-whippers, but they would be of little service against such a determined and bloodthirsty enemy as the seroot" (p. 196).

The sirūt is figured in Baker's work at page 72, and the tsetse is figured in Livingstone's "Missionary Travels," p. 571, from a drawing by Mr. J. E. Gray, of the British Museum, who gave to it the systematic name of *Glossina morsitans*. It suffices to compare the two drawings to at once perceive that the two insects differ from one another considerably in size, colour, and other peculiarities. The shape of the head, thorax, and abdomen is not the same, and the wings and legs are differently disposed.

It is well known that in Europe different species of animals have their different tormentors. Thus of the œstri, or gad-flies, the ox, the horse, and sheep have their specific tormentors, which entomologists distinguish as *Æstrus bovis*, *Æstrus equi*, and *Æstrus ovis*. But some animals, as the reindeer, have two œstri (*Æ. tarandi* and *Æ. trompe*), whilst the unfortunate horse has not only two or three gad-flies (*Æ. equi*, *Æ. veterinus*, and *Æ. hæmorrhoidalis*), but it has also its horse-fly (*Hippobosca equina*).

What is still more curious is, that it is said that there is a species of gad-fly appropriated to man. The existence of this species seems to have been overlooked by entomologists, though it stands in Gmelin's edition of the "Systema Naturæ," upon the authority of the younger Linnæus, till Humboldt and Bonpland mentioned it again. Speaking of the low regions of the torrid zone, in the New World, where the air is filled with those myriads of mosquitoes which render a great and beautiful portion of the globe uninhabitable, they observe (*Essai sur la Géographie des Plantes*, p. 136), that to these may be joined the *Æstrus hominis*, which deposits its eggs in the skin of man, causing there painful tumours. Gmelin says that it remains beneath the skin of the abdomen six months, penetrating deeper if it be disturbed, and becoming so dangerous as sometimes to occasion death. A report on the statements of MM. Roulin, Howship, Say, Guérin, and others, that man is attacked by a distinct species of gad-fly, was made to the Académie des Sciences in 1833 by Messrs. Isidore Saint Hilaire and Dumeril, who, with some hesitation, pronounced for the affirmative. But, considering that it is well known that gad-flies of horses and oxen, leaving their proper food, have been known to deposit their ova in human beings, as in the instance of the woman noticed by Clarke in the Linnean Transactions (iii. 323, *note*), who died from the bots or maggots produced from the eggs deposited in her jaw by the ox-fly, Kirby and Spence were rather inclined to the opinion that species of œstrus, whose proper abode is in other animals, occasionally deposit their ova in men (*Introduction to Entomology*, p. 73).*

This is precisely what constitutes the difficulty in determining to what animals the plagues of Africa belong. There is every reason to believe

* Kirby notices it, however, in the Bridgewater Treatise: "History, Habits, and Instincts of Animals," vol. ii. p. 325.

from analogy that the larger animals, as the elephant, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, buffalo, gazelle, and others, have their especial gad-flies: the tsetse would appear to be the elephant fly, and the sirūt the giraffe fly; but the natives do not seem themselves to have determined a fact which is of the highest importance to the future prospects of the diminution of the scourge.

When the two Livingstones were on the Rovuma, Professor Owen having, they say, recommended their attention to be directed to the genesis of the tsetse, in order to discover a means for the extirpation of the pest, they frequently inquired of the different tribes if they could help them in their inquiries: and one of the Makololo remembered that this very question was once under public discussion at Linyanti, and, as usual, a bet was laid that no one could tell. After a number of days had elapsed, an old man claimed the prize, asserting that the tsetse laid its eggs, which were of a red colour, on the leaves of the mopane-tree! This, when it is the first condition of life in insects of this description, that their bots, maggots, or larvæ, should feed on living animal substances.

But whether the proper food of the sirūt larva is the giraffe, and of the tsalsal, or tsetse, the elephant or the buffalo, or that they deposit their eggs on as many animals as they attack, it is evident that the expulsion of the larger animals into more remote regions, by the increase of population, can alone be expected to be accompanied by a diminution in the number of insects, and the gradual extirpation of the plague.

"It is probable," Livingstone says in his first journey (p. 83), "that with the increase of guns the game will perish, as has happened in the south of Africa, and the tsetse, deprived of food, may become extinct simultaneously with the larger animals."

"It is difficult," Burton remarks of the tsetse, which, in the vicinity of Kilwa, was heard of under the name of *Kipanga*, the "little sword," "to conceive the purpose for which this plague was placed in a land so eminently fitted for breeding cattle and for agriculture, which, without animals, cannot be greatly extended, except as an exercise for human ingenuity to remove. Possibly, at some future day, when the country becomes valuable, the tsetse may be exterminated by the introduction of some insectivorous bird, which will be the greatest benefactor that Central Africa ever knew." (The Lake Regions, &c., p. 187.)

Livingstone, however, persists, and that upon the occasion of his second journey (p. 424), with greater regard to the experiences of natural history, as shown in the locust-eaters and bee-eaters, that "the destruction of all game by the advance of civilisation is the only chance of getting rid of the tsetse."

This, as Europe once had its megatherium age, may occur; but only with the lapse of many generations, and it would be quite enough for the present to hope for the extirpation of obnoxious insects from Abyssinia, and some portions of what the Portuguese termed the *Lupata*, or "spine of the world," by the progress of population and civilisation. It seems to be within the scope of the natural laws that wild animals should give way to domestic, without which man lives only in a primitive and semi-savage state. The recession of wild animals to remoter districts, or their extirpation, appears, indeed, to be just as much indicated as a necessity by the presence of noxious flies, as the removal of conditions opposed to health is indicated by the presence of vermin.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XXXVIII.

OF complex texture was the tissue of Christine's thoughts on awaking the following morning; the recollection of brilliant success was strangely dashed with dissatisfaction and disgust, and when she met her father at breakfast-time she was not at all in a frame of mind to sympathise with him in his exulting anticipations of her future glorious career as a *prima donna*. She listened languidly to his praises of her performance of the previous night, and started when he mentioned that he was going by appointment to meet the impresario of San Carlo in order to fix with him the time of her appearance at Naples; which he intended should be the commencement of the Italian tour which is always necessary to stamp the reputation of a *débutante*. He then proceeded to expatiate upon the power she would afterwards have to name her own terms in Paris, London, and St. Petersburg—of the wealth that would flow in upon her—of the worship of which she would be the object; but, in the midst of his flattering assurances, the words, "*Che peccato*" rang unceasingly on his daughter's ear.

"What was it, after all," she thought, "but great degradation to spend her breath to please the morbid taste of the multitude, to display the charms of her face and form to elicit the admiration of the thoughtless and profligate?"

Her fine clear mind, once roused to consideration of the subject, took a distinct and true view of what her position as a public and paid singer would be; the temporary delusion of success was over, and she accurately traced all the bearings of the case. She could not doubt that her powers were extraordinary; she was well aware that her beauty was as extreme as the style of it was uncommon, and she felt that her present success was altogether unprecedented; but she calmly argued that she had come out like a flash of lightning upon people unprepared to be critical, that a further course must necessarily awaken jealousy and rivalry, and that the more certain her general popularity, the more intense would become the passion of envy and the desire to detract. A public career left her no shelter from the advances of the other sex, and what security or protection would she have in her father? None. Already had he involved her with her cousin, without even apprising her of what he purposed; though there she felt comparatively safe, from the amiable nature of the young man and her own utter indifference to his attentions. But if brought into contact with some one of the cast of the stranger of the Villa Zernini, where would be her safety? Her humility made her tremble; she much feared that it would not be in herself. These and similar arguments rapidly suggested themselves to her mind while her father was speaking, and when he went away it was in vain that she sought to distract herself from a train of thought so very harassing. She threw herself on a sofa beside the open window, and strove to fix her attention on a book, but she found it impossible to read; after a time she

laid it aside, and, leaning back in her seat, she closed her eyes, while endeavouring to picture to herself what her future course might probably be. She was disturbed from this half-dreaming state of rumination by a tap at the door, accompanied by the words, "È permesso?" and the next minute Tadeo presented himself with an expression of face at once disturbed and excited.

"Cugina mia," he said, speaking abruptly, while endeavouring to appear calm, "sono sciolto per sempre colla madre."*

Christine, much startled, hastened to express both her surprise and regret at the intelligence, hoping, at the same time, that the quarrel was not owing to his having appeared on the previous night as Roberto. The young man was obliged to confess the truth, that such was the case, and acknowledged his mortification when, instead of having elicited admiration, as he expected to have done, he had been summoned into presence to be upbraided as if he had committed some great crime, winding up his serio-comic account of his grievances with the droll expression of his mother having been furiosa against him come un cane arrabbiato.†

"But the prince?" questioned his unconscious cousin, quite unsuspecting of the real cause of quarrel. "Surely, Tadeo, your father would not be so angry at a mere jest?"

"Mio padre si burlava con tutte due, la madre e me," answered the youth, looking down with the manner of a spoiled child. "But I know his way; I am well aware that he is always very determined when he jests, so I just came to you, Cristina, to tell you that I will not submit to be treated with so little consideration, and that I have made up my mind to renounce my country, parents, and possessions to throw myself at your feet, mia bella cugina, and to go singing with you per fare furore dappertutto nel mondo."‡

A smile passed over Christine's face; the weakness of the young man's character became at the moment evident, and destroyed any commiseration which otherwise she might have felt; for she had known too many of the real inevitable evils of life in her own person to be able to bestow pity upon those who created imaginary ones, and to be made in any way the object of excuse for such infatuation both shocked and frightened her; in an instant she saw the course she ought to steer, and she boldly entered it.

"Tadeo," she steadily began, "as a relation, I like you extremely, and had looked forward to possessing your friendship and kind interest all through life, until this moment; but now I feel that we must have no further intercourse even as cousins, for anything else is entirely out of the question. You talk of intending to astonish the world in singing with me. Alas! Tadeo, my career on the stage will be but a very short one; my judgment and feelings are equally against being a public singer; the moment I am my own mistress I withdraw into retirement, and until I am one-and-twenty I shall keep myself free in hand, and, if possible, in heart, in order to shape my after-walk of life in the manner most approved of by those to whom I am bound by gratitude, affection, and esteem."

* I have broken for ever with my mother.

† Furious as a mad-dog.

‡ To make a sensation all over the world.

A singular change passed over the countenance of the quondam Roberto while she was speaking; disappointed passion, wounded pride, and awakened remorse by turns usurped the expression of his fine features, but at last his better feelings gained the ascendancy, and sinking into a seat, he exclaimed, while he covered his face with his hands:

"Oh, Adelina! it is not thus that *you* would have treated me!"

Christine arose, and went towards him hurriedly.

"Who is Adelina, Tadeo?" she anxiously asked. "Tell me, who is Adelina?" she repeated, as she tried to remove his hands from his face in order to catch a view of his countenance.

Tadeo raised his eyes proudly to meet hers.

"Adelina Albertini," he replied, "is one of the richest heiresses in the Neapolitan dominions; and although she is as amiable, young, and beautiful, as she is rich and noble, she loves me for myself alone, and our marriage was immediately to have taken place, if you had not come in my way with your witcheries to bewilder my brain and senses. Yet Cristina, Cristina!" he pursued, excitedly, as if he were relapsing into delirium, "oh have pity upon me! only say that you will be mine, and I shall sacrifice every present advantage for your sake; for neither my father's nor mother's displeasure can ultimately deprive me of my rank or fortune."

Christine in an instant understood the nature of the man with whom she had to deal.

"Bah, Tadeo!" she said, smiling good-humouredly, "do not trifle any longer. Come, tell me all about this charming Adelina, my future cousin, and when, and where, and how she became captivated with you? How happy I shall be to know and love her as your wife, dear Tadeo, for whom I feel the devoted affection of a sister."

He looked at her with the utmost amazement, as if he doubted the evidence of his senses; but he was prevented from expressing any of the mingled sentiments with which he was agitated by his father unexpectedly walking into the room. Christine felt the importance of the moment, both for Tadeo's sake and her own; her quick eye instantly discerned a cloud of uneasiness upon the prince's brow, although he advanced to meet her with his usual quiet urbanity of manner. She put her hand into the one he extended towards her, and, with the vivid smile that he so much admired, softly said:

"Ah, principe! you come in a happy moment—just when Tadeo was telling me about the lovely Adelina, who is so soon to be his wife."

"Yes, I hope the marriage will take place very shortly," answered the old gentleman, whose Italian sagacity instantly enlightened him as to the true state of affairs. "My son may, indeed, consider himself one of the happiest of men, in the near prospect of calling the carina Adelina his own. But I come, cugina, to present you my felicitations on your splendid representation of last night; never has there been known a success more complete, either as to singing or acting."

Christine saw that the prince understood her, and feeling relieved from any fear of misinterpretation she entered with spirit into a discussion of the merits of the piece, telling him at the same time how much obliged she had been to his son, who had so kindly undertaken to act Roberto, in order to save her—on this, her first appearance in

character—from the awkwardness of having a stranger for her amoroso. It must be confessed that the love-stricken youth listened rather sulkily to her expressions of gratitude, and so disagreeable were his feelings in every way, that he was well pleased when his father's visit came to an end, and he was released from the thralldom of acting a part so opposed to that which he had expected to perform.

The prince well knew how to avail himself of the crisis; he carried the young man home in triumph to be reconciled to la madre, on whose fondness for her only child, and despair at the idea of his threatened desertion, he did not fail to expatiate, exhorting him at the same time to write to the amiable Albertini, who had fallen sick in consequence of a report having reached her about lo sposo having become desperately enamoured of his beautiful cousin at Palermo—the extraordinary powers of the new cantatrice being the subject of universal conversation at Naples, ever since the evening when she had been heard in concert.

Christine had scarcely returned from the door of the saloon, from which she had watched the retreating steps of the father and son along the opposite corridor, when Nina appeared, breathless with haste to say that an English footman in a handsome livery had come up-stairs to announce that two ladies were in their carriage at the door, who wished very much to see the Signorina San Isidora. She desired them to be ushered in immediately, and waited their appearance with a beating heart. "Could they be the ladies of the Villa Zernini?" she asked herself; "but there was no gentleman mentioned, so it was improbable that it could be they." The door opened, and those ladies in fact appeared; the gentle delicate-looking girl hanging back with timidity, while her companion approaching, held out both her hands, and, as her eyes filled with tears, said, with a melancholy smile:

"Christine Douglas, do you not remember me?"

The tone of voice was enough; the sound that rang on the sensitive ear touched a chord in the tender heart, and the neglected child of Dunkeld instantly recognised in the stranger her early and kind friend Mrs. Mordaunt! She sank almost fainting on the sofa beside her old patroness, fondly kissing the hands upon which her tears fell fast, for it seemed as if all the former scenes of infancy were at the moment present with her, and that she had again returned home. Alas, poor girl! *that home* was gone for ever, with all the minor objects of her childish fondness and care; yet here, in actual presence, was the beloved Mrs. Mordaunt. Nanny still survived, as did her uncle, aunt, and Lizzie, and they might all be again reunited somewhere, though not on the banks of the Tay. *That thought* shed rays of light on her face; she raised her eyes, and met those of her old friend fixed upon her with a fond and admiring gaze.

"You are beautiful, dear Christine," she said, softly. "It is needless seeking to disguise a truth with which you must be already so well acquainted, and from the expression that beams on your countenance it is easy to perceive that your mind has kept pace with your person. You are, indeed, a combination of brilliant endowments; and behold one of your most enthusiastic admirers, my much-loved grand-niece, Emmeline Temple, who ardently desires to make your

acquaintance and possess your friendship. Perhaps," pursued Mrs. Mordaunt, with a sweet quaint smile, "you will permit this wayward child to occupy the place in your heart once filled by your favourite cripple Liltie? a post for which she is well qualified from her extreme delicacy of health, which at times renders her almost as helpless as if she were your poor old lame hen. This has been the reason of my not visiting you before. After the concert she was confined to bed with a severe cold, which she was obliged to nurse, in order to be able to attend the Opera, nor would the wilful girl permit me even to speak of my presenting myself to the great cantatrice without her."

With blended smiles and tears Christine welcomed her new and lovely young friend; and while sitting between her and Mrs. Mordaunt she felt as if translated to some healthy and genial sphere, where every breath she drew was renewed life, the least emotion a source of exquisite pleasure. The great change that eleven years had wrought in the exterior of the formerly beautiful elderly woman began to disappear when she heard her talk and saw her smile; and except that the chesnut hair had become almost white, she soon ceased to think that there was any difference in her. The pleasant but mournful conversation upon former days was at length interrupted by the appearance of San Isidora, who, on entering, assumed his most winning manner. Mrs. Mordaunt, however, though greeting him with politeness, preserved, nevertheless, great reserve of deportment, while the timid Emmeline shrank back at his approach, as if from something to which she had a mysterious antipathy. The old lady shortly rose, and turning towards him, quietly said:

"We are going to run away with your charming daughter, signor; she is an acquaintance of so many years' standing, that I long to talk with her over past days at Dunkeld; go, Christine, dearest, and fetch your bonnet, that Emmeline and you may have a walk after dinner in the grounds of our villa, and at ten o'clock we shall bring you safely back to your ancestral home."

San Isidora escorted them to the carriage, and on going out made Nina give the key of the garden-door to his daughter, that she might enter by it on returning at night, in order to spare the horses driving through the town to the main entrance. How gaily that elegant equipage swept along the streets! And how much in harmony with the outward style were the faces of those who occupied it! The dignified, benevolent countenance of the old lady seemed lighted up to renewed life and happiness in gazing at the two beautiful young creatures seated opposite to her; while Emmeline, having passed her arm through that of her companion, kept talking and smiling as if she rejoiced in having found some long-sought treasure. The changes which passed over the eloquent features of Christine might truly have been likened to those of an April day, alternate sunshine and showers, as smiles or tears asserted their reign; yet certainly the brilliant rays of happiness predominated, proceeding as they did from the glow at her heart, while the tears only rose at the recollection of past days, when Mrs. Mordaunt's kindness had first developed the finer feelings of her soul.

The ladies having some commissions to execute in the town, the carriage made a short *détour* before entering the solitary road behind

the gardens, and turning round the spacious walled enclosure that surrounded the Villa Zernini, left a little on the right the ruined archway which overhung the road that led to the bay, where the gaily appointed yacht of Mr. Temple lay at anchor as if she slumbered on the gilded sea. The happy party at last found themselves within the grounds of the villa, when all the mysteries of the beautiful place were fully disclosed to the admiring eyes of Christine. No scene like this had ever before saluted her view, for with all the beauty of Italian landscape, with all the elegance of Italian taste, were combined an order and magnificence entirely English. Everything that money could command was there to aid and enhance by arrangement and care the original advantages of this exquisite retirement; and when the carriage drew up at the marble flight of steps which led to the portico of the magnificent abode, she felt as if she were about to enter the castle of an enchanter. But where was the wizard master of this magic dwelling? Simply clad in a light seaman-like dress—suited in texture to the still mild weather—Mr. Temple stood at the door of the carriage prepared to assist the ladies to alight. His Emmeline was the first to spring out, on purpose to tell her father—while fondly embracing him—that the great cantatrice had come to spend the day with them; then Christine stepped lightly forth, and met the bright glance of those scanning dark eyes, the intensity of whose gaze was now relieved by a smile so exquisitely fascinating, at the same time so significant, as to convey a feeling of certainty to the mind of the object of his observation, that the meeting was not only desired but had been preconcerted on his part. Then Mrs. Mordaunt descended, to whom he gave his arm when gently aiding her to mount the steps, while Emmeline stood leaning on Christine as she pointed out to her observation all the different objects round the villa to which she was more particularly partial. At length they followed the others into the house, where the same appearance of wealth and splendour prevailed; servants of all sorts, Italian and English; pictures, statues, costly furniture of different kinds and countries; no object whatever out of keeping with the general scale of tasteful luxury and grandeur. On entering the large saloon, Christine immediately recognised the balcony filled with rare plants and flowers that had fixed her attention on the evening of her arrival at the Palazzo San Isidora. How well she now understood everything when Emmeline explained that on that occasion she and her great aunt had been watching Mr. Temple coming back from the yacht, where he had been engaged in having things prepared in order to convey those dear to him to cooler quarters during the hot summer months. She now leaned on the same balustrade beside the young slender form she had then remarked, and found that the other figure that had attracted her attention was no stranger, but the first kind friend of early years, the gentle, sympathising English lady of Dunkeld, while the dark-eyed disapproving observer of the theatre, the individual with the thrilling voice heard in the church, the friend of poor dying Ernest Arnheim, and the occupant of the beautiful Villa Zernini, were all one and the same person! Then, as he stood behind her, she felt that she was a welcome guest in his splendid house—ay, that she was *more* than a welcome guest!—she could not help fancying so.

Her thoughts rolled vaguely on as she gazed musingly downwards on the lovely scene below. "Why was she here?" she asked herself; "was she deluding herself into the impression that she was an object of intense attention and interest to this remarkable and attractive man? Oh, impossible! Such happiness could not be in store for poor Christine San Isidora, the daughter of the gambler, the future prima donna of the opera—a public hireling, in fact. Oh, impossible!" And she waved her head slightly in the air as if to chase away an idea so fantastic. Nevertheless, fantastic as it appeared to be, yet it was ever recurring; there was a tenderness in Mr. Temple's manner of no ordinary import, while Emmeline hung fondly around her, as if in her society she had all she wanted, and enjoyed complete happiness. Mrs. Mordaunt sat apart, regarding the group with a smile of benevolent satisfaction; sometimes, it is true, she sighed, and would look sad for a moment, until some piece of harmless merriment chased away the cloud from her brow, and made her smile again.

XXXIX.

WHEN dinner was announced, it was Mrs. Mordaunt whom Mr. Temple conducted to the *salle à manger*, while Emmeline, taking Christine's arm, leant upon her as if she were the guest, and the stranger the young lady of the house. Although nearly three years younger, she was taller than her companion; but of proportions so slight and fragile as to render it natural to her to seek support. As the new friends paced along the marble hall, past the file of men-servants, it was curious to observe the different characteristics of their style of beauty. Christine's rich, full, firm frame, and brilliant intellectual countenance, displayed the power of mental superiority, so refined and softened by feeling and self-command as to render the beholder certain that each succeeding motion, tone, or expression, would equal or surpass the one that had preceded it—proclaiming her both mentally and physically the favourite of nature. Thus her lustrous comprehensive eyes, fair silky hair, snowy skin, and Italian outline of face and head, presented a striking contrast to the half-closed, dreamy, yet smiling, blue eyes of Emmeline, whose dark auburn curls, pretty nondescript nose, and childish, changeful smiles, harmonised marvellously well with the willowy grace of her refined but feeble movements—generally giving the idea of a delicate drooping plant torn from its original support, and languidly seeking another prop to which to attach itself. At the moment when we depict her, however, eyes, lips, and all her youthful features were illuminated with a joyful expression of perfect happiness as she leaned fondly on the arm and gazed on the beautiful countenance of her companion. Even at table she placed herself beside her, and noted all she said and did with a kind of triumphant admiration. What a delightful dinner it was to Christine! so very different from anything in which she had ever before participated! She seemed to feel herself in her natural sphere in the midst of all that splendour. The light of Mr. Temple's approving eyes shed a genial glow around her, and the least expression of sentiment on her part instantly awakened a responding echo

in the bosom of her early patroness, while the sweet gay smiles of her enthusiastic young partisan crowned the whole by shedding a glory of inexpressible brightness on everything. After the early repast was over, Emmeline proposed to Christine to go with her into the grounds to visit her favourite haunts, and, calling her pet spaniel and a fine Newfoundland, the two girls set off accompanied by their canine escorts, while Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple watched their progress from the balcony. Object after object was visited; gardens, covered wood-walks, cool grottos, temples, statues, summer-houses, and water-falls. Still many lovely but more remote spots remained to be seen; but before the sunset should oblige them to return to the house, Emmeline insisted upon showing Christine her bathing-place at the very extremity of the enclosure towards the sea. One of the many men at work was despatched for a garden-chair—the particular property of the delicate girl, who was never allowed to walk any distance; it came immediately, driven by a smart groom, and drawn by a beautiful small horse. While they flew gaily forward, poor Christine thought of what *her* amusements had been in the days of her infancy and girlhood; how homely in style, how rough in character, like the cold, rude climate in which her lot had been cast—a contrast in everything to the present scene of luxury and beauty, rendered so enchanting by the bright sky overhead. Even the elegant vehicle she sat in, her lovely, youthful, laughing companion, and the silky-coated animal that drew them so swiftly along, how different from the humble little carriage at Seafield, when she acted as charioteer to her aged great-aunt, and cultivated the friendship of poor, half-broke, shaggy Lobby, in order to induce him to humour the old lady's fancies. She was roused from those recollections—which, though sad, were yet so dear to her heart—by Emmeline suddenly saying,

"Do you know, signorina, that I never thought this place so beautiful as I do to-day; it is generally so dull, so very dull—at least to me; but it is your company that makes me feel so happy. I think that if you were always with me, I never should be either ill or sad. Will you believe me, that the first evening I heard you sing, I felt inclined to jump out of the box to clasp you in my arms, you looked so soft and good-humoured, so bright and sweet. Oh! Miss San Isidora! how I should like to pass my life with you."

Tears filled Christine's eyes.

"Ah!" she thought, "that would be happiness indeed; but no, there lay before her the *inevitable* stage, unless Guy should come to save her from degradation."

"How I should like to be you, signorina," said Emmeline, breaking in again abruptly upon her desponding ruminations.

"*You* would like to be *me*!" exclaimed the astonished girl. "My dear Miss Temple, you surely are not serious?"

"I assure you that I never was more so," answered her companion, smiling; "only think of the constant activity of your life, of the admiration and applause that greet you wherever you are seen or heard. Oh! I should so much like to be you! I am certain it is having nothing to do that makes me so delicate."

"My dear Miss Temple, you forget the happiness you possess in

having such an aunt as Mrs. Mordaunt, of having Mr. Temple for a father."

"Oh!" answered Emmeline, thoughtlessly, "my aunt is an old woman; my father is not a young man; they are both very well in their way, but they are so grave that they are no companions for me. Now," she pursued, in the manner of a spoiled but affectionate child, passing, as she spoke, her arm round Christine's waist, "I should be quite happy if you were always with me, and if I had a brother—a fine, bold, manly brother, who would argue with papa when he insists upon taking too much care of me; who would keep the dogs in proper order, ride on horseback with me, and row me in a boat."

"I wish sincerely that you had Guy, for he would just suit you," suddenly exclaimed Christine, laughing delightfully at her own bright idea.

"Guy, Guy—who is Guy?" asked her associate, eagerly. "Guy what? Guy who?"

"Guy Douglas—Guy, my nephew," answered Christine, exultingly.

"Oh!" disappointedly murmured Emmeline. "I don't want very little boys."

"But he is not a little boy; I dare say that by this time he is six feet high; he is past one-and-twenty too, and so handsome—so very handsome."

"That will just do!" burst forth the excitable girl with immense glee; "one-and-twenty, very handsome, tall and strong—when will he come?"

"Ah! I don't know," answered her more reasonable companion, sobering down at the recollection of her uncertainties; "his motions don't depend upon himself—he is a sailor."

"A sailor, a sailor!" almost shouted Emmeline, "the very thing I like best in the world. Oh! Miss San Isidora, write to him to come here as fast as ever he can; we should all be so happy together, and papa and he would go out in the yacht; and my aunt, you, and I would sometimes accompany them."

Christine—while smiling at the precipitancy of her young friend, which stopped at no doubt—readily promised to say all that she wished her to do as soon as she should hear that Guy was in England. Little did she imagine that he was there at the very time she was speaking, for Guy had expressly kept her in ignorance of his return, in order to appear on the scene of action unexpectedly, to be able to act freely, and according to his own unbiassed convictions of what were her father's intentions. Stopping near the bathing-place, they got out of the garden-chair and approached it on foot; and never, in any of the dreams of her vivid fancy, had Christine imagined a spot like this. The archway that admitted the sea was built in imitation of a ruin, and grated in such a manner as to prevent the intrusion of any object that might prove annoying above the level of the water, and with a strong net drawn across the inside of the bars below, so that nothing but of a very minute description could enter with the waves. The spacious and beautiful basin was planted all round with overhanging trees, which rendered it impervious to the sunbeams, while at one corner was a flight of marble steps leading down to the bath

from a temple dedicated to Thetis—the inner part of which was arranged as a dressing-room. On mounting to the top of the building, the two young friends found themselves on a platform surrounded by balustrades, which commanded a beautiful view of the bright blue Mediterranean beyond. Here they sat for some time enjoying the cool sea breeze and admiring the magnificent prospect, until the approach of the sun towards the horizon warned Emmeline that her time of liberty was nearly expired, and that it was necessary to return home before the dew of the short but dangerous Italian twilight began to fall. On descending to the basin they found Turk, the Newfoundland, swimming about in luxury, while Bijou, the spaniel, sat at the side admiring his companion's dignified demeanour in the water. The moment the larger dog saw his young mistress, he sprang upon the steps and began shaking his wet coat at her feet; it was in vain that she tried to get out of his way; wherever she went, there he followed, sending a shower of the briny drops all over her; while Bijou, delighted with the sport, kept leaping up upon her and patting her with his paws.

"Don't you see, signorina," called out Emmeline, in a tone between anger and mirth—"don't you see how much I need a brother to keep these troublesome animals in order? Oh! how I wish that Guy were here; he would soon put everything to rights, would he not, Miss San Isidora?"

The last words were uttered on getting into the garden-chair—in which Christine had already placed herself, much amused with Turk and Bijou's fit of insubordination—and in a minute more they were wheeling rapidly towards the villa.

On entering the drawing-room there was a simultaneous exclamation from Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple of "Dearest Emmeline, how well you are looking!"

"Oh, I'm so happy and so tired!" she merrily replied, throwing herself on a sofa as she took off her straw-bonnet and tossed it on to Bijou's head, who had placed himself at her feet, and was gazing up in her face with a bright look of sympathy. Bijou ran round and round the room, trying to rid himself of this unexpected appendage, whilst his mischievous young mistress lay back on the couch laughing in peals at his awkward gambols.

"My dear Emmeline, I think you have lost your senses," said Mr. Temple, smiling at her unwonted fit of merriment.

"Oh no, papa," replied the volatile girl, unthinkingly; "I have only lost my heart. I have fallen in love with a youth called Guy."

A singular change passed over the countenances of the father and aunt at those innocent but thoughtless words. They both became quite grave, and while Mrs. Mordaunt looked disturbed, Mr. Temple quietly said, regarding his daughter reprovingly at the same time,

"My dear Emmeline, I never permit unseemly jesting; harmless gaiety is delightful, but nothing offends me so much as anything approaching to levity."

Christine's warm spirit rose high against this injustice, while her quick glance instantly detected tears glittering in the eyelashes of her companion as she lay back in a corner of the sofa, and sought to conceal her face. She left the recess in the window—where, on

entering, she had stationed herself to watch the magnificent sunset—and approaching Mr. Temple, who sat near his daughter, said, earnestly and firmly,

“It is I who am in fault, sir; what Miss Temple has just said was merely à propos to my dear nephew, Guy Douglas, whom I love better than anybody in the world, and of whom I was speaking when we were going down to the bathing-basin.”

Mr. Temple's brow instantly cleared, while Mrs. Mordaunt smiled with extreme pleasure, and when Christine placed herself on the sofa beside Emmeline, the grateful girl suddenly threw her arms round her neck and concealed her face on her shoulder, while her hot tears trickled down the snowy bosom on which she reposed. Her sympathising companion pressed her lips to her soft brow and affectionately clasped her to her heart. She now understood her position, and why she felt lonely in the midst of the splendour that surrounded her; those beside her did not, apparently, comprehend her impulsive nature. They were all silent for a minute or two; Mr. Temple and Mrs. Mordaunt regarding Christine with fixed attention, as, gently supporting Emmeline in her arms, she watched her agitated breathing, until it gradually sank into a soft regularity, which, with the increased weight of her form, convinced her that she slept. She laid her gently back on the cushions, arranged by Mr. Temple, and throwing a light handkerchief over her head she rose softly, saying in a whisper as she did so that she thought she had better now go home.

“We shall not ask you to stay late to-night,” replied Mr. Temple, in a low voice, “for our poor Emmeline is very weak in frame and impressionable in spirits; she has been so happy in your society to-day that she has exhausted her strength, and now she wants repose. I shall summon her old nurse to watch beside her till she awakens, and, in the mean time, we shall have tea in the library while the carriage is getting ready to take you to the palazzo.”

A minute after a respectable, mild-looking old woman entered; she took a chair near the sofa where her young charge lay, and Christine with Mr. Temple followed Mrs. Mordaunt to the library. She started on entering the imposing Gothic apartment, for opposite to the door was a beautiful portrait of Emmeline Temple, representing her sitting in a woodland bower, with her bright curls thrown back from her sunny face, and holding her bonnet in her hand, while Turk and Bijou were couched at her feet. Mr. Temple paused, with Christine leaning on his arm, and said, in a saddened tone of voice,

“In that picture, Miss San Isidora, you doubtless recognise the pencil of a friend now gone to his rest.”

“Oh yes,” she readily answered; “I should have recognised anywhere the touch and taste of Ernest Arnheim; though, alas! the subject I have seen it exercised upon was utterly unworthy of his genius.”

“Most unworthy, indeed!” answered the gentleman, in a tone so deep and stern as almost to make his companion start. “What unprincipled women there are in the world! It is enough to make a man of honour and delicacy forswear society for ever, were it not that occasionally there appears a bright gem among the dross, to redeem the sex from utter condemnation.”

He turned his head towards Christine as he spoke, raising a sensation in her heart that caused her cheek to burn. Mrs. Mordaunt, hearing the last words, hastened to add, in an explanatory manner,

"My nephew attended the poor young man in his last moments, Christine, and by him was made aware not only of the painful circumstance to which he has just alluded, but likewise of your extreme kindness to him in the hour of his desolation. And now, Cecil," she continued, turning towards her nephew, "'render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

Mr. Temple advanced further into the room when his aunt spoke, and opening a *secrétaire*, drew forth a letter, which he presented to Christine, who, hastily unfolding it, was astonished to find the money-order that she had sent to Madame Arnheim.

"The bereaved mother transmitted that draft to me," he pursued, "trusting to us to find out the address of the generous donor, and to return it with many expressions of gratitude for the intended relief, and yet more for the angelic kindness and delicacy with which you had announced the overpowering misfortune that had befallen her."

Christine's cheek glowed with emotion.

"But poor Madame Arnheim," she murmured; "will this trifling sum be of no use to her now that she is left alone in her old age?"

"No, no, dearest girl," answered Mrs. Mordaunt; "you are yet unacquainted with my nephew's character, or you would not ask such a question; he is the possessor of great wealth, and seeks to dispose of it worthily. Madame Arnheim is secure in every comfort as long as she lives."

This mournful but interesting episode naturally led to the mention of the Trevor family, and of the trifling degree of intercourse which Christine had had with them while nominally their guest. Mrs. Mordaunt expressed herself with much sympathy regarding the solitude in which she had lived since she had been in Sicily, but Christine imagined that she saw an expression of satisfaction in Mr. Temple's face, more particularly so when she mentioned that for some months to come she was to continue at the palazzo, as her father did not intend her to appear on the stage until the commencement of Lent.

"And do you anticipate much gratification in your public career?" anxiously interrogated Mrs. Mordaunt.

"Oh! no, indeed," sorrowfully answered Christine. "But circumstances which are imperative will oblige me to pursue it until I am of age, unless a dear relative"—she had not courage to pronounce Guy's name after what had just passed—"succeed in extricating me from the threatened necessity."

These few words explained a history to the man and woman of the world who listened; her position was at once understood, but they made no further remark, except to hope that all her spare time would be spent at the villa, adding that the chariot would always be at her command to fetch and take her back, and that the groom who went for the letters would call every day in passing to receive her orders. What a delightful arrangement this was for Christine! her eyes filled with tears, while words were wanting to express her gratitude; and she felt almost glad when a footman, entering to announce the carriage, relieved her from her state of happy embarrassment. To her

amazement both Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple prepared to accompany her to the palazzo, while one servant mounted to the seat beside the coachman, and another went in the rumble.

"This road is not the safest in the world, Christine," observed Mrs. Mordaunt; "and in the event of your returning home at any time late and alone, there will be two men instead of one in the seat behind."

They very quickly reached the garden-door, and Christine getting out opened it, and bade her kind friends good night, promising to return to dine at the villa on the morrow. Mr. Temple stepped forward and surveyed the obscure space of the lonely enclosure.

"This looks very gloomy," he said, slightly shuddering; "I cannot allow you to go along that dark walk by yourself after you lock the door; you must permit me to accompany you to the house to make your servant bring a light with her in coming back to shut us out."

Christine was obliged to assent, and, preceded by a footman carrying one of the carriage lamps, they gained the entrance of the turret. There, however, they found that Nina's attention had anticipated what her young mistress would require, for, on opening the door, they found a lighted lucerna deposited within. She immediately possessed herself of it, and—wishing to avoid keeping Mrs. Mordaunt waiting longer in the carriage—insisted upon fastening the gate herself. Mr. Temple—reassured by her having the light, and by her own perfect confidence in her security—yielded the point, and, returning to the garden-door, she closed and locked it, only waiting for an instant until the carriage drove off before retracing her steps to the house. Never in her life had she felt so lonely as at that moment! After the bright scene of beauty and splendour she had left, it seemed as if her own dreary abode looked more than usually dreary, casting as it did a deep shadow over that part of the garden which she was in the act of traversing. She paused at the entrance of the turret, and an irresistible desire seized her to look into the dark trellis-covered walk that joined the wall which led to the entrance. She held up the lucerna and gazed intently down the vista, then advanced a few steps into it; could it be her unusually excited state of nerves which deceived her, or was it a reality?—for she felt certain that she distinctly saw a dusky figure glide swiftly along the bottom of the alley and disappear in a thicket of evergreens which grew at the opposite side of the gravel walk. Trembling with fear, she hastily retraced her steps and entered the turret, firmly bolting the door behind her; breathlessly she ascended the stairs and gained the landing-place, where the silence and darkness of her father's room showed that, as usual, he was from home. She sped quickly along the desolate gallery, almost fearing the sound of her own light footfall, and, gaining the saloon, carefully bolted herself in. Her state of extreme nervous agitation was almost instantly dispelled, however, by the appearance of Nina's good-humoured face, who came from her bed-room, where she had been waiting until she heard her young mistress enter. Remembering that there was no communication with the garden but what she had secured, Christine mastered her fear so far as to refrain from speaking to the servant of the circumstance which had alarmed her, thinking it best to reserve an account of what had occurred for her father's ear when she should see him the following day.

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA,
AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

II.

THE circumstance of taking up one's residence in a new country was of course annoying and troublesome ; as also the shopping and the procuring every new sort of requisite for a short sojourn in an unknown country. But the most tiresome part of all was the engaging the servants. A great leaven of the spirit of equality, which prevails to such a large and disagreeable extent in America, has found its way here ; although the government is British, the inhabitants mostly French, and the style of life that of a garrison town. But the persons who proffer their services as servants are a very troublesome class, and labour is so well paid for and in such request, and employment of every menial kind so much looked down upon, that you can scarcely anticipate anything but insolence and reluctant serving from the class of persons who come to attend to your orders. Even the kindest treatment will not prevent them from suddenly informing you that they do not wish to remain, so completely are they inoculated with the spirit of independence that finds so many disciples in the New World. This is most unpleasant with female servants, where the servant that is required has the task imposed on her of looking after children, as the course of her business throws her so much in communication with her mistress. The cooks and other household servants were not so objectionable, but the nurses were a source of never-ending anxiety to the mothers resident in Quebec.

During the autumn months I often took the opportunity of the favourable weather to make long pedestrian excursions in the neighbourhood of Quebec. For several miles the country in its vicinity at each of the different outlets which branch from the barriers is populous, well wooded, and picturesque. The first place which I went to see was the cascade of Montmorenci, situated about eight miles from the town. There are three grand outlets from the town to the interior of the country. They are all well guarded, and, like the barriers to garrison towns on the continent of Europe, form the only entrance or exit for its inhabitants ; they are called Lewis Gate, John's Gate, and Palace Gate. By the last of these, which leads to the suburb of St. Roche, I went out in taking the road to Montmorenci. These suburbs are principally occupied by French-Canadians, who sell in small quantities all the principal produce which comes in from the country, also the clothes which are worn by the peasantry and lower orders of the town, and the hardware and furniture which is used in their houses. In passing through the suburbs I found the streets which led to the high road direct for Montmorenci were broad and the houses built of stone, but the lateral streets were narrow and constructed of wood. After about a mile's journey from Palace Gate, I arrived at a large wooden bridge over the St. Charles river, called Dorchester-bridge. It is kept up by a heavy toll, which is levied upon all horses, cattle, and vehicles ; and, owing to the great number of those who come from the country to market in Quebec, the profit must be considerable.

The incessant transmission of goods from the country is one of the remarkable things in the living at Quebec. The whole town is supplied with fuel from the large forests which grow in the interior, and an idea of the quantity burned by a population of from fifty-five to sixty thousand inhabitants may well be formed. After crossing Dorchester-bridge I proceeded through a level and well-cultivated country with villas on each side, and arrived near a large, long, barn-like looking building, calculated to house a great number of inmates; and this I found to be the Jesuits' college. In a short time afterwards I saw some of the young men at play at a fives court which was built in the enclosure. They wore a long black dress. The number of the Quebec gentry who send their children here is wonderful. After leaving this to the right, I took the road onwards, and came to a large, well-built building, which, with its doors and porticoes, looked like a town-hall, or some such place. I asked a French-Canadian what it was, and he told me it was *L'asile*. On further inquiry as to what sort he meant, I found it was the lunatic asylum; and on my asking him how many inmates were inside, he told me "*deux sages*." His pronunciation of the French was such that it was very difficult to know what he meant to say, but I found that all those whom I addressed this day mispronounced the language in the same way. Thus, when he said "*deux sages*" he meant "*deux cents*." I found the peasantry civil, obliging, and even so polished in their address, that I was very much reminded of the people whom one invariably meets in France. I never got a gruff or unwilling answer to any of my queries. The natural politeness which induces a pleasing address and courteous replies seems to be as inherent in the character of the peasantry as it is in their brethren of the country which they come from. But they are (I believe it is owing to their religion), though pleasant in manners, extremely illiterate and ignorant in essential information, and very few of the inhabitants of the neat wooden houses and cabanes which I passed on my way this day could boast of the proficiency of being able to read or write; consequently the language which they speak has been much corrupted from its original purity, and has met with the treatment which all languages meet with from illiterate persons. About five miles from Quebec I reached Beauport, a long, straggling town, which has, however, a large cathedral, a lofty building with its domes covered with metal, and inside which every villager in Beauport invariably resorts at every day of mass and on Sunday. The sense of respect for their forms of worship is very strongly imprinted upon the minds of these people. All the road on each side from this to Montmorenci was lined at different distances with small enclosures containing gardens or patches of ground, in the centre of each of which was a wooden house. It was a vast, continuous village, stretched out for a distance of more than four miles. The houses were small, but very neat. They generally contained two or three rooms, and a kitchen in the back on the same floor, and round each of them was a nicely arranged wooden portico supported on wooden pillars. When I went inside, and conversed with the Canadian mistress, I found the walls clean and the furniture very nice, but *no* supply of books; indeed, with the exception of a breviary, I never saw any. The walls were hung with pictures of saints and the Virgin Mary invariably. The roofs of these houses were either of tiles or metal. I certainly did not see any sign of

poverty or of destitution either inside the houses or in the appearance of any of the peasantry whom I met on the roads.

The dress of the peasantry was homely, but clean and serviceable. It was composed of frieze cloth, with untanned boots of soft, pliable leather, which generally reached up to the knees. These are very well adapted for working in a clayey soil. They also wore the wide-awake hat, which was light, and most useful in shading the sun from the eyes, and had no oppressive heaviness on the forehead like the stiff hat worn by Englishmen.

The approach to the falls was through the grounds of a rich miller, who had made the waterfall a great source of wealth to himself by turning part of the river which forms the cascade, from its fountain head, through a continuous line of wooden troughs, and by this means brought down the water for the purpose of turning a mill. This mill he had constructed at the foot of the hill on which the grounds of Montmorenci are built. This hill is quite covered with trees, but a path leads down to the river-side, where the St. Lawrence receives the waters which first fall from the smaller river into a deep basin lying at the glen from the cataract. This cataract is called by the same name as the river, the Falls of Montmorenci. When I reached the head of the fall, I descended by some steps, constructed of wood, to the margin of the glen into which the water poured. There I saw an immense flood of water pouring down from a height of two hundred and twenty feet, through a huge chasm in the side of the steep precipice which overlooks the river. This large white sheet of foamy waters reminded me much of the cascade in Switzerland, which falls from the mountain near Martigny, and which is universally called there the "Pisse vache." The snowy whiteness of the disturbed waters, the foamy spray, and the volume wholly unbroken (except from one point of its descent, some fifty feet down, at a broken rock which protrudes from the mountain side), until it reaches the dark abyss below, where

The fall of waters, rapid as the light,
The flashing mass foams slaking the abyss;

all these recalled vividly to my memory the scene at the entrance of the Alps, where the "Pisse vache" falls; but as to the mountain scenery, there is nothing of the majestic character which marks the Alpine picture. There was a great gloom in the aspect of the deep basin of dark waters which lay at the base of the glen. This scene is the great place of resort for the inhabitants of Quebec, both in summer for the sake of the pleasant country drive, and in winter on account of the excitement, which all parties find pleasure in, of sliding in tarboggins down the cone formed by the mass of ice which the bank of spray is encrusted with—such is the extreme coldness of the temperature; but I believe that the cataract is looked on by the Canadians as a mere pigmy waterfall—nothing to speak of to those who are conversant with Niagara. A young friend of mine, who had been a long time resident in Canada, said, that coming from the Far West, and having been long accustomed to the Falls of Niagara, this fall seemed to him like a pint of water running down a chasm in the rock. Just at the very highest point from which the waters fall, from one side of the cliff to the other, we saw the labourers at work in forming a suspension bridge. The buttresses were finished at

each side. The cords were slung across, and in the centre was a large wooden cage, in which were seated workmen at their "fearful trade," fathoming the depth of the stream below. Since, the work has been completed, and the bridge has been opened for traffic; but, at the time of the year when the melting of the snow causes an extreme moisture on the surface of the earth itself, and permeates most thoroughly to the heart of all artificial works, the iron fastenings which were fixed in the buttresses proved too strong for the material of which the masonry was composed; and when the bridge was pressed upon, the rubble and weak composition of these buttresses gave way, and down came the framework of the bridge headlong into the abyss below. This catastrophe took place one day in April, when three unfortunate persons, a man and his wife and child, were in the centre of the bridge driving over their ass-cart to the market at Quebec. It was mentioned as a providential mercy that more persons did not fall victims to this dreadful fate; and so it certainly seemed, for it was really a strange fact, that such a very small party should have been on the bridge at the time.

The next place which I made a walking excursion to was Lorette. This village lies at a distance of ten or eleven miles from Quebec. The way lay through the barrier called St. John's Gate, and downwards by a line of suburbs forming part of the St. Roche division, until one arrives at a line of country by the side of the St. Charles river. About a mile and a half from St. John's Gate, and half a mile from the skirts of the town, I crossed a road which led down to a large wooden bridge, called the Scotch bridge—a suspension one, on which there was as usual a toll levied for cattle and carriages. I crossed and took a road which led through a beautiful well-wooded country, lying all the way by the St. Charles river. Nothing struck me more than the richness of the country, and the manner in which all the cultivators, occupiers of land, and "habitants," as the Canadian-French in the country are universally called, had seized on every available part of land to cultivate it. They had begun to plough the ground up, in order to have it ready for sowing the spring crop when the snows of winter, which were soon to ensue, would have passed over.

When I had gone about two miles I came to a cross-road. Here, being in doubt, I entered a house, over the door of which was fixed a board bearing the words Wood's Tavern. Supposing it, from this, to be a place of public resort, and one where I was likely to obtain local information, I walked in from the hall to a room which looked partly like a kitchen and partly like a shop. There was a small counter, and behind it stood an Irish girl, who was selling bread and spirits to any one who came in and called for them. There was a fireplace in the room, and round it were seated three Irishmen smoking their pipes. From their accent, their slovenly dress, their unkempt hair, and unshaven, dirty faces, they might have passed as being fresh from Tipperary. I was at first doubtful whether I should be able to obtain the information I required relative to my destination, but, after having talked to them on ordinary topics for a few minutes, I ascertained that each of them had been ten years in the country, and that they were as well acquainted with every locality in the neighbourhood as they were with their own native land. The number of the lower orders of Irish which one meets with

in this country is wonderful. It is generally believed that of the population, comprising one million and four thousand, which inhabit the part of Canada called Lower Canada, one-fourth of the number are Irish. These, together with their brethren in religion, the Canadian-French, form the mass of the community; and, in one habitation, you meet with inmates who talk to you in the refined style characteristic of the French wherever you see them, that artificial urbanity which seems the congenial accompaniment to the address of Frenchmen, interlarding their discourse, in a modified manner, with the bows, shrugs, and grimaces which carry you back to Paris; and in another you are answered by its inmates in the genuine brogue which savours most of the remote districts of Tipperary:

Ex hara producte non ex schola!

From this tavern to Lorette the road was open, the fields on each side were being ploughed, and the peasantry seemed actively employed. The little village of Lorette lay on a hill, and was really very pretty. It consisted of a street of small wooden houses, extending for about a mile. They were all of them neat, and seemed nicely kept. At the end of the street was a small church, and a little farther on was a grove of trees, which one entered by a wicket-gate, and descending by a flight of steps one saw the waterfall. It was a short descent of water, and much broken by rocks; it looked like a prodigious fountain. The gushing of the water through the different fissures in the rocks reminded me of the Fontana di Trevi at Rome—that is, supposing the rocks which jut out and peer through the gushing torrents of water to resemble the horses which stood beside the top of the fountain, which is the very gem of fountains in “magnificent Rome.” I found that I had fully ten miles to walk back, and that it was very near sunset. After I had left Lorette about a mile and a half behind, I engaged a countryman, who was returning to Quebec in his waggon, to take me up. This workman was an Irishman, and he had been out in the country two years. When I questioned him as to how he liked the country, his answer was that he was very well pleased with it. I have found all parties whom I meet here, and who have settled themselves in the country for some time, very well satisfied with the life they lead. The wages which they can procure are much more than they can get at home. The country is certainly healthful. This is shown by the numerous instances of longevity which are exhibited in the tables of statistics. The fertility of the soil is such that no part of the United States can equal it as to the harvests of every sort of grain, green herbage and farm crops of every description; and of the United States it is Ohio alone which at all comes near it in the quantity of its produce, taking, for the sake of comparison, two equal proportions of the different countries into examination.

Of the parts of Canada under cultivation, the returns are certainly most favourable, but the measurement assigned for the whole tract of Upper and Lower Canada comprised in their full extent is one hundred and twenty millions of acres, of which only eighteen millions are under cultivation; so vast, so enormous is the tract there that is under the forest that it may be said to be immeasurable. From this mighty extent of wild uncultivated forest it is argued, apparently with

reason, that the cause exists of the intense cold which is experienced in these latitudes, whereas similar zones in the Old World are not subject to it. The theory of Sir Francis Head is this: that the cold wind blowing from the countries whose surface is completely occupied by dense forests encrusted with snow is so keen and bitter in its having become mingled with the atmosphere surrounding those regions, that, on its reaching the lower plains of Canada, it assumes an intensity that causes the fearful cold which prevails there from the middle of November to the middle of April. It is certain that, with reference to climate, the countries of the Old World which are in the same latitude as Quebec, are mild and temperate. Milan is nearly in the same latitude—that is, there is only a degree between them, so I fancy that we may accept this theory as being the most likely one to account for the very great difference which exists, so far as regards the temperature of both places.

Near Lorette, on a rising ground, the government have constructed a reservoir, which contains water drawn from the St. Charles river, and this affords, by means of pipes, the supply that is used in Quebec. The pipes are thus carried through a very long extent of country, but the circumstance of the ground lying so high, and the great purity of the water which is found in that river, have induced the inhabitants to go to such a distance for it. The beauty of the autumn in Quebec is of very short duration, and during the whole of the time that it did last we heard from all parties accounts of what we were to expect when the cold of winter set in. But it did not begin to be seriously cold till the snow fell on the ground. About the beginning of November there was a slight fall of snow, and this melted away, and after its melting ensued what is called in the country an Indian summer, a short respite from the dreary gloom of the long winter, a few days' sunshine, which were pleasant and cheerful but shortlived, like the few hours which one partakes with an agreeable friend before parting for a foreign shore, or the beautiful hour which precedes the parting of day; like the farewell chime,

Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.

But the snow and the harsh temperature of winter are sure to ensue before the end of November. The first year which we were there the ground was covered with snow on the 25th of November. From that day we bid farewell to the face of the earth, and never saw it until the 15th of April in the ensuing year.

When the winter does really set in, then the whole face of nature is completely obscured. The birds emigrate both from the plains covered with snow and the plantations thickly incrustated with it. No living bird or insect, much less a quadruped, is to be seen outside. The cattle are housed in large wooden barns, which are adjacent to every farm-house or dwelling-place. The aspect of nature is really frightful to any person who has not experienced what a Canadian winter is, the wild waste of level before one's eyes exhibiting nothing but snow. The palings of the fields are nearly covered with it. If it were not for the labours of the road-keepers in defining their track by fixing branches of trees on each side, they would not be discernible.

The sleighs, in shape either like a phaeton or a curricule, having slides in place of wheels, aprons well covered with furs, and the seats and frame-

work at the sides, as well as the backs, covered with skins either of the bear, the buffalo, the leopard, the wolf, the deer, or the otter, drawn by two horses abreast, or sometimes in tandem, whose backs and necks are caparisoned with numbers of bells, whirl through the streets and roads. Sometimes a small one with one horse is seen ; but the larger ones, with the state and show, and the gorgeously coloured housings to which the horse has his bells hung, the driver standing up sometimes, and sometimes sitting in the centre seat, reminded one of the picture of the chariot of Achilles when issuing forth to meet Hector. When the ladies are seated in them they recline in the back seats, perfectly buried in furs, tippets, and muffs, and their bonnets or hats thickly wadded. The driver wears gauntlets of fur, a buffalo-skin coat, and a fur cap. The most usual dress is a long coat, with the cuffs and collar formed of fur, and fur cap and gauntlets, trousers such as they wear at home, and mocassins, with the upper leather of the caribou or reindeer skin, and the sole of india-rubber. This mocassin goes over a thin shoe ; stockings and vest, of course, must be of the thickest sort of worsted or flannel.

In every house the framework to the windows is fitted out with movable hinges, or else pins and rings for adjusting a double sash, which is fixed on in the beginning of November, and without which the temperature would be intolerable. Then, also, the provident people amass stores of wood ; resident gentry have their fowls, geese, turkeys, and pigs fattened up during the autumn, and when the first snow falls, they kill them and hang them in a large storehouse, where the cold penetrates, or place them in barrels filled with snow, and they remain frozen all the winter ; so, when wanting for use, all they have to do is to take the bird or animal from its resting-place, put it in the kitchen to thaw, and, having given it a day to become melted, either boil or roast it. The stoves in the inside of the house are got ready ; some of them have been taken away completely during the hot weather, and now are restored to their places. The chimneys are fixed up and the wood piled close inside, and the inmates of the house use for their motto :

*Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens.*

This, indeed, is carried to excess, for in some houses where there are furnaces, and in all where there are stoves, the suffocating heat of the rooms, owing to the over-quantity of fuel in the fire repositories, is quite overpowering.

The peasantry drive into the towns in their carriages, or slides, bringing stock produce or wood for the market ; these carriages being simply platforms of wood constructed so as to pile provisions or wood inside, and, without wheels or springs, are carried along on the beaten snow by the horses at a prodigious speed, and the horse does not seem to feel the effects of the journey nearly so much as he would were it a vehicle on springs which he bore along a road. The state of the horses surprises any European who comes first to the country. They do not seem to suffer from the intense cold ; they do not get their forelegs swollen by work upon a hard road ; they do not show the inertness of age at a period of life when horses in England are generally nearly too much exhausted by constant work to be fit for anything. They answer for draught in the

winter, and for the saddle in the summer, and seem to take to both conditions of labour with equal will. They stand harnessed to the carriages, waiting for any fare whom their drivers may obtain, during the whole of a most inclement winter day, and sometimes the great part of a night, and seem not to suffer in the least from the state of the weather.

The boys are seen in all parts of the roads where there is a slight acclivity, or in the hilly part of the country, sliding down on their little wooden sledges, or tarboggins, laughing heartily at the amusement :

Cold and yet cheerful.

The tarboggins, or slides, which are made with a crook in the wood at the bottom, are fitted for sliding down the heights, and the great amusement is for one of the young ladies to get into one of these, and, trusting to the guidance of some young gentleman who accompanies her, to slide down. The laughter, the amusement, the exhilarating nature of the excitement of trusting to the event of the accelerated movement of the tarboggin are great charms to the young people. These prize the winter as the most enlivening and pleasant part of the year. They seem to think nothing of the cold, which is certainly not unhealthful, and brings about their most favourite pastimes.

When the roads have become well hardened, after a cessation of snow for about three days, and in consequence of the numerous carriages which are continually passing over them, then frequently riders issue out, taking care to have a small bell fixed to the bridle, where it comes under the horse's jaw. This is necessary by law, as without this jingling no foot passenger or driver could have notice of the approach of a horse, so light and noiseless are their steps upon the beaten snow. Many ladies also, who have been long in the country, come out to canter on the beaten roads. One would suppose that the fearful cold of the air would appal them, but, on the contrary, they seem to enjoy the exercise highly. This, however, I only observed during the first two months of snow. After that time the sleighing was really the only out-of-door amusement. Certainly an enclosure had been prepared, which was roofed over with timber, and exhibited an appearance like a very huge barn, standing outside the entrance of the St. Lewis Barrier. Under this water had been thrown into a cavity, resembling a large shallow bath, and very few days after the first snow had fallen it had become solid glassy ice, and fit for skating upon. Most of the gentry in the neighbourhood who had been long resident were very expert skaters, and were glad to avail themselves of this place for the practice of their exercise. It was open to subscription, and a small trifle from each person served them as a means of procuring a place for skating, which they could conveniently resort to. It was true that the rivers and streams were frozen over, with the exception of the Great St. Lawrence, but they were so covered with snow, which fell afresh every three days, besides being much exposed to the public, that the ladies cared not to go on them. But in this enclosure, which was called the "Rink," all the ladies who were good skaters were sure to be met, and they certainly showed most wonderful skill in skimming over the surface of the ice. The lookers-on seemed to enjoy it as much as the performers. It was a regular lounge. The most general hour at which the skaters assembled was about eleven in the

morning, and as all such places where many are to meet are the greatest possible boon to the inhabitants of a garrison town, one may fancy what a resort this was. The ladies look as rosy and blooming here as they do in the country at home, when late hours and dissipation have not chased the colour from their cheeks. They enliven themselves with dancing at night, and dinner-parties are also frequent. The rooms, by dint of stoves and fireplaces, are made much hotter than one ever finds places of assembly in England. The stoves have a dry, oppressive, and overpowering heat. In the houses inhabited by the Canadians the heat is quite stifling, thrown out as it is from stoves heated with wood, which, by a mode of keeping up a slow consumption of fuel, resembles the burning of charcoal. This is effected by shutting the small door of the stove after every log inside has been well kindled. To burn coal in the stove would render it much hotter; but coal is here so expensive, that it is none but very wealthy people who use it in the fireplaces, which some of them have got constructed in their sitting-rooms.

The cargoes of wood which come in from the country in trucks, as usual on slides piled up high, and borne in by one horse, may be then imagined. The forests adjacent supply this large city with the consumption required for fuel for a period of six months in the year, when the snow is four feet nearly on the ground. The hardy woodman comes in from his labour to market, and exposes his stock for sale; he gets five shillings for a quantity which would not last an ordinary family more than two days, being a pile about four feet square. On the usual market days the different market-places are thronged with these carriages, full of wood. Also the habitants bring in furniture, being ingeniously varnished rocking-chairs, tables, &c., and place them on the snow, and wait for persons to purchase them. These are sold at moderate prices. Then it is quite a sight to watch the different vendors coming in early in the morning; some with milk frozen as hard as a stone, which they sell by the ounce; some driving carriages laden with frozen pigs, lambs, geese, turkeys and fowls—the frozen pig like a statue, which one could fancy cut out of stone, quite as hard and immovable, and standing either on the boards, booths, or even the snow, until some customer should come to purchase it. The birds and the fishes also just as they were killed, in rows and heaps, plenty for all purchasers, and looking like the spell-bound creatures in the Arabian tale, who had slept a hundred years, whose breath had been stopped, but whose frame had been kept from decomposition; cold, massive, and stiff is every object, and in the butchers' stalls the saw is used to sever the joints, which have the meat as hard as timber. The Canadians, in their frieze coats and fur caps, with their swarthy dried-up complexions, stand in their untanned leather boots, their hands protected either by gauntlets or gloves, which fit on the hand without divisions for the fingers, and are commonly called dummies. Their colour of skin, so dingy and dark, is brought on by the circumstance of their living in a stove-heated atmosphere; and though this be so oppressively hot in-doors, they do not seem to mind the severity of the weather outside. Thus the old adage of Providence suiting the back for the burthen is verified with them, and their industry and sobriety, as well as painstaking assiduity in their hardy routine of toil, is admirable.

Contrasted with these, the habits of the soldiery from England, so

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wild, so reckless, so drunken, and so riotous, shows in very significant characteristics. The bane of the soldier—drunkenness—is here a habit which obtains in frightful frequency. The ardent spirits, prepared from molasses or maple, is so cheap that nearly a pint of it can be procured for twopence. The consequence is that the soldiers indulge to a dreadful extent in intoxication. The difficulty in procuring labourers to cut up their wood during the winter months induces the inhabitants of Quebec to hire soldiers at that employment, and an able-bodied man can earn as much as would procure a gallon of spirits by a day's work. Woodcutting, indeed, is one of the expenses of an establishment which comes very heavy on householders. The raw material is brought in in large beams, about five feet long by two, and must be severed into pieces before being fit for the stove. The saw and the axe, consequently, are continually at work in the outhouse. The householder has little trouble with the marketing, as the ready-killed animals and birds are constantly at hand in the numerous markets of Quebec. Fish also, which has been caught—especially a small sort called by the Canadians "Tommycod,"—and become iced for months, is plentiful in these markets; and never in the worst weather is the supply of provisions slack.

As may be fancied, the only exercise which the troops can be given during the winter is the route-marching on the roads. The men are all dressed in their great-coats, fur caps, and long boots, also their hands protected with the dummies. The officers wear a long grey coat, whose collars are of lambswool, which, thick and heavy, are fitted to be turned up should a snowstorm come on. The cuffs are of the same. The gauntlets come nearly to the elbow, and are of otter-skin. The cap is of the same, and has a flap behind, which can be turned down to protect the ears. The boots, long black leather, which come up to the knees. The heavy lumbering nature of these boots is such that they are neither adapted for driving, being so stiff; for walking, being so cumbrous; for wearing in the house, being so covered with oil to prevent the rotting effect of the snow; nor, in fact, for any purpose; but having been established by some straightlaced military rule, have duly held their place in the necessary equipment of an officer.

Very shortly after the departure of the party for the roads, the cold has begun to tell upon all the officers and men; the whiskers and moustaches of all are, after about five minutes' exposure to the air, covered with a complete mass of ice. If the day be more than usually cold, frost-bites frequently take place on the exposed parts of the men's faces; and nothing is more frequent than for a comrade to rub his brother comrade's face with a piece of fur when he sees the frost-biting begin to appear. There is also one part of the equipment which must not be forgotten, and without which one is almost certain to slip down and fall when the snow or ice is hard and slippery—that is the creepers. These are small plates of iron, which have four teeth, or prongs, like short nails, fixed on the surface which is to come in contact with the snow. They are buckled on to the instep with a strap, and the plate is placed under the centre of the boot-sole. The soldiers are provided with these, and a large party of the most active are also furnished with snow-shoes.

The exercise of the march is beneficial, and the party come back quite in a glow of heat, notwithstanding the weather. Certainly the road on

each side is monotonous and uninteresting as may be, being one wide waste of snow as far as the eye can reach. The want of occupation for the mind, in the absence of out-of-door exercise, is apparently felt very much in this country by those who have not mental resources. By none more than by the military is this felt, and the young officer who has not either study, drawing, or music to resort to, in passing away his days, is sometimes led into destructive habits, which result from idleness or dissipated society. So true is the Eastern proverb,

One man leads on another to the courts of Satan,

that I have frequently observed a youth, who had apparently no inherent vice, betrayed into habits of intoxication by the example of others. What living examples, which speak more forcibly than thousands of sermons, occur daily before our eyes, and warn us of the solemn injunction laid down by the wisest of men, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

On some of the most bitterly frosty days, when the wind, passing over the tracts of snow, has completely hardened them, the clear air and the bright sun make it most agreeable and desirable to be out of doors; and sleighing not being exercise enough, inasmuch as sitting in a chariot and remaining a passive object to the wind, scarcely serves to keep the blood in circulation, I used very much to like a day's snow-shoeing. I recollect one day particularly, amongst very many which I passed during the winter, and which I went through engaged in this exercise. I rose early in the morning; I found the water in my jug one mass of ice; my brushes had each become a crystallised mass; every hair was pendant with an icicle; a stove was in the room in which wood had been alight the whole of the night, and which was still burning, but by its side was my tub for morning ablution frozen one hard mass—half an inch of ice lay on the surface of the water. The sponge was a perfect mass of petrification; the drops of water had become solid particles of ice. At the hour in the morning when one feels the change the most from the warm glow of one's repose, to be surrounded with so much that is unpromising in comfort before beginning the day, is very disheartening and trying to the patience. A bold determined resolution to summon up one's nerves and undergo the trial is quite requisite for one who has to endure the cold of Canada. After holding the sponge and brushes to the stove to melt, and breaking the ice, literally as well as metaphorically, there is nothing so calculated to reanimate and recruit one's spirits as a good immersion in cold water—not to mind the shock of the first burst, "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*"—and then you feel fortified and reinvigorated for the whole day.

But the numbness felt in the fingers during the operation of melting the ice from the apparatus of one's toilette is followed by a very acute pain, which succeeds upon the first sensation of the process of circulating the blood. I found that after breakfast the cold was very sensibly felt, owing to the thaw of a partial kind which had come on. The bitterest cold ensues either during a thaw or after a frosty wind, but when it actually is snowing, though the air be thick with the flakes which continue filling up the massive folds that accumulate upon the ground, still the air is comparatively so much warmer than when it was quite

clear, that it is a perfect relief to the frame. But on the day that I speak of it began to thaw, and I knew that the roads and streets were in such a state that there was no taking exercise except in snow-shoes, so I strapped these on my back and went out, determining to tie them on when I came a little way out of the town. They are called shoes, but do not in the least resemble our ideas of such. The French name for them describes them much better—they call them “*raquettes*”—for excepting the handle, they are really large, lengthened rackets, being in length about two feet and a half and in breadth one foot. Those made for ladies are much smaller, but the strong catgut ones calculated for real work are about that size. The framework must be of the strongest hickory, and the part where the two ends of the sticks, which are bent round in an oval form, meet is the front of the snow-shoe. The two ends are bound round firmly with catgut. The whole framework is strung so strongly with catgut that it could bear any man's weight stamping upon it. Opposite the centre of the network is a hole, which is fixed near the top of the snow-shoe, and two small ones are at each side of it. Previous, then, to placing one's feet on this “reticulated or decussated mass with interstices at equal distances at the points of intersection,” as Dr. Johnson called network, I placed a long caribou leather strap through the small holes, so as to form a loop over the large centre one. I then put on caribou mocassins, having first cased my feet in strong worsted stockings and light slippers. I put the toes thus encased into the loop which I spoke of, and strapped the caribou thong well round the ankles and instep in a manner which old Canadians and sportsmen in the country show you as the best; and as the line of country which I had to traverse was quite deep enough for moving along in them, I proceeded across the fields to the direction of the Lorette road. I found one invariable rule which it was necessary to practise, and by always minding which I should escape tumbling over; an event which frequently happens to beginners, and which, ridiculous as it appears, is not attended with any serious consequences, for the snow is so soft that a fall is a matter of very little inconvenience. This rule was invariably to place the heel downwards on the snow, in place of pointing the toe, which last is the injunction perpetually given to young beginners when they first learn to march; also to keep the feet far apart. By adhering to these rules a little practice will very soon bring you into the habit of moving along easily with them. When I had proceeded for some way across the straight line of country, over palings, past where ditches had been, unimpeded by checks of any kind, for the snow had levelled any line of demarcation or distinguishing barrier which existed, I came to the first small village which one meets on the Lorette road, and knew that I was only about four miles from the place which I was anxious to visit, as I wanted to see an Indian there, who, I was told, had several articles of Indian manufacture for sale. I found that the exercise was so hard, and the thirst consequent on it so great, that I was glad to get a drink of water here. After this refreshment I proceeded onwards about a mile, and, wishing to make some inquiries relative to my route, I went into a Canadian small farm-house which lay at some distance from the road. The access to the door, and nearly the whole of the small house, was so choked up with snow that I found it difficult to make my way; but I knocked, and the door was

opened by a Canadian-Frenchman. The rooms inside were quite clean, and no covering was on the boards, which were of deal, as were the walls, the ceiling, and the furniture. Two women sat spinning in different parts of the room, and the frames on which rested the spinning-wheels were also of the same material, quite clean. They spoke the patois French, which I have always heard spoken in Canada. The atmosphere of the room (owing to even the smallest interstice in the walls being closed up, and a large stove in the centre of the chamber being full of logs of burning wood) was exceedingly close, and when I went in I found the smell quite overpowering. They were most anxious to attend to my wishes, and to give me every information and pay me every attention. I, however, declined their offers of refreshment, and, after I had sat down a little time, I felt inclined to pursue my course again. I received the necessary instruction which enabled me to find the hut of the Indian called Pierre, and, taking the landmarks pointed out, moved forward on the snow-shoes. I have often heard that when used to the exercise you can get over a great number of miles on these, and that the great advantage exists of not being dependent on the lines of road which are cut out, and which give a sort of wind or circumbendibus to your course, but, on the contrary, you can move on as the crow flies, dead on end straight for any object—a church steeple, a building, or anything that you see before you. I have heard a resident of some standing say that he had gone forty-five miles on snow-shoes in the course of one day. In the language and in the sayings of the Americans frequent allusion is made to the use of these. Thus, for instance, when I heard a man say, with regard to his taking his departure from any place, “I am going to ‘make tracks,’” I was in doubt of the meaning, until I recollected the remarkable traces which the traveller on snow-shoes, in pursuing his cross-country excursion, leaves of his line of route in the large oval marks which he fixes in the snow. Also a song of the Indians, which is translated, where it expresses that much deep snow had but lately fallen, “Our snow-shoes left deep prints.”

Of the wild and extraordinary aborigines who first inhabited this part of the country, which was called Stadacona, very few traces at present exist! They have melted away! They have partly emigrated to the far north or west, partly been exterminated by the frightful ravages of the small-pox which raged in the year 1780, partly have fallen victims to the cruel massacres which the first settlers perpetrated; and, for a distance of twenty miles round some of the English settlements, and round a far larger circuit of some more, you never by any chance meet with a native Indian. They have either been extirpated by disease, treachery, bloodshed—the victims of the crafty white man or the deadly fire-water. They died leaving all that was dear to them,

Agros, atque lares patrios, habitanda que fana,

to be occupied and owned by a strange and alien race; neither have they left a name or a memorial of their having ever possessed them. Rarely, amidst the crowds which throng the market-places at Quebec, you meet with a dusky figure wrapped round with flowing clothes, with a hat on his head, in strange contrast to the rest of his attire, and on near

approach you find that it is a native Indian. But the very small remnant of the race who have settled down in the vicinity of Quebec are to be seen in the village called the Indian Lorette; and this day I went into a hut inhabited by one of them. On knocking at the door, it was opened by a woman, who was unable to speak English, but talked the Canadian French fluently. She was dressed like one of the country-women whom you always meet here; but her skin was nearly black, of the darkest olive brown, and seamed with tattooing; her hands also were tattooed. She called her husband, and he asked me to come in. His manner was open and fearless, but still polite; and, though a savage by birth, he reminded me very much of an independent gentleman. There was no vulgarity, no deceit, and no pretension in the style of language and expressions which he used. He was dressed very like a Highlander, and his brown limbs and tattooed countenance were what chiefly characterised the native Indian. He wore a cap like the Greek cap, and his coat and waistcoat were very like those worn in Albania. He, like his wife, the woman that opened the door to me, spoke French fluently. He had some ornaments made of Indian beads, sown upon caribou leather, to sell; but his assortment of those which are made of the bark of a tree was exhausted, owing to his having disposed of them before the winter began. It is the women of the tribes that work at the ornaments, and finish off the purses made of cloth and beads, as well as the cases and frames made of bark covered over with moose-hair stained. I took back with me a specimen of one of the doilies, which was very neat, and for which he charged very little. His rooms were quite a model of cleauliness. There was no floor covering, but the boards shone as bright as the boards of the rooms in a Paris mansion during summer, after the frotteur has finished his labours.

No remarkable occurrence took place on my way back, except my observing the small snow birds. These are like sparrows, and they gather at any fragment which may fall on a road traversed by the habitants on their journey to Quebec from the country parts. They are really the only living things in the shape of birds that one ever meets. I certainly thought that an excursion of this description was much preferable to driving in a sleigh, when the weather is such, that, on returning, one finds the whole of one's garments covered with a mass of icicles, and the blood nearly torpid from its having been exposed to the weather so long without a possibility of any exertion to keep it in circulation. Who that is possessed of a frame which is able to endure fatigue, would not prefer the manly exercise of health to the languid luxury of the slothful? Some of the refined exquisites of the present day talk of the impossibility of such an exertion; but I do believe that this is more in talk than in reality, as, when the matter comes to be tried, most men take to it very kindly. But it is certain that regular and frequent exertion is quite necessary to health, and preferable to all the recipes which are vaunted in the advertisement sheets and newspapers which exist in the press of any country in Europe or America; also early rising is another prescription, which is sure to keep one in health, and to avoid the temptation of late hours; and, recollect, the justice of the old adage,

Deliculo surgere saluberrimum est,

is what I should advise all visitors to this country. But the temptation of the former is certainly very great, and as certain is it that you cannot enjoy the two together. You must relinquish the festive assembly, or the gay haunts of fashion, if you wish to enjoy the pleasures of the morning air and the activity of life, which the class of men who take to "settled business, not to pleasure," find congenial to them. And, after all, there is no lassitude more unpleasant, or no ennui more unsatisfactory, than that which is engendered by indolence and vacancy of mind.

The roads which lie in the several directions leading out to the country from the several barriers which I spoke of before, and which are all guarded, would be difficult to trace after one had passed the line of houses, were it not that they are marked out during the snow time by long branches of fir, placed at intervals. The beaten track where, when the earth was to be seen, ran a road for carriages, is generally, after a fall of snow, kept well defined by a roller, which the authorities under government provide, and which is drawn by two horses. After the first pressing down, the number of carriages, sleighs, and trucks from the country are sure to beat down the snow into a firmness which allows of walking. One can drive a sleigh over it lightly and easily, without distressing the horses, and the only drawback is that the cavities in the road, which have been formed by the heavy vehicles of the peasantry, give the carriage an uneasy jolt. These hollows have got the name of "cahot;" I suppose from the effect which they produce. After a long cessation of snow they become deeper and more unpleasant.

Though I did not feel disposed to join the large parties which issue out constantly to drive to some place in the neighbourhood and pass away the evening in gaiety, and then return at night, yet I often drove my family out to visit the scenes I had visited in the autumn, of which the appearance in winter was so totally of a different character that I should never have been able to recognise the localities, had I not known the direction I was driving in. I recollect one day, when the bright sun was as clear and as serene as though one were in the plains of Italy or Greece, and the atmosphere as mild, apparently, as though it rested over a landscape of verdure, that I fixed upon for driving to the falls of Montmorenci. We started early, and found the streets in the town were the most unpleasant part of the drive, from the numerous cahots which are sure to be formed wherever there is a great traffic going on. We were well wrapped from the cold, and the gloves which I used for driving had the fingers backed with fur and the inside of wool. I had known the appearance of the streets from shops I had passed when I went this way in autumn, and the different line of buildings; so I was glad to hurry through them as quick as possible, and get to the large wooden bridge which lies over the St. Charles river. When we arrived at the toll we got our ticket for passing, and drove slowly over the long wooden bridge. We saw the Canadians on the ice breaking the blocks, and carting them before their being taken home to be put in store: men and boys, dressed in frieze coats and fur caps, with the caribou mocassins, hewing, cutting, lifting, throwing up, or digging the solid blocks; the quantity, the thickness, the heavy loads in numbers that were being loaded and carted away; the clear crystallised masses which lay in heaps and flakes both

on and beside the river; the chilly nature of the occupation, but still the mirthful appearance of the workmen, were all curious to notice. We passed the bridge and drove on quickly to Beauport. Here we were struck with the appearance which the small houses presented. They were buried in the massive folds of snow, which surrounded, enveloped, and obscured everything, except one narrow path by which the inmates come out from their dwellings to the outhouses, where dwelt their cattle or horses, and another which took them from their door to the road. The eye was positively weary with gazing on snow. The white dazzling appearance of the surface which clothed every object in view was wearisome to the sight, and hurtful to the nerves of vision. The small black tops of railings peering above the plains of snow showed the line of palings which separated the fields in which the country was laid out. The cathedral and some other loftier buildings stood out in pre-eminent station; but except these there were scarcely any features which rose above the face of the snow.

We proceeded onwards to Montmorenci, the road being clear enough, and the travelling on it not at all irksome to the horse, though the weight which he drew was greater than the wheeled vehicle on springs would have been; but when once the slides on the snow-level were given an impetus to, the moving them along was an effort which could have been effected by an animal of very slight strength. Thus dogs are frequently yoked in the small drag-carts which the peasantry use for drawing vegetables or market produce, and also in the small slides which children use in going a short distance from their houses. I can fancy no earthly situation in which the sweets of society and the pleasure of conversation are more necessary to cheer the monotony of the dreary vista around you than in driving a sleigh. The drive this day was finished by our arriving at the gateway of the proprietor, who owns the grounds surrounding the Quebec side of the Montmorenci Cascade; when we dismounted I laid some clothes over the horse, and as the walk was only a few yards before we got to the edge of the precipice which looks over the falls, we did not care to take him out of the shafts, but left him in charge of a servant till our return.

When we got to the margin of the waterfall, we saw the stream issuing through the numerous hosts of icicles which hung over, through, and round the body of water; there were some clear, some thick, some crumbling to pieces, quite dazzling the sight with their number. Below lay the lane at a distance, which rose, white, smooth, and unbroken, up from the ground on the far side of the gler. from the Quebec approach to it. The varied struggles of the mass of waters in gushing through the myriads of icicles would form a wonderful picture, if any one were ingenious enough to transfer it to canvas. But unless for such a purpose, to linger on much longer was what one would never be tempted to; the cold rendered it impossible. We went back to our sleigh, and drove by the same road back, where there lay on each side:

Each scene and dale heaped into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye could sweep.

LAST DAYS OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAHAMES."

PART THE FIRST.

I.

MURSET BEECHES.

It was a pleasant afternoon in August of the year — that fate, for good or evil, I know not which, found me on the top of the stage-coach, journeying as fast as four horses could trot towards the little town of Great Burrell, as it was pompously styled; for it had pleased my sister Sophronia, during my absence in India, to abandon the respectable family name of Symperton, and to take upon her in matrimony that of Digby, therefore to visit Mr. and Mrs. John Junket Digby at their country residence of Murset Beeches was I bound this August afternoon.

It was much the same sort of afternoon as one finds all such afternoons when whirling along a dusty road. Dells and dingles, distant hills, sunshine and shade, green fields and trees, and cosy villas nestling by shady woods or serenely watching by the rippling stream, that to its own music attuned the glad melody of children's voices, singing as they gathered daisies in the open meadows. Occasionally an overhanging branch on the wayside would vary the monotony of locomotion by knocking off one's hat into the dusty road, which some ragged urchin, a grinning recipient of odd halfpence, after much shouting and clamouring, hands back to its rueful owner on the coach, considerably the worse for the temporary estrangement. It was a pretty, simple country, having no especial characteristics, and I must confess to feeling more interested in the curling circlelets of feathery smoke that floated gracefully on the breeze, emanating from my short meerschaum—always dear to me, and ever companionable—than any appearances the scenery might furnish.

"Another five minutes, and we shall be at a drop of the best brandy in all England—ay, and a good Havanna, too, if you know how to ask the barmaid!" And the driver laughed, and shook his rubicund face.

His tongue having been loosened with sundry libations along the road, he had loquaciously descanted for the last two hours, somewhat to my disturbance in the enjoyment of my delicious Cavendish.

Punctually to the five minutes we were safely drawn up before a country inn. A rosy-cheeked landlady, with her hands tucked under her apron, stood on the door-step to receive us; while peering through the bar-window behind her mistress, framed in with a profusion of jugs hanging despondingly on brass hooks—shelves of glittering glasses, suggestive of fiery sherry and gooseberry champagne—tumblers with lemons in tempting yellowness, arousing visions of steaming whisky-toddy with drowning slices floating gracefully thereon, while rows of stout green barrels with highly polished brass taps and very decypherable labels seconded the notion—through this framework of temptation and hallucination looked the pretty barmaid.

"Pony-carriage for Murset Beeches!" shouted the landlady, in a good

strong voice. And round the corner of the inn wall I saw my sister's elegant equipage awaiting me.

Coming towards us in the middle of the road, half running, half hobbling, a group of screaming village children behind her, was a respectably dressed, decent-looking woman. She seemed bewildered and frightened, yet she turned now and then to face her tormentors, shaking her clenched hands, which proof of their entire success in endeavouring to irritate resulted only in prolonged hooting and renewed denunciation.

"A thief! a thief! Who stole the money!" halloed the urchins. And then a few handfuls of gravel and loose stones flew pelting over her, and she fled past me, nearly upsetting the hostess, right into the lobby of the little roadside inn.

She was a kind-hearted woman that same hostess, for all her strong voice. Despite the gravity of her countenance, she looked after the refugee with a certain sympathy, and, turning round upon the children, gave them "a bit" of her mind—that was no such "bit," either—and succeeded in driving them off in different spirits from those in which they had come. After a momentary hesitation, she followed the woman into the bar-parlour.

"I didn't do it," sounded a voice through the open window. "Oh, Mrs. Finnagan! I didn't do it—sure I didn't—no more nor yourself, ma'am."

Whereupon the softened tones of the landlady were heard in reply, and the sobs ceased.

"What is it?" I asked a woman standing near me, with her brawny arms akimbo.

"Ye see, it wur up at th' Grange yonder." And she jerked her thumb behind her when she had deliberately disengaged it for that purpose. "It wur beads, or summat."

"And did this woman steal them?"

"Ay, she did. It wur summat o' hers as is dead lately. They say she never looked up after it wur took."

"Was it found on her?"

"Neay, not it."

"How do you know she took it?"

"I know nowt about it," was the independent reply.

"But what makes you think so?" I said again.

"Oh, for that matter, *she* tuck it, sure enough. There woz but three on 'em for it. Dick Gibbs—maybe you know Dick Gibbs, him as lives at yon white cottage at th' end o' th' turnin', three doors fra ours. Well, he's bin at Grange, gard'nin' like, these forty years; it weren't him, anyhow. An' t' other one, she's as gradely a lass as you'd wish to see—a right good 'un; *she's* bin near on twenty years. But *her*," nodding her head in the direction of the parlour behind, "nob'dy knows 'owt on *her*—*she's* Irish, *she* is!"

After which grand climax my informant folded her arms again, re-settled her feet more firmly on the ground, and, partially turning aside from me, looked up and down the road.

"Well, you see, she denies her guilt."

"Did ye ever hear tell on a thief as didn't?" she said, with more acumen than I had evinced in making the observation.

Doubtless the case was clear enough, so I dismissed the subject and drove off.

A very good, warm-hearted creature was this only sister of mine, whom I had come to visit—very matter-of-fact, and very enthusiastic. She always spoke of everybody and everything in the superlative degree. She loved or she hated—if she were, indeed, capable of this latter phase of feeling—in *extenso*.

I have no intention of entering upon Sophronia's rhapsodies on my arrival at Murset Beeches.

Rhapsodies, indeed, my sister might be supposed to be subject to, but John Junket Digby—fancy *him* in rhapsodies! Neither do I desire to say anything concerning the virtues or shortcomings of the aforesaid. I may just remark, *en passant*, that I had expected Sophronia to have chosen otherwise than to ally herself to the nearest resemblance to a hogshead that I ever remember to have seen in human form—John Junket Digby! I had expected to see a tall man with thin stilty legs, remarkably active, and of nervous temperament; and lo! a huge barrel, with a snail, nob-like head, short stumpy legs, and temperament decidedly lymphatic, attired in a light-coloured overcoat and drab velvet collar, and you have as vivid an idea of the individual as it is possible to conceive. John he had a right to be called; but Junket! what should possess him to have such a name as Junket? It was a positive libel! Roll him along to the name of John, and he would respond with a roll; but expect him to caper or jump to the name of Junket, and you felt that it was a piece of deception not easily overlooked, except on the consideration of two thousand a year.

Before I had been three days at Murset Beeches I felt myself really aggrieved. Sophronia had called the Burrell dyke a trout stream, Heaven pity her ignorance! She had enlarged upon the shooting John Junket could provide for me—and what true sportsman, I would wish to know, would be at the trouble of bagging ignominious rabbits? Horrible! Surely a poor fellow never felt himself nearer akin to the finny tribe, in the fact of being "out of water," without the least prospect of getting in, than did I three days after my arrival at Murset Beeches.

There was the wine! John Junket called the Burgundy "round in the mouth and of undeniable bouquet." Poor fellow! I considered it light, thin, and undoubtedly acid. The cigars, too! I confess I do approve a good cigar. They were made of cabbage-leaf or rhubarb—execrable things! And as to ever having seen Havanna, they'd certainly come direct from some cellar in London, at five guineas the pound, and John Junket puffed away with the most aggravating satisfaction every day after dinner, pitying me complacently because I fumed and fidgeted.

Moreover, under the idea of rendering Murset Beeches attractive, Sophronia had invited down a young lady, whose nature in this case certainly did respond to her designation, *Pastison*. She had a puff-pasty white face, hands to match, and light, weak, wavy hair. She was incessantly knitting white wool, and wore a little white wicker-work basket, like the handle of a fencing-stick, at her side, by a hook that went into her belt, containing a supply of the worsted, that rumbled about like a concealed animal as she drew it forth. She was always astonished at what you told her, in an amiably incredulous way. If you

said, "We shall have rain," she was sure to answer, "Really!" If you remarked, "Miss Dobbs is going to be married to-morrow," the rejoinder would most probably be, "You don't mean it!" She laughed when she was expected to laugh, and said always what you expected her to say. Poor Miss Pastison! she was of the sickly sweet type, and irritated me in consequence. I wanted tonics—bitters—acids—something decided—a good plain, flat contradiction, for instance, would have done me good; and she said whatever I said, and when I contradicted her, snapped her up, or veered round to the east when we had all been west, she was anxious to find it was east too, and then I was off to the north. She never retaliated, but, driven at length into a corner, ceased her knitting in patient despondency, and laid her plump white hands resignedly upon her black silk knees—accommodating herself to circumstances—meek and amiable to the last.

"I think, my dear Josiah," said Sophronia, "this afternoon we will go and visit poor old Mrs. Cutter."

Not a very encouraging prospect to the drooping spirits of a young man of thirty-three, so I took no notice, and went on puffing the tobacco-smoke over the little wretched green insects that were on the plants. (Sophronia had followed me to the greenhouse.)

"Miss Chelmsford is dead, you know, Josiah, and the dear old lady is lonely. I wrote her a line yesterday to say we would come."

No, most emphatically no; I did not know Miss Chelmsford was dead! Had I been aware of this I should scarcely then have stood in the greenhouse at Murset Beeches.

For I may as well tell the reader now and at once that the true object of my visit to this part of the country was to renew my acquaintance with this lady, whom my sister now calmly told me was dead. On a previous visit I had seen and admired her, but circumstances against me then had since made clear the way before me so far as the necessities of this world go. I had dreaded to hear of her as married—her death had never come within the pale of my imagination—for it had pleased Sophronia, in some of her letters, to enlarge upon the good-humoured common-places of a certain country squire (entirely oblivious of the rotund nonentity she had herself appropriated) who, after considerable patience and perseverance, had at length prevailed upon the young lady to recognise him as her suitor. Some little bits of gossip concerning the uncouth good nature of this gentleman, and the shrinking coldness of Miss Chelmsford, had, unknown to my sister, determined my present journey to England, and now I heard that she was dead.

I knew but little of this lady in her actual sphere of life, having but twice seen her, and she was cold and unapproachable, yet her beauty, of a haughty and almost regal style, had impressed me. I knew that she lived in a lonely old hall with an aged aunt, lost as it were in the great desolate rooms, shut out from sympathy or intercourse with her kind, and something of the gloomy grandeur of that ancient baronial mansion seemed to have cast its shadow over her. Yet in the gleam of her dark eyes I had seen, or fancied I had seen, a depth of soul that touched me; and though she had held herself aloof and in some degree repelled my advances, it was as with a quiet scorn that had grown to glory in its loneliness because so few understood her, and I could not shake off the

impression she had made. So, eager and hoping, I had come to seek her out, to woo her if it were possible to the interests of life that she seemed to despise, to lay this new yet hard-earned wealth that was at last mine at her feet, and behold she was dead, and the place thereof should know her no more.

Sophronia stood looking at me, wondering, perhaps, that I did not speak, but I turned silently away. The bright-coloured flowers, the gay sunshine, the fragrant pipe itself had suddenly become distasteful to me. How should I endure to remain at Murset Beeches now!

"You've perhaps forgotten her, Josiah—Miss Chelmsford, I mean—I know you admired her rather when you were last in England, but she was always cold and proud, and very hard to get on with to strangers generally. But she was considered handsome—very fine hair and eyes, you know. Well, she's gone, poor thing, and Matilda (by-the-by, Josiah, I wish you'd take a fancy to Matilda, she's the most affectionate creature) wants to see Mrs. Cutter, and to know all about it."

"She must have died suddenly?"

"Miss Chelmsford? Oh yes, very. Only a few hours' illness. It is three weeks since, and I have not been able to go to the Grange. You will accompany us this afternoon, Josiah?"

"No, thank you. And, Sophronia!"

"Yes, dear."

"Be good enough to look elsewhere in Miss Pastison's interests. I am not a marrying man."

Not that afternoon, nor yet many others, did we pay the promised call on the lonely old lady of the Grange; yet I lingered in the neighbourhood, held by some spell, some secret yearning desire to see the home she had gladdened with her presence ere I yielded up the memory of my first love.

II.

WHITINGHAM GRANGE.

OFF we went down the slope from Murset Beeches, the ponies capering beautifully, the warm air stirring more freshly round us as we whirled along the road that sultry day. By long rows of cottages; by mansions in a sort of square-cut complaisance, standing handsomely in broad domains; by fields of rye, and barley, and wheat; by farmsteads, and barns and hay-stacks looking like so many huge seed cakes, where the slices had been taken thick with hospitable intent, till we gained the summit of a hill, when the road drooped, and down before us, some three miles away, stood a cluster of great chesnut-trees, grouped heavily round a large white house, with a round tower in the centre, peering over the trees, distinct and prominent in the distance, like an old-fashioned pepper-box.

There were long, low outbuildings straggling far on, gleaming white through the branches. This house was called Whittingham Grange. Behind, only divided from it by a thick plantation of firs, lay the glassy bosom of a wide-spreading lake.

Looking over the country, open before us like a panorama in the broad sunshine, fields and farm-yards with their complement of drowsy cows waiting for the milkmaid, and winding woods creeping dark and shadowy

at the feet of hills up whose sides ran the patchwork of meadows of every variety of tint, seamed, as it were, together by hedgerows, it was a pretty scene, and one that may be looked upon any day in merrie England.

"Off for Whitingham? Going to Mrs. Cutter's?" cried a clear voice; and standing before us at the bend of the road, peeping round a blackberry-bush that grew at a turnstile, stood two ladies, not particularly young.

Up drew the ponies.

"What! Miss Green! and Miss Euphemia!"

So the process of introduction was at once entered upon by Sophronia, doubtless to her entire satisfaction, for the two Miss Greens were known throughout Burrell as the kindest-hearted women, as well as *gossips in a good-natured way* (so my sister said, whatever that might mean) along the country-side.

"Mrs. Cutter is quite expecting you," said Miss Green. "She sent for us, not being in such good spirits, you know."

"On account of poor dear Miss Chelmsford. Wasn't it distressing? And so sudden!" said Sophronia.

"So altogether unexpected," put in Miss Euphemia.

"How does the old lady bear it?" asked my sister, with her head on one side.

"Oh, wonderfully, considering. She says if it had not been for Susan, she must have sunk."

"Good gracious!" murmured Miss Pastison, under her breath, with a feeble clasp of her grey gloves.

"Miss Green!" said Mrs. Digby, deliberately. "That woman is a treasure!"

"Heh, you may truly say so. The way in which Susan speaks of Miss Chelmsford (remembering what she had to bear, you know) is truly edifying."

"Susan's worth her weight in gold!" quoth Mrs. Digby, with a crack of her whip into the hedge on her right hand, that set the ponies prancing and starting sideways, until we were nearly upset into the ditch, and Miss Euphemia, giving a little jerk back, tore her muslin cape in the thorns of the blackberry-bush.

"You drive along, and we'll be there as soon as you through the fields," said Miss Green, with considerable alacrity.

Off we set again, while the two pedestrians turned sharply round and ran blithely up the field path, laughing and waving their parasols at us, as the ponies jaunted gaily on their way. Past more cottages, by a mill and water-wheel, over the bridge of a tributary of Whitingham Mere, along a stone wall skirting an orchard, where a woman was gathering firewood, a sudden turn brought us before a handsome ancient gateway, along an avenue planted with trees, and in the centre of a gigantic group stood the old house called Whitingham Grange.

I have said that the sun was shining, that the day was luxuriantly hot, yet as we drew up before the large stone portico, we seemed to have passed from the bright world, from the midst of life, into the chill damp of a vault—a grave or a dungeon. The want of air and light was so startling, so oppressive, the silence, or rather stillness, so painfully acute, something that was scarcely awe, not exactly dread, yet a mysterious compound of both, stole over me, and I positively shivered.

We stood for some time on the steps of the portico watching Tomkins leading back the ponies, and listening to the sound of the bell reverberating through the tomb-like edifice. It was so dark in the shade of the closely interwoven branches that we could scarcely distinguish one another.

"It is a very grave!" I said.

"It certainly does look darker and more dreary than I ever knew it before," said my sister, as with an effort to be cheery.

"And so cold!" said Miss Pastison.

"Well, dear, that's rather a relief." And, in token thereof, Sophronia drew her summer mantle more closely round her, innocent of the contradiction her action afforded.

"You wouldn't believe the tales and legends there are about this place, Josiah?"

"I think I should be ready to credit anything horrible enough."

"Well, really, I begin to think Mrs. Cutter must be having her afternoon nap, and perhaps Susan is in the garden."

"I did see a woman in the orchard."

"Then that accounts for it, Matilda dear. Would you mind if we were to make our way under the trees, then, towards the orchard?"

Miss Pastison seemed to shrink yet more closely into the protecting angle of the portico, but on this appeal came forth valiantly to the call. By the side of the green rotting gable in the plashy grass (for all that, the high road was dry and dusty enough) we picked our way. Here and there a bright lizard, the brightest thing in that drear place, slid swiftly out of our path. At the root of a tree a bloated toad sat squatting on its haunches. "Every man's house is his castle," saith the old adage; doubtless every toad's, and in this spirit, perhaps, his glittering eyes defied us. At length we turned the angle of the wall, when Mrs. Digby started back with a little terrified scream as three owls flew from the recesses of the ivy hanging over a buttress, hooting at us, jabbering and screeching, and settling down under protest in the branches of the tree, where the toad still kept guard.

Mrs. Digby paused a moment to look up at the masses of ivy and creepers that had almost blocked up most of the windows of this neglected tenement.

"Isn't it somewhere here, Matilda, that the old door should be—the haunted passage, you know—where they say the last of the Whitinghams fled in the time of Charles I., and meeting with the Roundhead soldiers in the wood—waiting for him, indeed—was cruelly murdered, and his body thrown into the mere?"

"Oh dear, dear—you don't say so!"

"Yes, Matilda, it certainly should be somewhere here. I suppose it has been made up—perhaps centuries ago; but they say (the poor people, you know, Josiah, are so superstitious) that a tall figure draped in black—Sir Geoffry, of course—is still to be seen sometimes rustling along the wood. Yes, the door should be somewhere here that he escaped from—only it's blocked up."

It was just the place for legends such as this. One might well have fancied Sir Geoffry's ghost lingering there in the dingy depths. Further on, to the extreme west of the building, we came upon the absolutely ruined portion, from which the interior and inhabited part was safely

protected and excluded—arches, mantled with ivy, yet roofed long passages, whose flagged floors were mossy with mould; the walls jagged, as with so many irregular teeth, standing aloft, with skeleton eye-holes cut deep in the stone, clothed and festooned with hanging wreaths of wild flowers and tufts of rank grass, that, catching the breeze stirring faintly over the tops of the trees, waved idly to and fro. Along one of these corridors was the great banqueting-hall of the Whitinghams, once supported on either side by columns of some precious marble, fragments of which lay on the ground. The recesses of the two fireplaces yet remained. The sunshine streamed in in long slanting lines—the trees at this angle growing neither so close nor so thick. In one of these rays a butterfly was gaily flickering; and in the corners of the broken roof over the arch of a carved doorway an owl had built her nest, and the young ones were peering down at us with their gaping beaks.

We stood looking thoughtfully up at the dark old place, softly mouldering under the constant drip of the damp—perhaps oozing from the adjacent lake. When other mansions stood clear in the broad light of heaven, fresh breezes, invigorating winds blowing, the Grange brooded and brooded, as in despair, on its desolation.

Passing on to the less dilapidated remainder of the hall, it seemed as if an energetic hand might yet, even yet, do something to recruit its failing health. The axe would be busy to some purpose here. Forest-kings stood, blighted and storm-stricken, waiting a necessary doom, cramped and pressed upon by the young striplings that had thrust themselves one upon another—officious detractors of the dignities of age—till the very sunbeams that found their way in owed the visit only to a breezy freak, and slid back again as hastily as they came. The edifice itself was built of huge blocks of stone, many of them loose and crumbling; pieces of walls, corners of windows, coping-stones and corner-stones, pillars, shafts, pedestals, and rafters, and fragments of quaintly carved figures that had surmounted arches or stood in niches, had fallen, years ago, unheeded, and the grass had grown thick around them. A band of stonemasons, with plenty of mortar and good dry breezes to back them, might even at that eleventh hour have done something for the once stronghold of the bygone Whitinghams.

The estate had been purchased fifty years before by the late Ezekiel Cutter, at the cost of the mere value of the land. The actual Whitinghams had become extinct; and on the accession to the throne of Charles II., the attainder to which the family and their possessions had been subjected was remitted, and had draughted off in a remote direction to a branch of the name of Moffat. This family, in its turn, had quietly declined. Incompetent to maintain the old place, it was sold to the first bidder. The last of the Moffats, consisting of father, two daughters, and an only son, retiring with the remnant of their fortune to a small inheritance down in —shire.

Having no children to inherit, the new proprietor had never interested himself in its preservation, and so Whittingham Grange, like many another of the ancient baronial halls of England, was left droning to its doom.

The sharp “click,” as of a gate quickly opened, startled us in our contemplation, and through the wicket hard by, bearing a bundle of fire-

wood, came a tall, powerfully made woman, attired in neat black stuff, the same woman I had noticed in the orchard as we drove along.

"It's Susan!" exclaimed Sophronia, with an excited ring in her voice; and she turned with a gesture of pleased surprise and shook the hand of the faithful and respected domestic. "Susan! my good Susan! How are you?"

"Ah, Mrs. Digby, it's you, ma'am!"

She looked down, then up, and gulped something, as it were, that was very dry and choky in her throat.

"I feel for you with all my heart," said my kind-hearted sister. "Now don't say a word—don't."

A request that did not appear very consistent, according to the tenor of the next speech

"And how does poor, dear Mrs. Cutter bear her loss?"

"Well," sighing, "missus bears up wonderful—she does."

"That's a blessing, at any rate." And Sophronia looked triumphantly at Miss Pastison and me.

"Oh, indeed, it is!" echoed that lady.

"I tell her, what's th' use o' givin' way, when we know that we're only as th' flower of th' field."

"Too true!"

"I say, if givin' way can bring 'em back again, give way, an' welcome—do. But if it won't, do nothink of th' sort."

"Quite right, Susan!"

"That's what I say to missis. I may be wrong—maybe I am; but givin' way does no good, that I can see. It doesn't 'help.' Th' house-work stan's, dust gethers, door-steps gets mouldy. I say, does givin' way clean 'em?"

She paused for a reply.

"Will givin' way get th' dinner ready? Folks mun eat, we mun ha' fires, and burn sticks, for all as Miss Chelmsford's gone, so I stepped out this afternoon and got 'em." And she looked complacently down at her bundle.

She spoke in a soft wheedling voice, energetic nevertheless, looking from under her brows at us with her clear grey eyes. She was not bad looking; when she smiled, there was a positive intelligence that was decidedly agreeable, and the glisten of a very fine set of teeth heightened the general effect. But when the face was in repose the expression was heavy and sullen, the lower jaw being largely formed, indicative, with the rest of her features, of a strong will. Her black hair was combed simply under the white cap. She had a nervous fidgety way of twitching her finger-ends together, that made one uneasy, and the whole of the time she was speaking she was so occupied.

Quickly the abigail led us into the house by a back entrance, along narrow passages, up stone steps, till we reached the front hall. Pausing at the foot of the stairs, I was struck with the noble dimensions of this hall or chamber, and the grandeur of the oaken staircase, that led winding superbly to the extreme height of the building, terminating in a circular palisade of ornamental iron-work, that formed the landing to the tower before alluded to. In former times this tower had been used as an observatory by some weird ancestor of the Whitinghams, whose dealings

with spirits, dabbling in the mysteries of the black art, and skill in ruling the planets, had left a reputation surviving the more splendid fortunes of his descendants. I was informed that this tower was now only used as a lumber-room; Susan indeed occasionally sleeping there, when not in attendance on her aged mistress.

Up the stairs Susan led us into an ante-room, where I waited while the ladies took off their bonnets in an inner chamber. As we entered, I followed behind Susan, my sister and Miss Pastison bringing up the rear. A ray of sunshine flickered slowly over the opposite wall, and as it did so Susan started, and drew back impulsively, but recovering herself marched boldly in.

"What a dismal chamber!" ejaculated Mrs. Digby.

It was, indeed, dreary. A small lattice window opened upon a network of branches, that moving faintly to and fro made glimmering hieroglyphics, as the sun-rays straggled forlornly in, leaving the angles in deep shadow. Dull hair-covered furniture, a sombre carpet, from which the colours had faded years ago, and over the chimney-piece, in fresh new frame, gorgeous in the contrast of the gilding, the picture of a very handsome woman, perhaps twenty-five years of age, whom at a glance I recognised as the portrait of the late Miss Chelmsford.

"So this is she," I thought, with a peculiar feeling at my heart as I stood under it, straining through the gloom at the dim outlines. A haughty face, cold, and almost disdainful in its pride; the eyes were large, well opened, and lustrous, a certain softness, too, gleaming under the shade of the long lashes; the nose was straight, the lips——. Perhaps it was most in the lips that one found the want of something warm and loveable. They were scarcely lips for a child to kiss, a lover to dream of. A woman whom destiny had raised above the actual sympathies and endearments of her kind, a despotic queen among savage subjects, might have gloried in such a majesty. A sort of loneliness was written in the pride and reserve of the high finely formed forehead, that was not happiness nor yet sorrow, but the loneliness of a lonely heart. Glossy and very beautiful jet-black hair was gathered relentlessly off the face, as though she despised the adornments of nature, and defied the weaknesses of her sex. Yet in direct opposition to this notion, round her long, slender, white throat she wore an amber necklet, with the pendant of a large ruby from its centre.

And she had gone; vanished from the house that should know her no more, her secrets—if she had any—locked within her bosom. This masterpiece of the painter's art, hidden in the twilight of a dismal bedroom, all that was left of the once breathing original.

Yet as I looked and lingered, the contemptuous pride of the features seemed to soften before me. I could have fancied their meaning otherwise under other aspects. The mouth, set so firmly, seemed as if habitual reticence had sealed its corners, that might have relaxed into smiles of womanly sweetness under the warmth of tender kisses and loving words.

"Who is the artist?" I asked, as the ladies rejoined me, passing through on their way toward the staircase.

"Duncombe," curtly replied Susan.

"No wonder that this painting should have so astonished me, hanging hidden in a dark room. Is it a faithful likeness?"

"It's a vast deal better looking. *Her eyes were never like them.*"

"Oh, Susan! I think the likeness admirable," quoth Mrs. Digby.

"Some folks see things one road, some another." And Susan clutched nervously at her finger-ends.

"Was not this Miss Chelmsford's sitting-room?"

Susan nodded assent.

"The hours and hours she's sat here, when missus and her couldn't agree." And she lifted her chin, and elevated her eyebrows. "Well, and we've all our faults!"

III.

MRS. CUTTER AT HOME.

It was a large and lofty dining-room with bay windows, and ceiling bordered with richly carved oak. Yet there was an air of dilapidation and wear in everything, that while in keeping with the age of the proprietress, was yet at fault with her well-known income and most luxurious circumstances. The crimson silk curtains were frayed and faded with long service, the velvet-pile carpet was actually threadbare, and in the centre of the hearthrug was a darn where a refractory cinder having presumed to burn it was coaxed in red wool, to be made the best of; the ancient bell-pulls on either side the fireplace, once gay in every shade of rainbow-tinted leaves and flowers, hung limp in the autumn of their colour, a dejected mass of dusty tendrils in faded olive; the china ornaments, once of considerable value, were pieced and mended visibly; and a few old pictures, doubtless rare and priceless, showed dusily through the begrimed varnish of neglected centuries on the dull walls, that no one cared to look at.

By the fire—for these rooms were damp and chilly as well as gloomy—dressed in a thick mode silk that sat stiffly round her like parchment, was a small, spare old lady, with a neatly crimped widow's cap, snowily white, round her pretty matter-of-fact face, from which shone, like beads, two keen black eyes, bright and glowing, even after the wearinesses of eighty summers. It was a simple, innocent, kindly face, perhaps possessing as full a share of good looks as it had ever known; for it was one of those countenances that in riper age gain some degree of the force they have materially wanted in earlier life. A certain simplicity marked it—a sort of innocence that would render her too reliant on others more energetic, more wily. There was no depth in the sparkling eyes; a spice of wilfulness might flash out occasionally, but strong sympathies of a wider range, such as do not come daily across the domestic hearth, had never stirred the passive tranquillity of that aged face. She wore a tiny curl of silky white hair primly arranged on either cheek. Ever and anon she smoothed her delicate hands down her apron, or picked off the skirts of her gown some dusty fleck, or straightened her chair, always, as it seemed, with a due regard to order and precision.

On each side of Mrs. Cutter sat the two Miss Greens. Miss Green was a cheery, rather stout person, certainly near fifty. She was busy at work with a fragment of gold chain on her left thumb, and with a peculiar shuttle of ivory kept making jerky movements with the right hand—to what intent it is impossible to conceive, but she gravely informed me, she was "doing her tatting."

Miss Euphemia leaned back in her chair, attentively listening to the

conversation of her hostess. Miss Euphemia was, perhaps, thirty, with blue eyes and very rosy complexion.

"So I said," continued Mrs. Cutter, when the bustle of our arrival had subsided—"I said, 'Do as you think best, Susan. Poor dear Clarice is gone. We can't bring her back by looking at her picture.'"

Miss Euphemia sighed demonstratively.

"So she took me at my word. And now poor Clarice's picture hangs up-stairs."

"Mrs. Cutter, that woman is a very treasure!" observed my sister, enthusiastically.

"The most devoted person," said Miss Euphemia.

"Oh yes, indeed!" added Miss Pastison, as if she somehow felt these remarks addressed to her.

"Susan is a comfort to me," the old lady replied, patronisingly. "I can't say how it is," she went on, after a while; "everybody liked Clarice, and everybody liked Susan, but these two never *did* agree. The one pulled one way, the other pulled the other way. Clarice was of a saving nature," lowering her voice confidentially; "Susan liked to see things handsome about the house. She felt it was to our credit to have 'em so." And those quick black eyes went roving over the room and its delinquencies. "Sometimes I have thought it was more for the sake of opposing Susan than anything else that Clarice said so often, 'Don't you spend your money, aunt, on what you can quite well do without. If you will let it go, build schools to the church. They're wanted badly enough, and they'll be here when you and all of us are gone.' 'Don't you do nothing of the sort, ma'am,' says Susan, privately. 'She only wants her own name to be stuck up over the doorway, or that.' Oh dear, dear!" Mrs. Cutter lifted her hands pitifully. "One day Clarice heard her say so."

The two Miss Greens groaned in concert, Miss Pastison falling in a little out of tune.

"Clarice comes to me in the breakfast-room. 'Aunt! I wonder you don't see into Susan's deceit. She cares only for herself!' 'Oh yes, my dear; she cares for *me*, too.' 'Oh, aunt! how can you?' she says, getting up off her chair, as if she was going to come up to me and tell me something, and then had suddenly changed her mind. Just in this way." And Mrs. Cutter rose and stalked in her tottering gait across the floor, satisfied that she was illustrating to perfection the style and action of the deceased lady. "She goes to this side of the room, sits, turns round this way, and goes right out of the room, as if it was no use talking any more. As she goes out, Susan comes in at the other door. Oh dear!"

"But, ma'am, she was your niece, after all, and Susan was but your servant!"

"Susan has been with me and mine these twenty years," said the old lady, slightly bridling up her neck. "I don't regard her in that light. She closed Ezekiel's eyes, and I hope she may close mine, too. True enough, Clarice was Cutter's only sister's child, but that doesn't give her any right to trample on my faithful friend. I don't say Susan wasn't wrong sometimes, but Clarice treated her with all the dignity of a princess of the blood. Oh, Clarice was very proud—very proud. Did you ever see Clarice dance, my dear?" turning suddenly to Miss Green.

"I think not, ma'am ; but she had a most elegant carriage."

"I used to think when she walked, it was as good as dancing ; her feet never rested on the ground like other people's. But she was very proud, was Clarice, and Susan, poor girl, was sensitive. I used to think if Clarice hadn't been so handsome, they'd have agreed better. Sometimes, when Susan hadn't a word left, and was ready to fly at her with vexation, she'd turn her back and walk away without deigning any answer. 'For,' I said to Clarice, 'you might reason with her, poor thing—she hasn't had your advantages;' and she'd say, as quiet as could be, 'At any rate, aunt, she's length of tongue enough to make up for her other shortcomings. Let her have the full benefit of it.' And Susan's nearly-torn her finger-ends off, in her aggravation. Ah ! Susan felt it very much—poor girl!"

IV.

THE AMULET.

"MRS. CUTTER!" said Miss Euphemia, "did you ever know why the engagement was broken off between Miss Chelmsford and Mr. Moffat?"

"I never did," the old lady said, turning to look at her interlocutor.

"How strange!"

"Clarice was very close," with a pained expression.

"Do you think they quarrelled, ma'am?"

"N-no," thoughtfully, "I don't think it."

"Was there any shyness between them at the time?"

There was a pause, during which Mrs. Cutter's eyes were roving up and down. Then they fixed searchingly on Miss Euphemia's face with a puzzled look.

"Did Clarice ever open her mind to you, my dear?"

"To me? Oh dear, no, ma'am."

"Ah, Clarice was very close" (musingly). "He was here on the Thursday. Stay! Was it Tuesday? Let me see—no—it was Thursday. Because we were making gooseberry-jam, and Moffat tasted it. Yes, it was Thursday. He had been to see his sisters down in —shire, Miss Martha Jane and Miss Sophy Anne, and Moffat was very sweet that night on Clarice." Mrs. Cutter drew up her lips with a patronising air, and a slight smile withal, as much as to say "Young people will be young people, and we must bear with them." "Yes, I know now that it was Thursday, because it was that day week that Clarice missed the amber necklace."

There was a little flutter amongst the ladies, as if the final arrangement of the exact date was a matter of peculiar satisfaction.

"When they were first engaged, Daniel told Clarice about the necklace; but as Miss Martha Jane and Miss Sophy Anne had always had the care of it, and my niece didn't mind such things, it remained with them, and I do think it would have been better if it had been left there altogether. Only at the beginning of May did it actually come into Clarice's possession. Daniel told a long rigmarole tale about it. I don't know one-half. To look at Moffat, you wouldn't have thought he'd so much fancy about him. You see" (turning to me), "he was a short, thickset man, with light hair of a sandy colour, and small merry blue eyes. Susan always would have it his legs were a little bowed, but it

didn't strike me so. He was a mild, good-humoured man, fond of a joke. Oh dear! He used to laugh so loud" (putting her hand to her ears), "and then he used to slap Clarice on the back (not to hurt her, you know—oh dear, no, but just in his boisterous way). But Clarice didn't like it. She would look at him with those eyes of hers, and bow her head in a grand sort of way; and he would fidget about and keep still till he forgot. He had a good property—in excellent condition, too—for he took a pride in farming, and delighted in the newest agricultural implements. It was from his father that Ezekiel bought this estate, as I said before; but he kept a good bit of land and odd farms about here. Oh, he was well to do. He was not so polished as he might be; but, then, if Clarice was satisfied—only I used to fancy she was not. But she never said anything. Clarice was very close.

"Then he would wear those plaid trousers—plaid trousers and striped waistcoat—they made him look so stout! He never cared what he wore, and was just the last man to care about jewellery, either one way or the other. But people are not to be judged by their outsides," said Mrs. Cutter, quaintly. "Now, you wouldn't have thought Moffat superstitious, would you?" she said, appealing to Miss Green, "yet he was. He told Clarice that all would go well with her and him so long as they had that necklace, but if anything happened to it—if she lost it, or that—its virtues would go to those to whom it went, and so much more ill luck would it leave behind it. I remember she laughed when he said so. He would have her picture painted with it round her neck, just that she might identify it with herself. He said it had been brought originally from some far country by the old wizard of the tower" (and she lifted her eyes towards the ceiling of the room). "It had been in the family of the Whitinghams, who once lived in this old house, for I know not how many generations. It was lost, and the fortunes of that ancient race at once decayed. It fell into the possession of Catherine de Medecis, procured for her by her celebrated poisoner. It came back into the family in some peculiar way, and had remained with the Moffats ever since. He said that every bead was of untold value as an amulet, on account of some virtue or power it held. Clarice quizzed him, and said the powers of this wonderful trinket were all silly nonsense. But he let her laugh, and said, 'Laugh as you like, lass, but keep it safe and sound.' And when she saw he really meant it she gave over. Why, I really forget how much Moffat said that pendant alone was worth, but it was a deal. It was as big as the end of your little finger—a ruby—that I do know. He used to like to see Clarice wear the necklace coiled round her arm. He gave it to her in a box with a secret spring, so that no one might get at it but herself. I did think him a bit soft about it. Mr. Cutter was so different. But perhaps Daniel had his reasons more than we knew. At any rate, my niece had her picture taken with it round her neck."

"How did it happen to be painted by so clever an artist?" I asked.

"Moffat had some friend in London, who, writing to him on business, mentioned a picture then in the Royal Academy which was creating quite a sensation, and informed Daniel that the artist, a Mr. Duncombe, was about setting off on a pedestrian tour, and would actually pass within a few miles of Burrell. He desired Daniel to pay him any little attention that lay in his power. Moffat at once came to me quite excited, and

urged me to have Clarice's portrait taken. It was well, altogether, that we had, for the necklace was lost immediately after, and its wearer too. It's all we have of poor Clarice!"

And Mrs. Cutter sighed, and winked her eyes at the carpet.

"What sort of a man was this Mr. Duncombe, ma'am?"

"My dear, I thought him one of the handsomest men I ever saw. Not pink and white, you know, but dark and pale. A remarkable figure, too, perhaps a little slender, but so graceful and easy. He'd be a couple of years younger than Clarice, I should imagine. I wonder many a time that she didn't fancy him before Moffat. When I was a girl, he would have been the very one of all others."

And then the old lady stopped short, in the conviction that she was slighting the memory of the deceased Ezekiel.

"But perhaps Mr. Duncombe was not particularly taken with Miss Chelmsford," said Miss Green, good humouredly.

"Probably not, my dear; at any rate, he took her portrait to our satisfaction."

"How did Miss Chelmsford lose the necklace?"

"I never could altogether understand it—it was a most mysterious affair. She said she laid it as usual in the box with the secret spring—and Clarice was very particular. When she wanted it, it was gone."

"Dear me!"

"I was quite frightened, Clarice was so angry. It chanced that Susan had that day missed my coins out of the drawing-room, and was just telling me about it, when Clarice comes in—oh, Clarice was very, very hard—Susan had wonderful patience. Clarice waited a week before she told Moffat the necklace was gone. His face went quite pale—all blue round the mouth. He leaned up against the window, quite faint, to look at. That was on the Thursday; five weeks ago to-morrow."

"Ay, dear, dear," sighed Miss Green.

"Only to think of that!" said Miss Pastison.

"She to be dead and buried, and the wheat not all in yet!" said Mrs. Digby.

"The wind hath passed over her, and she is gone," added Miss Euphemia.

"And has the necklace never been found?" asked Miss Pastison.

"Never."

"Who could have taken it?" exclaimed all the ladies at once.

"I can't imagine, unless it was cook." The old lady lifted her hands and let them fall again upon her knees, and the ladies looked from one to the other as if the action conveyed a good deal to their minds of which my perceptions were ignorant. "I cannot see who it could be but Bridget. It was not a thing to raise money on, that is certain, so what good could it be to her? But it couldn't go without hands. Once Susan did make a suggestion that surprised me a good deal, but then Susan had suffered so much at the hands of my niece; and knowing that, I didn't pay much attention to it. She said she had seen my niece and Mr. Duncombe talking together under a tree in the garden the very afternoon the necklace was lost. She said she shouldn't wonder if Clarice had given Duncombe the necklace. He had admired it, I know. But Clarice was very proud, and I don't believe that she would give away what Moffat, her affianced husband, valued so highly. He was a singularly fascinating

young man, that artist" (shaking her head wisely). "Sometimes young women *do* take sudden likings in this way—at least, I've heard so. He had lodgings in Burrell while he painted the picture, and just came to the Grange for sittings. But there was nothing remarkable that Clarice should meet him out walking, by accident, and that they should talk a while."

"But, ma'am, if there is any doubt, is it not rather hard on Bridget?" said Miss Green.

"It was nothing more than a passing idea of Susan's," Mrs. Cutter rejoined, mildly. "They were seen together that afternoon by Dick's little girl, as well as Susan—indeed, I think I understood Dick himself saw them too—but then that goes for nothing. Mr. Duncombe would never steal the necklace!"

THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.

LAUGH of the mountain,*
 Joyous and free,
 Beautiful fountain,
 Life is in thee!
 Spirit of memory,
 Freshener of spring,
 Freedom adorning,
 Bright on the wing;
 Thy crystal escaping
 Beneath banks of bloom,
 Thy tiny waves leaping
 'Mid gales of perfume,
 Reflect every feature,
 The gentle, the fair—
 The mirror of nature
 And soother of care!
 The sweet lark salutes thee
 With notes from on high,
 The lyre of the free,
 The untaught harmony!
 The jasmine and rose
 Their fragrance bestow,
 Where the freshness o'erflows
 Of thy waves as they go;
 While the weary of strife,
 As they downcast pass by,
 Seem to gather new life
 From thy minstrelsy!
 Laugh of the mountain,
 Joyous and free,
 Beautiful fountain,
 Sweet music to me!

* Rira del monte de las aves lira
 Pompa del prado, espejo de la amora.

Spa. Poet.

OUR POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

WE are not of the number of those who would have men of talent "fling away ambition." It is the latest as well as the earliest affection of a gifted mind, and on that account alone not to be lightly shaken off. The misfortune is that it so often overleaps itself, and will not condescend to recal the past, or regard those principles at their due value which have secured to others, less impulsive, successes little merited. It is no mean advantage to attain the object of our anxious ambition, and still more honourable when we can reach it, a thing too seldom the case, without gyrations and inconsistencies which often lead to the sacrifice of principles in the attainment. This is a thing more talked of than regarded by politicians of every colour. Yet if its value be justly estimated, consistency is expected to direct our footsteps in public as well as in private life. But then, "Are we not to change for what is better?" We have never spared Mr. Disraeli in time past for certain inconsistencies in his public career which it was impossible to avoid our doing, balancing them against his eminent talents, and a power which few possess in an equal degree with himself. We mean a power which is *sui generis*, or that which is the more impressive part of the man of ability. As to rank in matters connected with intellect, it is mere rubbish often impeding its advance.

If we consider facts, and at the same time call to mind the career of most of our statesmen in recent times, we shall be reminded how many of them acted only in regard to party views. We refer to some of the more eminent names on either or both political sides, and not to those who hold on in their political faith from ignorance or the mere attachment to old things. Such are stubborn animals—political mules that will pull up a perpendicular rather than not attempt "to back their own side." Here, it is true, time-worn political principles are stubbornly fixed, and still considered to be virtues. We need not name the class of partisans that, when its own friends move forward with the time, either remain as adverse to the conviction that comes, we might say with irresistible truth, "in the course of nature," or give a reluctant consent from party motives alone, though at the same time they declare they are signing the ruin of their country. This is both a consistency and patriotism quite in character. The support of such, therefore, can only go for what it is worth. The greatest triumph of consistency in political principle was Lord Grey's reform measure, supported when Pitt forsook it for the sake of power, and realised so long afterwards. It is this want of consistency in our public men which keeps the honest history of the times so much in arrear of the truth, except as to general results. Our statesmen are short-lived in public memory, because the inconsistencies to which we allude deaden the reflection of the political virtues they may possess when posterity passes its impartial judgment upon them.

But is it no lasting honour to be the minister of a great nation in these enlightened days? To wield the democracy of the people of England in its more palmy state of movement, or, reins in hand, to hold back the fiery steeds, and prevent the too rapid course of the chariot that might in

its impetuosity precipitate not only itself but others into the same gulf. If successful, the mode in which that success has been attained, the tortuousness of its course, and the necessity of bending one master-mind to the conglomeration of the constituent parts, are trials sufficient for human patience, which in men of real talent is seldom the more prominent feature. The impatience of genius is proverbial both in public and private life, and with acquired ability it is much the same; nor is this wonderful. Talent as well as virtue is destined to pass its existence in a state of warfare with that multitude which the Scriptures tell us in this life at least is prone to do evil—evil political as well as moral; and so it is if profane history goes for anything.

Mr. Disraeli is almost the only instance in this country that we can recollect of one who, destitute of family influence or connexion, has by his own persistence and a commanding intellect, the evidence of which is conclusive, succeeded in becoming the prime minister of England and leader of the national councils. For a long term we had seen one or two individuals selected from the twin great parties among the aristocracy dividing the rule of the country through their influence, talent or no talent concerned. They were uniformly unsuccessful from the time they threw off so insultingly that part of the popular support which George III. received upon his accession to the throne. The first fruit of this was the loss of our North American colonies, now grown to thirty millions of brethren, separated for ever from the empire. The same course was carried on against human freedom on the Continent. An ocean of blood and two thousand millions of treasure were wasted by England only to replace the kingly power in France against the will of the people—that same kingly power which just before had, without provocation, joined the Americans in war against us, no matter that the poisoned chalice was thus commended to their own lips. In three days' space afterwards the French rightfully overturned that foreign dictation, which had cost twenty years of war and a world of blood and treasure to re-establish. The folly of all this is now seen as it was seen by the wise when begun. The party in England that opposed all reform and supported the wars above alluded to has passed to "the tomb of all the Capulets" unwatered with a tear. The Sidmouths, Percevals, and Castlereaghs have gone with it as well as their principles. Their memories are become political beacons. In *their* tombs no Rosicrusian lamp burns, no light pierces the "ever-during darkness" which thickens over their memories. The generation that immediately succeeded to them, moving forward with the age, has but increased the darkness of their sepulchres by the cheering contrast it affords to the people, who will not be ungrateful for the boon because it has at length originated with the heir-apparent of that party in the state that once opposed it to the uttermost. Why should they be ungrateful? Why any longer be obliged to cry, "A plague on both your houses?"

But Mr. Disraeli, in consequence of Lord Derby's resignation, is Prime Minister of England. We do not know that Mr. Disraeli has been of more varied political colours in the state than many others, but he has certainly shown more tact, and much more ability. He was, it is true, in a position to do that which few of his own political tenets could have undertaken. He saw—we hope so, at least—that the tottering structure of the representative system, so corrupt, and so much at war with just

principles, as well as with the whole scope and design of the constitution, while it was that of a free people, could not continue merely patched up. The enlightenment of the age, the choice of a sovereign in France by the entire people there, and the spread of education, all told against the inherited relics of the change effected by William the Bastard in our Saxon institutions, which that excellent monarch, Edward I.—excellent considering the line from which he came—partially restored, but of which all the subsequent sovereigns seemed to be jealous to the time of Charles I., when that despot swept away parliaments altogether, obliterated the preceding constitution of England, and hoped so vainly to rule at his own arbitrary will, and leave that rule to his posterity.

But to return to the present time. It was evident to us that Lord Derby would never have gone the whole length of the late measure without Mr. Disraeli's talent to support him. Without Disraeli little could be effected, perhaps not attempted. He was too powerful an individual to make an enemy. The necessity of reform was more evident every day, hour, and minute; the growing intelligence of the people gave evidence of that, and cleared their vision more and more to the true facts of the popular position. Some reform was inevitable, was right, and, more than all with statesmen, it was politic. The Whig party had been too shy about it; the Tories offered a "bonus," as they say in their money affairs in the City; so that between the two the people must certainly get something. It cost Mr. Disraeli no further change of principle, no sacrifice; but it cost his party much, while it added strength to his individual influence thus to proceed still further in the right direction. He was in the position to do what he saw was right, if it were only for his own popularity, and he had no dread of the consequences. Without Mr. Disraeli, taking away Lord Stanley for his acknowledged power, moderation, and intelligence, Mr. Hardy for his firmness, and Lord Derby would have had but a weak cabinet, however individually excellent as private characters some of its members might be. As to reform itself, it could not be evaded. Never did Lord Russell's "finality" show its shortness of calculation more forcibly. Lord Palmerston had contrived by his adroitness to evade the question altogether, for he saw its embarrassments; not that he cared much about it either way, but the "pleasante" mode, to adopt the Hudson phraseology, was his lordship's rule of action, and he managed that it should last to the end of his domination.

We can even fancy his lordship near his last business hour in life, crying, "Put it aside—put it aside while I yet breathe;" reminding us of the dying artist, who, when a crucifix was presented to him *in articulo mortis*, bade the good *curé* take it away; the sculpture was too annoying to his professional vision even in a dying prayer.

The attacks made by Mr. Disraeli upon Sir Robert Peel have been arrayed as charges against him; to which we might be tempted to agree, did not the world know—and if it does not, it ought—that Sir Robert had himself done the same thing; but he had done it clandestinely. It is painful to compare notes on such points among politicians. Sir Robert had done what Lord Grey would have died before doing; and no doubt Mr. Disraeli knew it, and perhaps was sharper upon Sir Robert in his attack than otherwise he would have been, feeling that while Sir Robert

opposed Catholic emancipation in public through thick and thin, letters—those dangerous crown evidences against inconsistent principles—were extant, in the baronet's own handwriting, saying that emancipation must be given! The bitterness of the attack was thus accounted for in some measure by a knowledge of this duplicity, and therefore the more accountable. It was urged that Mr. Disraeli acted unbecomingly in that matter; but in opposition, as he was, to Sir Robert, he did not exceed in his offence that attached to the incident which we presume provoked it, though not public at the time. We take no objection to a minister who rises by talent alone; we have had nobles and plebeians ministers, both destitute of honest feeling, even of average talent, and without political principle, or aught that could qualify them for such posts. We know there is a class in the nation that is of an opposite idea—a class that thinks it should belong to that alone; as the citizens of a German town did that they should have an hereditary mathematician to adorn their city.

We are ready, then, to accept Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill. A few secondary defects may be easily remedied without change of principle. It is possible, and we think probable, that Mr. Disraeli, being free from certain shackles connecting him with borough interests, will, with sincerity, render the bill more perfect—above all things, pass a law to punish the corruption of voters by the corrupters, the agents of whom are generally country attorneys. The eyes of the nation are open to the juggle of suffering those who bribe the obscure or indigent voter, to escape free by wary management, and only punish the voter. Give justice a true balance, and we shall see more members in the House of Commons cease to be so when the truth becomes revealed. It is always best to do right if it costs a little more than to do wrong, and live under the consciousness of it. Thus it should be in politics, if in nothing else.

But, after all, the people of England have not only to regard that which is a duty on their own part, but to claim that their rulers will do right in their behalf, and aid them honestly in regard to candidates. We have had a great step in reform. We are indebted for it to Mr. Disraeli. If he has none of their semi-savage predilections to gratify—we refer to the rotten reliques of Norman despotism as regards certain ideas engrafted by time in the brains of a few living men, and the descendants of the barbarians left among us—it is time we should uproot such idle notions, and return to the spirit of the institutions of our Saxon forefathers. The late Reform Bill is a step in the true direction. We do not expect to see in parliament men of more distinguished talents than at present, if we do expect them more honest, more single of mind. Of men to dazzle the world by their talents, we shall not probably see an increase. To give a common-place opinion of your own before six hundred and fifty others who are about doing the same, in a chamber where genius has no particular honour, no abiding-place, and a rich Jew shall be honoured much more than a Xenophon or a Plato, just as it passes outside St. Stephen's. Mr. Disraeli has talents that will run to waste in his present position, if the reflection does not occur to him, which must occur to any one similarly endowed holding his place, "This is a potent means of effecting good or evil put into my hands;" but he is too well initiated, by his own confession in his works, not to comprehend his position.

For ourselves, we rejoice to see, for the first time, an example of an individual so distinguished in literature standing in his position. Our neighbours the French have long ago exhibited their feeling upon the claims of intellect. They, by their deference to it, show this, and to those who give to the world the results of mental labour they show how they estimate it. In England and Holland it is different with the lower and higher orders alike. The Norman impress still remains here, and still judges by its own old habits, constituting that law in creed and council alike, which, though unwritten, is strongly fixed. The ambition of the philosopher and man of genius pales its ineffectual fire before the stolid multitude of high and low alike. Genius in high places, the more rare the heaven-taught gift, gives no clue to power political, it has hitherto been rather an obstacle than an encouragement. Common-place rules where the general mind is formed with no high aspirations. This has been utterly wanting with most who have held an office, that, with just feeling, would be convinced it has so much of good within its power. In the present case, we have a belief that genius, as it is embodied in the present head of the cabinet, leads to promises of more discriminating and better regulated results than a public habitually ruled by an opposite inheritance will be honest enough to credit—that is, if the credit depends upon talent alone, and sinister motives do not intervene.

We thus heartily congratulate the public on Mr. Disraeli's accession to office. We have in him, at all events, a characterised ability, and we have escaped from the appointment of any of those platitudes to which, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Burke alluded when he said, "Strike off the heads of all the ostensible ministers in office, still the business of the state will go on as well as it did before." We are of opinion that Mr. Disraeli will at least show himself not unworthy of our compliment, whatever any of his coadjutors may fail to do, correcting his past oversights.

Ireland is the present troubler of the ruler. Lord Mayo lately expressed himself in parliament regarding that country with much truth upon most points, but with some glosses. It was easy to see that the Church question is the most difficult point to settle. It might be supposed that the souls of men had something to do with such a question, in place of a mere faction that does not comprise more than a sixth of the population. We should not ourselves think it wrong if the "loaves and fishes" were substituted for the "faith," as the main point at issue. The great principle, however, is a rotten one. The provision for younger sons, and the hatred generated by a double and antagonistic priestcraft, are difficulties not easily to be overcome. We have not space to touch upon them in this paper. We can only say we dissent from Mr. Bright *in toto* as regards his artificial plan for forcing a benefit upon Ireland in his land scheme. No national prosperity can be produced by artifice. Make the landlords of Ireland act equitably. That alone will secure peace in a great degree. Trade cannot be forced. The country can alone flourish by its own efforts, for which it has already every natural assistance. It will be the fault of the Irish people themselves if it do not. They have all the materials requisite. Coal in fifteen counties, iron in nineteen, lead in sixteen, copper in seventeen, a sea-coast of 1727 miles; harbours, 130; rivers ending in the sea, 94; in fact, every capability, and yet the man of money will not speculate there. Even the

Irish put their money into the English funds. Now, for all this there must be pressing causes. These are to be found in the law of landlord and tenant—or rather the no law—and in the engrossing of the wealth of the country without return, and in keeping alive religious hatred to nourish political obliquities, and overpaying an idle body of clergy, the minimum as to creed, thus cherishing a spirit of animosity quite anti-Christian. The principle is a vicious one. It is opposed to reason, it has no relation to that peace and harmony which should reign where true Christianity governs. When Dean Swift, having no one but his clerk for a congregation, addressed him in the service as “dearly beloved Roger,” he only realised a faithful picture of the existing Church. Perhaps a better idea of the Irish Church might be obtained from a return of the number of curates kept, where there is so little to do, exhibiting at the first glance an opposite idea; the incumbent, of course, is “equally” absorbed in his labour, and between them the personified congregation of Swift in his clerk cannot but be well served. There was no bad characteristic of the heads of the Irish Church in the newspapers a few years ago. We cut the paragraph out of one from Ireland. The Archdeacon of Meath died, and the income of the archdeaconry was reduced to a miserable pittance for an apostle of old, of only a thousand a year—“reduced” to that paltry sum. Spirits of those who preached in Judea eighteen hundred and sixty-eight years ago, before archdeacons or monks, black, white, and grey were invented, do not you sit in the clouds and mock us? What income the defunct ecclesiastic had we know not, but only the “reduced” pittance given to his successor as above. The self-denying spirit of the deceased in his life, shared, no doubt, with the widow and the fatherless, and the poor, with whom he divided his bread; like an excellent Bishop of Sodor and Man, giving his only shilling in hand to the poor. Well, this self-denying and worthy representative of the Irish Church to the letter, must have left in his bequeathments an admirable picture of the reasons why that Church is so highly estimated, if common-sense judgment may be trusted. This defunct son of Orange holiness left for sale “an abundance of hay, oats, potatoes; innumerable sheep, pigs, and cattle; thirteen draught horses, eight mules (one Spanish), five donkeys, forty thoroughbred hunters, a cab-phæton, a travelling-chariot, a drag, inside car, two fishing-boats [hardly for souls?], also a carriage and tackling.” To these out-door commodities and apostolic apparatus, were added certain indoor comforts equally in character, as sundry rocking-chairs, sofas of various forms to match, down cushions for gouty feet, and a collection of paintings, principally hunting scenes. A very choice collection of wines, and a large quantity of fine old whisky! Spirit of Paul and Peter listen from the clouds!

Can it be wondered at that this, alongside a dozen poverty-stricken ministers of the religion of the country, perhaps this the only one of the Orange faith, should be a painful spectacle. Wise in his day is the Pope to recommend a refusal of payment from the state by England, when the true faith of the Christian is thus exhibited; and the apostle Paul, if he had reached Ireland, would have been expected to leap five-barred gates, muddle himself with whisky, applaud the glorious advance of Orangeism, and the devotion he so simply, yet nobly, and through

evil and good report, so laboured for the happiness of mankind to establish.

Now, then, is the time for Mr. Disraeli to make for himself a name which his country's history will not let die easily. He cannot but have some regard for that only fabric of true glory which minds of the higher order can alone experience as it works for posterity; "That last infirmity of noble mind" as to tendency bestowed by nature alone! There is no obstacle more difficult to overcome than profitable bigotry; but "no cross, no crown!" The victory is for that the more honourable.

We are well aware how coldly the politician will receive all this, and with how much of that marble expression of countenance which we used to see in old Talleyrand, even when he listened to a bore, repeating to him for the fiftieth time the same incontrovertible fact, or the narrative of which he disrelished, but was too polite to interrupt.

The land grievances of Ireland were noted by Swift, who spoke of the oppression of the landlords, and the difficulty of paying rent without money or trade, a century and a half ago. In the reign of George II. the penal laws in Ireland were ruthlessly enforced; and in a Roman Catholic nation that faith was continually abused, and made the subject of persecution and every species of outrage. Even at present the priests of the British metropolis are continually placarded by name on the walls, with notices of sermons "against popery" by some thumpcushion, who seek by that means to obtain popularity. In the pulpit a minister may very properly endeavour to inculcate his own religious principles, and controvert what he deems erroneous; but that the pulpit should be made a sort of rostrum for denouncing other sects by name, or any but that to which it belongs, by phillipics against the name and the members of such bodies in public placards, is a vile mode of persecution. The Catholic retaliating would produce a rare spectacle, and show that not religion, but notoriety and theatrical artifices to attract a mob, were the motive causes of such gross ill manners, such unchristian and low-minded practices. The Catholics do not render evil for evil, nor paste the names of their clergymen on walls among the placards of buffoons, and ballad-mongers, quacks, pantomimics, and jugglers. In England all are free to worship heaven in their own mode, and the insult as well as self-conceit in the assumption of attacking others in this way, by any body of any religious denomination, is disgusting. Preach your own doctrines, controvert those opposed to you by stronger arguments or evidence, but hold not up by name in the lump another sect that may be less erroneous than your own, or else expect to attract, deservedly, the disgust of every honourable mind; for you are the last person who should presume upon your own infallibility. It is not what we think of ourselves, or how much we prize our own religious tenets, but what others think of both, or either, that is the criterion.

To return. The folly and stupidity with which Ireland was governed, dating to the end of the reign of George III., was extraordinary. Speaking of the legislation during a good part of that reign, Young remarks, in his "Tour in Ireland," on certain abominable laws then and there enacted. He says that they were enacted *against the property of all who professed the Catholic religion*, through that means to wound the doctrine. "If," said he, "such was the intention, I reply that seventy

years' experience prove the folly and futility of it. Those laws have crushed all the industry, and wrested most of the property from the Catholics; but the religion triumphs—it is thought to increase. Those who have handed about calculations to prove a decrease, admit on the face of them that it would require four thousand years to make converts of the whole, supposing the work to go on in future as it has in the past time. But the whole pretence is an affront to common sense, for it implies that you will lessen a religion by persecution: all history and experience condemn such a proposition."

Here, then, is a task for Mr. Disraeli's ministry, if it means to move with the times. Will he daringly break through every right or not, or follow the spavined jog-trot of the shattered hack of old? Will he act upon the justice, not upon the worst possible policy, in his measures? Pitt shipwrecked his fame upon the choice he made; in fact, upon a present temptation as to place, for which he must otherwise have waited some little time, and thus he dimmed the renown he might otherwise have secured. Let us hope that to do right boldly, and disregard consequences, will be the line of Mr. Disraeli's policy. The nation will not be ungrateful for it. It is impossible for the possessor of only a moderate degree of perception not to see that the downfall of all governments built upon the old exclusive system is at hand. Whether a policy be good or evil is the sole point—or be with or against the spirit of the age. The sustentation of order in such a contingency must depend upon the good sense and proper instruction of the people, and their sober sense; not after the old exclusive mode of blundering on for the advantage of the few, but advancing in order for the benefit of all. To this end self-government must be inculcated, and the influence of reason be made superior in directing action. The lowest in the social scale, as well as the highest, must learn to restrain his appetites within the bounds of reason, nor deny himself the use of anything for fear of its abuse, as is properly expected of a rational and accountable being. The test of social comfort in future must be the right conduct of the individuals whose duty it is to fulfil public offices in the state, even to the lowest; and as the value of the system depends upon a proper representation of the people, it is the duty of every individual to acquire a knowledge of the qualifications best fitted for his public duties in him he intends to support, and to be regardless of that political integrity in his own case which he demands in those whom he has a share in elevating to the post of duty on behalf of the nation. The first point of duty, therefore, lies with the voter; let him, however lowly he may be in life, remember that absence from all self interest is the primary duty of an elector, since he exercises a trust not for himself alone, but others for whom he is the trustee. Let him remember that as a voter he is to accept no dictation.

CYRUS REDDING.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DAILY MAIL ROUTE TO INDIA.

A DAILY mail route to India is a perfectly feasible project, and that even by a variety of roads. All that is wanting is capital to carry out the works. This, in the present age of enterprise, and with the knowledge that railways are the pioneers of civilisation and of colonisation, that they serve not only to bring countries remote from one another into connexion, but that they carry population and prosperity along with them, cannot be for ever wanting. It must come some day, even if the work has to be done, as it has been done in its European portion, by detachments; and an undertaking which is essential for bringing the wealth of Asia into the lap of Europe must eventually be accomplished. The relations of the two quarters of the globe have varied with different epochs in history—overland by Samarkand and Russia, overland by Trebisond and Constantinople, over the ocean by the Cape of Good Hope, and by the Red Sea; it remains to the present generation to place that communication upon a footing which shall be adapted to the spirit of the times we live in—that which the progress of railroads has opened to the enterprise of the whole world—a daily, and, if wanted, an hourly, safe, easy, and expeditious footing. There is not at the present moment a more comprehensive or a more promising scheme for the employment of Turkish, English, or of European capital, than is presented by the practical project of bringing the regions of Western, Central, and Southern Asia into contact with Europe, uniting the East and the West by the bonds of an iron road.

There already exists railway communication between the central Danube and the remainder of Europe; the next step in the project is to carry that communication to Constantinople. The natural line of such a communication would be from Belgrade by Sophia and Adrianople to the Bosphorus. But the configuration of the country, and the intervention of the Balkhan, presents many obstacles to the selection of such a line. Between Belgrade and Nissa there is a rise of from 900 to 1000 feet. Then again past Nissa, which is in a hollow, the country rises rapidly to Sophia, at an elevation of 1600 to 1700 feet. At Philippopoli the level descends from 1000 to 1100 feet; and at Adrianople—beyond which the engineering difficulties cease to be so great—to a level of 400 to 500 feet. It is probable that the direction of the line will have to be modified, to take advantage to a certain extent of the valleys of the Danube and the Morava; but be this as it may, the lines of railway from London and the European capitals now reach Basiash on the Danube near Belgrade, on the Turkish and Servian frontier, and a con-

cession has been granted by the Sublime Porte—a name which will be better merited when it becomes the gateway to the East—to a combination of English, Belgian, and Hungarian capitalists, represented by Messrs. Vander, Elst, and Co., for a line of about 500 miles, which will pass through Adrianople.

There are difficulties to be encountered in the present condition of Turkish finance, which, we are told, may cause modification of arrangements and delays; but it may now be felt assured that this line will be completed. The Ottoman government, and the Sultan himself, impressed by what he witnessed of the working of the railway system, upon the occasion of his recent visit to Europe, are resolute in carrying out the same system in Turkey; and they will find some resources. A Rume-
lian line is indeed not only a political and commercial necessity to the Turkish government, but also for the newly-restored state of Hungary; and that very great efforts will be made, and are being made, by both Hungary and Austria, to carry out this great desideratum in the completion of European lines of railway, is attested by the fact that the railway is represented at Constantinople by two such distinguished men as Count Zichy—the descendant of the patriotic nobleman who opened a road through the Iron Gates of the Danube—and by General Eber. According to the latest official advices, the arrangements with the government have been completed, and the works will be begun at an early date on four points. The chief engineering works are naturally in the passage of the Balkhan; but the line passes through countries having considerable resources, which will be further developed by a railway; and if the financial measures be honestly and rationally conducted, the line will in a few years be remunerative. Until that period the Osmanli government will, it is to be hoped, be able to meet the guarantee through the increase of its own revenues, resulting from the expenditure of capital on the works and the working of the railway.

A bridge across the Bosphorus, between the Rūmali Hissar and Anadolu Hissar, or Castles of Europe and Anatolia, or Asia, has been projected by Mr. M'Clean, late President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; and a plan for a similar project was also exhibited at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and illustrated in the *Engineer* of February 14, by Herr Rüppert, a distinguished Austrian engineer.

The line from Constantinople, and its Asiatic suburb Scutari, to Baghdad and Basrah, or Bussorah, of 1400 or 1500 miles, has, we are informed by Mr. Hyde Clarke, cotton commissioner in Turkey, in an able and interesting communication made to the Society of Arts, on the 26th of February, been granted by the Ottoman government to a company, represented by Mr. L. Greig and the Hon. Randolph Stewart, Messrs. Sharpe, Stewart, and Co., and Baron Winspeare. The route has, fortunately enough, to be decided on survey, for which two years are granted, and is roughly traced by Ismid, Kutahiyah, Afyūm Karahissar, Koniayah, Ak Serai, Yani-Shahir, Kaisariyah, Aleppo, the Euphrates Valley, Baghdad and Bussorah, with a branch to Suwaidiyah or Seleucia.

We say, "has fortunately enough to be decided on survey," for the most superficial knowledge of the country would at once satisfy any person that the proposed line will have to be altogether modified and altered. The chairman at the meeting of the Society of Arts alluded to,

remarked that, with regard to the rival schemes of Mr. Andrew and Mr. Hyde Clarke, he did not hesitate to say he was incompetent to pronounce an opinion. Even if he had the details of the two projects to consider, and the map before him, and had had an opportunity of examining each, he would still be at a loss to decide, because he was ignorant of the physical difficulties of both lines, as well as of the topography of the country. Now, laying aside that the said lines are in no ways rivals, but that one is the complement of the other, it may be distinctly said that an examination of any existing map of Asia Minor would give no idea of the physical difficulties presented by the proposed line, in as far as that country is concerned; it appears, indeed, to have been, at least in part, projected, like the line advocated some years back (1850-1851) by Sir R. M. Stephenson, without regard to physical difficulties, or, at all events, without a proper and due consideration given to the comparative facility presented by other lines through a region of remarkably diversified physical configuration.

Asia Minor is, like Abyssinia and Mexico, in large part an elevated plateau or table-land, the level of which is diversified by mountains, mountain chains, and rude volcanic regions, and again by lake, or lacustrine and grassy level districts, with a low surrounding maritime border, to which the rivers from the central uplands in general find their way through fissures with lofty vertical precipices. But exceptions occur to this general rule, and the Halys, for example, although having to pass through the usual vertical precipices below Osmanjik (precipices most curiously passed at a level by the natural opening at Haji Hamsah), has a wide, open, grassy valley, with a gentle slope all the way to its upper course. So, again, whilst engineering difficulties always present themselves in going from the littoral to the uplands, from north to south on the Black Sea, or, *vice versâ*, on the Mediterranean, these difficulties are reduced to a minimum by going as much as possible from west to east, and doubling the lines of outlying chains and ranges of hills and mountains. The rise from west to east to the uplands is gradual, from north to south it is sudden and formidable; and the projects of Sir R. M. Stephenson and of the new company are open to the same objection, that they do not take this peculiarity in the configuration of the country into consideration, but that they rush at once in the face of the greatest difficulties which are presented by that peculiar configuration. The difficulties presented by Asia Minor are, indeed, like those of an obstinate child, easily to be circumvented by conciliatory means—by an attention to the configuration of the country; but they are only increased by rude and impatient proceedings, and flying in the face of natural obstacles.

The line to Ismid constitutes an essential part of any railway carried east of Constantinople. The Bithynian peninsula, at the head of which the ancient Nicomedia is situated, is hilly and undulating in parts, but it presents no engineering difficulties, and the town itself is populous and commercial, and has a good harbour. It is the port for the wood brought down from the Aghatsh Danghiz, or "Sea of Trees," and hence also it has yards for ship-building. The gateway to Constantinople from the East, this portion of the line would be self-paying. There is a post-station at Ersek on the opposite side of the Sea of Marmora, with a

bridle-road across the Bithynian Olympus to Isnik or Nicaea; but as it must be reached by boats from Constantinople, it is not much frequented.

The high road to the east is prolonged beyond Ismid by the valleys of Sabanjah, Duz-cha, and Boli, and the lake which occupies the upper end of the first was once connected with the Sea of Marmora by an artificial canal. All these valleys are of exceeding fertility and well populated, and are bounded to the south by the Bithynian or Ascanian Olympus, which stretches almost uninterruptedly from the Sea of Marmora to the river Halys, under various names, as the Gök Tagh or "Blue Mountains," the Karam Ali Tagh, the Boli Tagh, the Ishik Tagh, and the Kush Tagh or "Bird Mountains." There are little hilly districts between the valleys at Khandak, and between Duz-cha and Boli, but of no importance. The Sakkariyah, ancient Sangarius, finds its way through these mountains by a long and precipitous pass in limestone rocks. These first three valleys are prolonged to the Halys by, first, that of the river Filyas, and secondly, by that of the river Tüsiyah. A hilly region intervenes between the two valleys near Tcherkesh, but it is of no great width or elevation. Finally, a natural pass in the mountains, of some width, with mural precipices, and defended by a fortress, with a small town, a post station, and bazaar—Haji Hamsah—presents an opening on a level with the adjacent country into the central valley of the Halys; and thus the districts of Kaisariyah or Siwas, in the high regions of Asia Minor, can be reached by an open level country, having a very gradual elevation, not in fact exceeding that of the river itself, to Siwas, but with a more rapid elevation to Kaisariyah, which, situated upon an upland at the foot of the snow-clad Argæus, is at a much greater elevation than the valley of the Halys.*

Kaisariyah once reached, the interval of country between that town and the Kulak Boghaz or Cilician pass of Taurus, turning Mount Argæus to the west, by Injehsu and Nigdeh, does not present any great engineering difficulties. The Kulak Boghaz is a very remarkable pass, being of considerable length, yet open, with no great elevations or difficulties, except at one single point of very limited extent, where the road

* The great valley of the river Halys attracted General Chesney's attention from the earliest period of his travels in Western Asia, and when a small Kurdistan expedition was organised on the conclusion of the exploration of the river Euphrates, by the Royal Geographical Society and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, one of the first instructions given to its members was to survey the valley of the Halys. This was carried out, notwithstanding some trouble and delay entailed by an unusually severe winter, during which the party were snowed up in the Ishik Tagh for several weeks. At this epoch the Meerschau mines of Eski Shabir, the commercial town of Zafran Boli, the mines of Kastamuni, Ishik Tagh, and Denek, and the large towns of Iskilub and Changri, in the valley of the Halys, were utterly unknown to Europe. There is a peculiarity in the towns in Central Halys, that they are not on the plain, which, from its luxuriant herbage, is given up to the pastoral Turkomans, but in glens or valleys in the hills, where there is arable land. Kalahjik, a small town chiefly inhabited by Christians, is an exception. The houses are grouped round a castellated rock, like some old feudal site. The line of the Halys was advocated in a paper laid before the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1852; as also before the Syro-Egyptian Society, when the geological and topographical details of the whole line were given in detail.—"Memoir on the Euphrates Valley Route to India," by W. P. Andrew, p. 7 *et seq.*; "The Euphrates Valley Route to India," by a Traveller. 1856.

is shut up between lofty precipices, which leave so small a space, that were the fallen rocks removed, there would be barely room left for more than two lines of rail, and little or none for the ordinary traffic of the country. It is probable that tunnelling would be required at this point. Beyond are the plains of Cilicia Campestris, and these are separated from the Syrian plains by the Amanus, over which a road is carried by Bayas, beyond Iskandrun or Alexandretta, and which, from the slaty and friable character of the rocks which constitute the slopes through a greater portion of the pass, and its great elevation, would present formidable engineering difficulties. These would be, to a great extent, diminished by the neighbourhood of a seaport, and there is always wood available throughout the whole of the country described.

From Siwas, on the other hand to Diyabeker, on the Tigris, and to Mardin, on the borders of the Mesopotamian plains, and beyond which all is, comparatively speaking, as level as a bowling-green, the country consists of successive plains, valleys, and wooded hills until the Taurus is reached at Arghana Maden. This is the country of the great silver and copper mines of Asia Minor, the wealth of which are unquestionable, the copper ore being at present removed to Tokat for smelting. The pass presents, no doubt, some engineering difficulties, but it is not likely that, although alternate cuttings and raised embankments might be required, any tunnelling would be requisite, as in the Kulak Boglaz. A geological section of this line of country, upon a scale of one mile to one-tenth of an inch, will be found in the "*Researches in Assyria, &c.*"

The lines of ancient as well as of modern communication between Asia Minor and Syria and Mesopotamia are, and always have been, determined by the position of the available passes of Taurus. The two most feasible are unquestionably the Arghana Maden or Armenian Pass and the Kulak Boghaz or Cilician Pass. Cyrus and Alexander the Great advanced by the latter, the Romans mostly by the first. The Kurgha Kizmes Pass, south of the Kulak Boghaz, is one of exceeding difficulty, and is rarely used. That of Marash, by the Upper Pyramus, is difficult even to a single horseman; that by Al Bostan is like the pass from Malatiah to Erkenek, which was used by the Turks under Hafiz Pasha in the campaign of Nizib, a succession of mountain ridges which do not attain a very great elevation, but have such an extensive surface development as to be the very last to be had recourse to where expenses are in any way a matter of consideration.

The line, however, before described, by which Kaisariyah and the Cilician Pass, or Siwas and the Armenian Pass, can be reached by the open valley of the Halys, presents very great advantages over the lines advocated by Sir R. M. Stephenson and Mr. Hyde Clarke and the new firm of projectors. The passage of the Bithynian Olympus appears at the onset to be a most uncalled-for and exhaustive piece of engineering skill and expensive labour, when the existing high road to the east follows a line of fertile and populous valleys at its foot. Then, again, beyond this, whether by Kutahiyah and Afium Karahisar, or by Eski Shahir, or by Sevri Hissar, till the plain of Koniayah is reached, is one continuous succession of wooded hills and fertile valleys—a most difficult and broken country. It is not that engineering science will not in the present day overcome almost any difficulties—at all events, any such as

are presented by the countries in question—but it is whether, for the sake of saving a trifle in distance, a difficult country should be selected in preference to a comparatively easy and less expensive line of route.

Nor are there any commercial or intercommunicative advantages to be obtained by selecting the one route over the other. The more or less populated and productive regions around Nicaea and Lefkeh are more than compensated for by the long and fertile valley of Boli; the district of Kutahiyah is fully represented by Tcherkesh, the point of union of the high roads to commercial Zafaran Boli and Kastamuni on the north, and Angora on the south. Afyūm Karahissar will not bear comparison with Osmanjik, on the Halys, where the high road from Tokat and Amasiyah, that from Vizir Kupri and Samsun, and that which, prolonged by Niksar, Erzurum, and Tabriz, constitutes the high road to Persia, join the high road to Constantinople, through the inevitable pass of Haji Hamsah.

Some might entertain a political objection to this more easterly route, inasmuch as it is so many miles nearer to the frontier of Russian Georgia, but before a railway on the Halys could be in any way influenced by the power of the Muscovite, all Asia Minor must have fallen under the Russian yoke. The rich mines of Arghana, the fertile silk and wine-producing regions of Tokat and Amasiyah, must have fallen into their hands, and a line across the hilly regions of Central Anaduli and Karaman would possess no greater immunity than one following the valley of the Halys.

The productive district of Koniyah itself would be rivalled by the little appreciated resources of the districts of Iskelub, Changri, Kalahjik, and Kirshahir; and whilst either Kaisariyah or Siwas could be reached by the Halys through a fertile easy country abounding in towns and villages, the projected approach to Kaisariyah from Koniyah, by Ak Serai, we do not hesitate to proclaim to be the most irrational portion of the whole project, and one that will infallibly be given up when the proposed preliminary survey is carried out. There is not in all Asia Minor a more distorted, broken-up region than that anciently known as Garsaura, which extends around the lofty old volcano of Hasan Tagh, at whose foot Ak Serai lies. It is a region of low volcanic hills and craters, with here and there an open valley or plain of limited extent, as at Mal Agūb, but in every direction precipitous cliffs rise up dotted with sepulchral grottoes and cave habitations and chapels. Constituting the very heart of ancient Cappadocia, this region was selected, from its difficulties, as the place of refuge of the early Christians at different epochs of the invasion of the more open country or of persecution by fanatic Osmanlis and Seljukians. To adopt such a line is positively going out of the way to combat difficulties sufficient to appal the stoutest-hearted engineer. If a communication between Koniyah and Kaisariyah is sought for, it may be obtained by the Tuz Güli or "Salt Lake" and the Upper Halys, or by the valley of Nigdeh; if a communication with the Cilician Pass is sought for, it is to be obtained by the high road to Eregli or Harakli, but by the rocky region of the Hasan Tagh is out of the question. The latter part of the proposed route has, further, this remarkable peculiarity—that after the line has been carried through the most difficult regions of Central Western Asia Minor, to the plain of Koniyah, it turns back

again to Kaisariyah, which could, as before pointed out, be reached by one continuous succession of low country and the open valley of the Halys. If the line of Koniayah is selected, there is no alternative but to leave Kaisariyah to the left, and push on boldly through the Cilician Pass. The objections to this pass are that it entails the passage of a secondary chain of mountains—the Amanus—the two passes constituting the Cilician and Syrian Passes of the Ancients, whilst the Armenian Pass presents certainly more than one range of hills to turn, but they do not present the same difficulties. The Cilician route presents, on the other hand, the advantage of joining the long-ago projected Euphrates line of railway from Seleucia by Aleppo to the Great River, whilst the Diyarbekir line would have to be continued by the high road to Baghdad by Mosul or Nineveh, Arbil, Altun Kupri, and Kerkuk—the Babylonian Ecbatana—east of the Tigris, to the City of the Khalifs.

This leads us to a second order of considerations. If the amount of capital necessary for carrying out so vast an undertaking as a through route from Constantinople to Bussorah was forthcoming, it might be worth the most serious consideration, whether the line of the Tigris would not be preferable in some respects to that of the Euphrates. It passes from town to town, and through more or less cultivated districts the whole way from Constantinople to Baghdad; whereas the Euphrates line has only one town—Annah—between Aleppo and Baghdad, and very little cultivated country, but with a vast amount of land open to redemption and to colonisation. A line by Diyarbekir and Mosul, and thence east of Tigris, would also receive the commercial produce of a large portion of Armenia, of some parts of Persia, and of most of Kurdistan, including more particularly the gall-nut districts. The Euphrates line would have little, save wool, with which to recruit itself between Aleppo and Baghdad. Once a railway in existence between Constantinople and the other European capitals, it is quite certain that the Porte will be most desirous of bringing its Asiatic satrapies into the same ready communication with the capital. Were the option of two lines, one by the Kulak Boghaz, the other by Arghana Maden, laid before the council of ministers, they would at once decide that the pashaliks of Angora, Kustamuni, Tokat, Kharput, Diyarbekir, Mosul, and Kirkuk are more productive to the imperial revenue than the pashaliks of Kutahiyah, Afyūm Karahissar, Koniayah, Adana, and Aleppo, laying aside the produce of the mining districts. Aleppo, it is true, has a European commerce, which at present finds an outlet at Iskandrun. The easterly or Tigris line, the Sublime Porte would at once feel, if allowed to have a voice in the matter, would also do much more towards strengthening the frontiers against any possible encroachments of the Russians or the Persians than the Euphrates line. It would unquestionably be a most desirable thing, in a political, social, and commercial point of view, that both lines should be carried out; and failing any hopes of seeing the Tigris line put into execution, at least for the present, that is no reason why the Cilician line should not be proceeded with, if it meets with greater favour at the hands of European capitalists.

Both routes have the same characteristic, that, beyond even the Suez Canal, they can claim to be European undertakings. Either would greatly benefit this country, and would benefit directly or indirectly every country

of Europe. In the silk trade alone either would confer direct advantage on France and Italy, in opening up Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and Persia, and would carry to the sealed-up East the manufactures of France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Prussia, Saxony, and Austria; for if we talk of a railway from London to Asia, it is no less a railway likewise from Paris, Lyons, Rouen, Mulhausen, Brussels, Liege, Verviers, Utrecht, Geneva, Berlin, Elberfeld, Nuremberg, Augsburg, Leipsic, Vienna, and Pest. Such a route would, indeed, open new markets for every manufacturing town in Europe, and for their growing trade with the East.

A through route would give to all Europe alike a daily mail for all India, and a proportionate acceleration for China, Japan, Java, Sumatra, Cochin-China, the Philippines, and Australia. The French have mails to China and their growing possessions in Cambodia; the Hollanders to the Netherlands East Indies; and Spain to Manilla. Thus, in one way or another, the nations of Europe have a great stake in the development of this route, and it is justly argued that it is to be hoped, as all will profit on its completion, so all will assist in its realisation. Do what we will for our own good, we must benefit others; we must open the way for others as we have done in Egypt and elsewhere. Let us, therefore, invite and welcome the co-operation of others.

The guarantee of the Ottoman government to the company represented by Messrs. Greig, Stewart, Sharpe, Stewart, and Co., and Baron Winspeare, is limited to five per cent., on 12,000*l.* a kilomètre, or 20,000*l.* a mile. The special funds set apart are the postal subsidies and transport of mails, the Indian telegraph receipts, and one per cent. transit duties. At the present moment the guarantee in its simple state will not allow of capital being raised, no more than it did for the purposes of the projected Euphrates railway from Seleucia. But whilst the promoters of the latter scheme, among the chief of whom were General Chesney and Mr. W. P. Andrew, the latter the great concessionnaire of the Indus and Central Indian Railways,* devoted their energies to procuring a guarantee from the English government, and by which guarantee alone the capital necessary to carry out the project could be obtained; the concessionnaires of the Anatolian and Cilician line do not propose, they say, to resort to any of the accustomed, or rather, we should say, the customary, modes of financing.

Having got what may be called the collateral guarantee of the Ottoman government—not an absolute guarantee of four per cent., but a guarantee to make up the revenue of the company to that rate in case of deficiency—it is the business of the concessionnaires to make effective the revenues appropriated to them.

The first of these consists of the postal subsidies to be negotiated with the several governments. These governments are our own Indian government, that of the Netherlands Indies, those of Australia, that of Persia,

* Mr. W. P. Andrew, chairman of the Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway Companies, laid the project of a through railway from Belgrade to Bussorah via Constantinople, upon the basis of a fund to be called the "Imperial Ottoman Public Works Loan," before his Excellency M. Mussurus, ambassador of the Sublime Porte, as far back as in July, 1863. Such a plan appears to be the only really feasible one by which a through route is ever likely to be carried out.

Muskat, England, France, Holland, Belgium, North Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Saxony, and Austria.

The second consists of telegraph business and subsidies from several governments and commercial communities.

The third consists of the transit duties.

The fourth consists of the revenues of the railway itself, local passengers, through traffic, the transport of troops, and the carriage of goods.

In aid of all these comes the general guarantee of the Ottoman government.

The question, therefore, is whether, with all these resources, and such further aid as may be obtained from friendly quarters, the funds can be provided; and this, the concessionnaires believe, presents no insuperable difficulties, if there be but a real conviction on the part of those interested of the true value of the undertaking and the urgency of its execution.

From Bussorah mail steamers run to Bombay, but these only afford accommodation to the local trade between India, Bussorah, and Baghdad, and yet this is sufficient to justify the government of India in maintaining this service. It may be conceived that the government can afford a larger subsidy to carry letters farther, and to open up the trade with the Mediterranean and with Europe. If Baghdad and Bussorah are now of such importance to India for local purposes, they will become still more so when their ports and markets are enriched by the advantages of railway communication. This is unquestionably true, but it applies just as strongly to the Euphrates project, which may be considered as a portion of the proposed line, and which could be carried out with the necessary guarantee, as to the through line, which, however feasible the new project for carrying it out may be, necessarily implies a much greater capital as a whole than as a part. When we take into consideration the difficulties presented to engineering works by a country of so diversified an aspect, and of such marked contrasted configuration as Asia Minor, and which difficulties appear to have been very imperfectly studied by the concessionnaires, it will be felt also at once that the expenses will be very much greater in the Anatolian portion of the line to what they will be in the Euphratic. It is true that the existence of a plentiful supply of wood along whatever line might be selected across Asia Minor would materially diminish the expenses, but this would be more than compensated for in the Euphrates portion of the route by the facilities afforded by its termini being in both cases seaports, by the comparatively level character of the country to be traversed, and by, with the exception of the hard limestone district near Aleppo, the friable character of the rocks met with in the upper and central portions of the river valley.

No sound estimate, we are told, can be made of the expense, as the distance and (we should hope) the direction are not known. An estimate of 100 miles for the Scutari and Ismid concession gives 8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* per mile, but "the country beyond is heavier." This, an indispensable portion of the line, presents indeed no engineering difficulties; but if, instead of following the line of the high road to the Halys, it is projected to carry the railway over the Bithynian Olympus, the estimate per mile would, beyond Ismid, assume alarming proportions. The estimate of the Euphrates Valley section, as it is termed, is given at the

same rates, for 850 miles, as those of the Scutari and Ismid. Taking these as 100 miles and 850 miles, or 950 miles together, and the total length as 1500 miles, we have a remainder of 550 miles, which, if we take at 15,000*l.*, would cost 8,250,000*l.*

ESTIMATES :

	£	£	£
Scutari and Ismid . .	800,000	1,000,000	1,000,000
Ismid and Aleppo . .	8,250,000	8,250,000	11,000,000
Euphrates Valley . .	6,800,000	8,500,000	8,500,000
Totals . .	15,850,000	17,750,000	20,500,000

"In the last estimate the cost of the Asia Minor heavy section is taken at 20,000*l.* a mile, and the others at 10,000*l.*; 12,000*l.* a mile would bring the total cost up to 22,000,000*l.* The total cost appears to be within the limits of 16,000,000*l.* and 25,000,000*l.* The smaller sum we can hardly, under all contingencies, hope to stop at, the larger we may try to avoid, and the capital may be taken at 20,000,000*l.*"

Coincidences are sometimes very singular. By a very careful study of the bends of the river, and a due consideration as to where those bends could be shortened by cuttings, we arrived at a similar result of 855 miles from Seleucia to Bussorah. Of these, Seleucia to Aleppo, 85 miles; Aleppo to Balis, 65; through country of friable rocks, 330 miles; over alluvial plains, 375 miles. It would require 90 additional miles to carry the railway to Grane on the Persian Gulf. The Tigris line would not be much longer, and it would not only have the advantage of being carried all the way through a populated and fertile country, but it would escape the marshes west of the Lower Euphrates, and it could be carried by Susiana, a very fertile and populous province of Persia, to Bushire (Abū Shahir), on the Persian Gulf. A railroad from Baghdad to Bussorah would have to be carried across the plains of Babylonia, and west of the Euphrates to avoid the marshes; nor does it seem that any railroad could be carried direct to Korna, Mohammerah, or Bussorah.

Mr. Hyde Clarke, after deducting 100 miles to Ismid, and 850 miles from Aleppo (instead of from Seleucia) to Bussorah, has a remainder of 550 miles, if we understand him right, from Ismid to Aleppo. We conceive that, taking the hilly and broken character of the country into consideration, that 700 miles will be nearer the true estimate, and if the line, instead of being carried direct from Koniayah to the Cilician Pass, is taken to Kaisariyah and back by the Nigdeh valley, it will add over 150 miles to the estimates. From Koniayah to Harakli, at the entrance of the pass, is about 90 to 100 miles. From Koniayah to Kaisariyah is 160 to 200 miles; from Kaisariyah to Arakli 110 to 120 miles; total, from 270 to 320 miles. If the estimate of 100 miles from Scutari to Ismid is to hold good of the "heavy" portion of Asia Minor, there would be over ten times the same distance repeated from Ismid to Aleppo even by the direct caravan road. From Kaisariyah to Ismid would be about 550 miles, and here the estimates can be more readily made, as the whole line is on a comparative level, and add 120 to Arakli, and 250 to Aleppo, would present a total of 920 miles, or 220 more than the Koniayah line, according to the assumed estimates; a difference in distance which would

be more than compensated for by the facilities of the line. It must not be omitted to state that the Cilician Pass presents one great advantage over the Armenian Pass, that it may, in future times, be prolonged through Syria to Palestine, and even to Mekka and Egypt. The journey to Alexandria and Cairo may then be carried out the whole way by land, and a prolongation of the same line up the valley of the Nile to Khartūm, and thence by the Blue Nile across Abyssinia to Tajurra, would open a new port to India and the far East, and a new line of intercommunication to the nations of the world.

The sources of income on which the Constantinople and Bussorah Company have to rely having been enumerated, it may be as well to consider the estimates more in detail. The railway, it is assumed, passing in many parts through an undeveloped country, cannot for a long time pay of itself, nor will the through traffic be sufficiently large to yield a dividend. This opinion, it is to be observed, is founded upon the estimates at 8000*l.* to 15,000*l.* per mile. In such a country, the expenses ought to be much lower. There is plenty of wood for sleepers, and the system pursued by the Americans in carrying out the Atlantic and Pacific Railway should, as far as possible, be adopted. It is also now generally understood that the amount of dead weight included in engines, tender, and carriages, in proportion to the weight transported, should be entirely changed—the old system, in fact, done away with, and the transport effected, especially in such a climate, by light carriages drawn by light engines. Were these innovations introduced, the railway might be carried out at one-half the projected expense, and the through traffic would yield a return dividend positively as the railroad was being carried out, if any of the sections were brought into operation. Let from Aleppo to Seleucia, and from Ismid to Constantinople be tried first—for an example; but the returns of the Ottoman, Smyrna, and Aden Railway have already proved the fact, despite of the holding back of the guarantee by the Ottoman government.*

The capital being then assumed by the present projectors at 20,000,000*l.*—a sum which enterprising Yankees would deem utterly unnecessary—the net income, it is said, may be taken during its early years at 2 per cent. Two per centum per annum on 20,000,000*l.* gives 400,000*l.*

* The Hon. Captain Stewart remarks upon this point, that if the Turks have not fulfilled their engagements, neither have the company fulfilled their part of the obligations. One of the conditions was, that sufficient rolling stock should be put on the line to carry the existing traffic. Now this has not been done, and the reason why the Turkish government has not paid the guarantee with punctuality is, because traffic was waiting, but the company had not sufficient rolling stock on the line to carry it!

This, at all events, shows the remunerative character of Turkish railways if properly managed. There are already many miles of railway in operation in that country. The Danube and Kustanjah line, 40 miles; the Varna and Ruschuk, 140; the Ottoman, Smyrna, and Aidin, 82; and the Smyrna and Kassab and Burnabat branch, 62: total, 250 miles. A large body of labourers of all kinds have been trained on these lines, as well as native managers, sub-contractors, and firemen, and their revenue is steadily increasing—the proof being that one of them at least cannot carry out the traffic. Local labour can, indeed, always be obtained, and practical experience has shown that the Arabs can be induced to work for wages fairly paid—a thing they are little accustomed to—just as well as Armenians, Greeks, Osmanlis, Turkomans, or any of the other mixed populations of the country.

The Indian telegraph already yields a profit to the Ottoman government. It may be taken, on the completion of the line, at 100,000*l.* The transit duties may be taken on 5,000,000*l.*, imports and exports, or 100,000*l.* per annum. The trade to South Persia would follow this route, also that to Muskat, the Mekran, and the Arab ports on both shores of the Persian Gulf. The transit duties would be levied on valuable articles exported from England, France, and other European countries to the countries named, to India, China, Japan, the Archipelago, Manilla, and other eastern regions, and on imports from them. Thus we have :

	£
Traffic	400,000
Telegraph	100,000
Transit duties	100,000
	<hr/>
Total	600,000

The question is, what England and India can afford to give (or rather, would be willing to give) as a postal subsidy, leaving the other mails as matters of subsequent arrangement: the French, Spanish, Netherlands, Belgian, North German, Saxon, Swiss, Italian, Austrian, and United States mails.

Can our governments, the projectors inquire, afford to risk 200,000*l.* in subsidies to secure the great advantages dependent on this undertaking? The first help to answering this is, that a great increase of postal revenue will result from the acceleration and more frequent transit of the mail. If this be taken at 100,000*l.*, it leaves only that sum as the amount of effective subsidy, in substitution of other subsidies, to be divided between England and India, to be diminished by other mail receipts, and to be ultimately extinguished by the development of the railway system, and the augmentation of the transit duties.

Thus the effective liability of the home treasury is reduced to a casual 50,000*l.* a year, or some comparatively small amount. For this our empire will obtain great political advantages; a greater assurance of European peace; a further guarantee against invasion or revolt in India, an immense commercial development; readier correspondence with the increasing markets of the eastern world; a speedier and more convenient transit for our merchants, officials—civil and military, and soldiers to India and the adjoining regions.

It is then justly observed that, to secure these advantages more effectually, the railway must be constructed as cheaply as possible—that is, for ready money, and not for Lloyd's bonds; it must not pass into the hands of financiers; there must be wholesome supervision over the contracts, construction, and expenditure; there must be a low capital cost and cheap working, so that commercial and political travellers may have to pay only reasonable fares. To effect all this, the line must be assimilated to the Indian system; it must not be financed on the Turkish guarantee; but it must have a solid English or European guarantee of 4 per cent., in the shape of a postal subsidy, in principle assimilated to that of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, securing not direct political but direct postal advantages to our government, making the rate of its contribution dependent on the earnings of the line, and ultimately assuring

either direct participation in the profits, or indirect benefit in the reduction of charges. The programme is admirable; yet whilst the American railway junction, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, is carried on upon a subsidy of 4000*l.* per mile on prairie ground, and 12,000*l.* per mile through mountain chains, the Asia Minor line is estimated at from 8000*l.* to 10,000*l.* per mile on fair ground, and at 15,000*l.* per mile for the hilly districts.

Will France, the projectors inquire, will Austria, will Hungary participate in this undertaking, from which each is to derive so much? Will France neglect this opportunity for upholding her position in the eyes of Europe—one still more honourable to her than even the patronage of the Suez Canal? The question is whether these countries will leave the whole share of the prosecution of these works to the English. This appears inconsistent with the attitude of France. Originally assisted by English capital and English experience, her railways were begun, but they were completed by French industry; and she has since extended her railway operations outside to Austria, Italy, and Spain. A nation which has never loved to be left behind—which has followed us to India, to China, to Egypt—will not leave to us the sole conduct of railways in Turkey, or the sole development of Persia, a country in which she has so long sought to acquire trade and influence. French capitalists have tried singly, or in conjunction with English capitalists, to carry out the Adrianople railway; and they will claim their due share in its companion enterprise, which is to connect Paris and Constantinople with the Indian Seas.

In fact this new enterprise is not one calculated to excite European jealousies, but to contribute to European union. It will be a bond among the cabinets of Europe, a common tributary to the industry and commerce of each nation. If this holds good with regard to an Anatolian line, so also does it with respect to a Euphrates line, the present terminus of which would be upon the Mediterranean. Our neighbours regard that sea as a French lake, and hence their interests are as much concerned as those of England. The opening to the extension of their industry and commerce to the Indian Seas would be practically as much benefited by a Mediterranean line, as by one from Constantinople to Aleppo. Their participation, as also that of other European nations, in carrying out the first and most important part of the project, would also assure the political independence of the line. France, which has its Suez Canal, can have no possible grounds for envy or jealousy of England having its Euphratic line. Its interests, and that of most European nations, in preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire from the encroachments of Russia, are identical with our own. By uniting with us in carrying out the first portion of the project, they would be strengthening the pillars of the Sublime Porte, and opening neglected countries to agriculture and civilisation, at the same time that they would be facilitating the extension of their commerce to the Indian Seas, to a far greater extent than can ever be effected by the Suez Canal.

The rivalry of nations should, indeed, give way before the development of the railway system in modern times. If England should propose a railway to India to facilitate her communication with that country, France, Germany, Holland, and other European powers should aid and

abet in its prosecution, in order to procure to themselves similar facilities in regard to their own Eastern possessions, and a due share in the commercial advantages that will accrue from carrying out such a line of communication. So, if Russia should project a line to Peking, it would behove other European nations to participate in its execution, to ensure its neutrality, and to share in its profits and advantages.

Mr. Hyde Clarke, in a letter communicated to the papers, admits that "practically the Euphrates Valley section, being the easier of access, is that which will be open first, although longer than the northern section." But he says the Ottoman government will authorise no line which does not begin simultaneously at Constantinople, as well as at other points. Such a resolve may very fairly be set down as a momentary ebullition of temper evoked by the conflicting interests of a great number and variety of projectors. We are informed, for example, that Mr. James Landon was for some time a concessionnaire of an Anatolian railway, and that, in the prosecution of his project, he planned the road from Işmîd to Eskişehir, or "Old Town." This is adduced as a proof of the feasibility of the newly projected line; but Eskişehir is on a different caravan route, and in a country of very different character to that followed by the caravan route to Kutahyah and Afyūm Karahissar. Mr. Andrew justly pointed out that it is easier to obtain capital for a half or single section than for a whole one. Now, if this half or single section fulfils nearly all the purposes for which the whole is projected, it would most certainly be a pity that its execution should be delayed or trammelled by ambitioning a whole. If the capital could be raised for an Euphrates Valley Railway, the Ottoman government would be far too much interested in its execution to decline renewing the twice granted concession, merely because another section was not simultaneously begun at Constantinople. Governments do not act, at all events upon the long run, with an obstinate blindness to their own interests. Annoyed at the concessionnaires of the Euphrates Valley route and other projects not having been enabled to raise the capital wherewith to commence operations, the Ottoman government very naturally, when a new party proposed to carry out a line of nearly double the length, insisted as a protecting clause that the work should be commenced at both ends at the same time, so as to ensure the interests of the Sublime Porte being served at the same time as those of other countries. Or they may have suggested such a proceeding to test the capabilities of a band of projectors, who undertook to do twice as much as others who had failed in carrying into execution the half.

It is further argued that the projectors cannot proceed unless for the whole line, because it is the through line alone which can give increased postal revenue to the English government in relief of the subsidy, as the Euphrates Valley line is chiefly available as an alternative for the Egyptian route. It is difficult to understand how the Euphrates Valley line should, being perfect in itself when carried to Seleucia, a port on the Mediterranean, be any more an alternative to the Egyptian line than the through route. The line from Constantinople to the Danube being perfected, it is true that the mail might be conveyed through by land; but with the many lines and interests to be conciliated, it is questionable if, with as little expense, or even with much acceleration of speed—as if the English government, having by guarantee, or by subsidy, enabled the

Euphrates Valley route to be carried out—it could transport the heavy mail from Seleucia in its own, or in a subsidised company's packets. But there can be no possible reason why both sections should not be carried out. If the English government was fully alive to its own interests, and to those of the vast empire confided by Providence to its charge in the East, it would feel that the time has come, with the progress which Russia is making in Central Asia, and the labours undertaken by the French in Egypt, to strengthen its position by such increased facilities of communication as would be afforded by a Euphrates Valley route. This has, indeed, become an imperious necessity, without any regard to the development of industry and commerce, however desirable they may be. Under such a guarantee or subsidy, the aid of European capitalists might be fairly looked up to for carrying a project of importance to all into execution. If the Austrian, Hungarian, German, or French governments would do the same for the Anatolian section of the line, they would have the same right to look up to English capitalists to aid and abet them in carrying it into execution.

There would be a further advantage in carrying out the Anatolian line by the valley of the Halys, in addition to the much greater facilities presented by such a line, as before propounded, that, once at Osmanjik, enterprising projectors would soon spring up to prolong the first section—that from Constantinople to the valley of the Halys—by Niksar to Erzurum, Tabriz, and Teheran, and ultimately farther eastward, even to Peshawur itself, whilst, as before pointed out, the other section—that from Osmanjik to Aleppo—bringing it in contact with the Euphrates Valley line, would also present to future projectors a terminus from whence to start a line to Damascus and Jerusalem, or to Mekka and to Cairo. The lines of the caravan routes of Asia Minor being determined, like the lines of the great historical invasions, by the necessities imposed on all alike of passing the Taurus by practicable routes, any lines of railroad projected or carried out in Asia Minor present the very remarkable advantage of leading to almost unlimited extensions; whilst these extensions, by whomsoever, or by what power or capital soever, carried out, must, by the force of physical circumstances, return to those lines which shall first command or occupy the passes of Taurus, as surely as the rivulets and rivers of a given area of country must flow into one common channel to the sea.

Constantinople is, indeed, in as far as its position is concerned, one of the most favoured cities in the world. The eloquent and rounded periods in which Gibbon writes of Byzantium of old still ring in our ears. The contrast of pomp and squalor, of the magnificent and the unsavoury, haunt our memory. Byzance has fallen low under the sway of fatalism. But it may yet be revived, and it is impossible to realise the future in store for it when it shall have become the terminus of all the railways leading to the Far East. The mere opening of a line of communication with the rest of Europe would alter its fortunes, the bridging over of the Bosphorus would bring into existence a European city which would stretch from Therapia to Dolma Baktchi,* and the prolongation of the

* The name of this well-known suburb of Constantinople is derived from this circumstance: The Turks roll rice, meat, and spices in vine-leaves, and this constitutes a favourite dish, called dolma. People went to this suburb to eat dolmas, hence its name, Dolma Baktchi, or "garden of dolmas."

European lines of railway to Asia Minor, Syria, Persia, Arabia, India, and China would revolutionise the lines of commerce of the world. Russia might do a great deal by industry and perseverance, and the opening of lines of communication in Central Asia, to attract at least a portion of the produce of the East to its different markets; but Constantinople would, unless utterly abandoned to its fate, always be the emporium of Oriental commerce.

What Great Britain wants, however, at the present moment is simply an easy, accelerated, and safe means of communication with its ultra-Euphratic empire. No educated man but now admits that the valley of the Euphrates presents the most available, if not the only practicable, line for creating such a line of communication. Ought an undertaking, then, of so much importance to the present and of so much promise to the future, and which would so materially strengthen our position in the East, be neglected until railway lines are opened from Constantinople to Aleppo, from Constantinople to Baghdad, or from Constantinople to Teheran, Meshed, Herat, and Peshawur? Assuredly not. France might have said a railway shall not be begun from Marseilles to Lyons till one is begun from Paris to Lyons, or the English government might as reasonably have decreed that a railroad should not have been instituted between Manchester and Liverpool until a line had been begun from London to Manchester, as for the Ottoman government to rule that a communication shall not be established between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf unless it starts from Constantinople. Let what is good be done first, and its accessories will follow afterwards.

There are not wanting plenty of persons of a desponding and obstructive disposition of mind who view all enterprise with a lukewarm or distrustful eye. These are not the persons who would have made Calcutta, Sydney, or New York what they now are. Sir Arthur Cotton, who advocates a line from Acre by the plain of Esdraelon to Baghdad, considers the attempt to combine the conveyance of passengers generally with that of the mails as incompatible. But if the reforms in the management of railways advocated by Mr. Fairlie and by Professor Gordon, and in part carried into operation on the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, where Captain Tyler describes the glide and equable motion of light trains drawn by light engines as giving the sensation of "flying," this objection would no longer apply.

Others, arguing that projects of this description must depend for their success entirely upon public confidence in them, declare that there is no confidence even in English railways now. If there is, then, that want of confidence in railways in this country, how could we expect there would be confidence on the part of capitalists in foreign railways which were to run through deserts and mountainous countries, and with only a guarantee from a government which is not likely to last? But this is precisely the point in question. What is wanted to carry out a Euphrates Valley route is a guarantee, either by subsidy or otherwise, which capitalists and the public generally would have confidence in. The income of the Atlantic telegraph, as Sir Arthur Cotton pointed out, about half a million a year, shows indisputably the enormous value of speedy communication between two countries having even only commercial, without imperial connexion, even when it does not provide for passengers and mails; and the sum already expended on railways in India, now about 100 millions,

including interest, cost of land, &c., shows what the English public think of the importance of improved communication with the interior of India (or, at all events, the confidence they place in an imperial guarantee). The authorities are still providing six or eight millions a year for this purpose, and certainly the facilitating communication from this to India is of *ten times more importance*.

The imports and exports of India for the year ending 30th of April, 1865, were 120 millions, including treasure; so that the commercial relations alone would justify a vast outlay, even leaving out of our calculations the far greater interests involved in the imperial connexion. At present the debt of India, including railway liabilities, is not more than three years' revenue, and most assuredly many additional hundred millions, if judiciously expended, will much more than increase its power of paying the interest of such sums. And it is equally certain that this point of improved communication between India and England is one of the things in which money may be most judiciously and safely expended.

This is a crushing statement. With a commerce representing 120 millions, a guarantee is withheld for the expenditure of ten, and that when one of the first results would be to give a development to that commerce which might, with railway communication with Europe, in a very few years be estimated at double that amount. About 100 millions, including interest, cost of land, &c., have been expended on railways in India, yet a guarantee cannot be given to one which would involve no cost in land, and scarcely any compensations whatsoever, and that when it is admitted that the facilitating of communication with India is of ten times more importance than facilitating internal communication! The Euphrates Valley route is the complement of the Indian railway system; without it the railway from Calcutta to Bombay, and the railways of the Indus to Delhi, Lahore, and Peshawur, are imperfect, and their greatest utility remains undeveloped.

In the presence of the progress made by Russia in our own days—a topic upon which we propose to treat separately—there should, indeed, be no question of cost towards securing a safe and defensible line of transit across a friendly and neutral country. The value of speed in the communication between a country whose income is 600 or 700 millions a year and its dependency, having an income of about 300 or 400 millions a year, is far beyond any cost. It is a question of vitality—of actual existence.

We by no means side with the alarmists in our views of the progress of Russia in Central Asia. We rejoice, on the contrary, at the prospects held out by that progress of the subjugation and civilisation of fanatic, predatory, slave-holding tribes. But Russia has unquestionably also in view the extension of its commercial relations with the East, both by Central Asia, and also by Georgia and the south of the Caspian. It seeks to bring, if possible, the greater part of the Eastern trade to Russia. It has already entrusted to a distinguished electrician, M. Siemens, the carrying out of direct telegraphic communication with the East Indies. There is no harm in this, if it would throw open its railway projects to other European nations, as it is proposed to do with the Asia Minor route and the Euphrates Valley route; but it is, as manifested clearly upon the occasion of the Bushire and Mohammerah campaign of 1856, morbidly

jealous of the influence of any other European power in Persia. It looks already upon the patrimony of the Kai Khosraus and the Shapurs as a Muscovite appendage, and openly declared its intention to fight for the possession of the country, had the English retained possession of an inch of Persian territory.

It is in the interest of England, then, to carry out the Euphrates Valley route, not only for the purposes of facilitating communication with India, of developing commerce, and of strengthening and upholding our Indian empire, but also of giving that stability to the Ottoman empire which is of so much importance to the security of the world. Let the opportunity be neglected, and what will be the result? Russia will push on her railways from Tiflis to Teheran, Meshed, and Herat, and, by Khullum and Khunduz, will control their prolongation to Kabul. Once a railway carried out from the Danube to Constantinople, it will be prolonged by fragments, first to Ismid, then to Boli, and thence to the valley of the Halys. The projectors of a line across the hilly regions will inevitably find this to be the case. If with the lapse of time the railway system be further prolonged, it will be towards Syria and Persia. The Ottomans have long ceased to take any real interest in the once fertile and productive regions of Babylonia and Chaldea, and intercommunication with India does not come within the scope of their interests or ambition. All these lines would be carried out slowly, inefficiently, piecemeal, and by probably independent, if not rival parties, and a congruous whole would never issue forth from incongruous parts. It is the interest, then, of France, Germany, Hungary, Holland, and other European nations, as well as of England, that the *Europo-Indian Railway* should be an efficient and an effective undertaking. England alone could, and should, undertake the Euphrates Valley section. If it neglects to do so, it is not doing its duty by its Indian possessions, and it is every day jeopardising more and more its commercial prosperity and its renown—nay, its very pre-eminence—as a great and prosperous nation.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY BEAUTIES.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

LOUNGING all the morning, dreaming
O'er the novel's witching page;
Interest in her dark eyes beaming,
Fancied woes her heart engage.

Then abroad when fashion streameth,
In gay marts she shines an hour,
Choosing what rich dress besemeth
That young form, to aid its power.

In the Park where steeds are prancing,
See her curb her own so bold;
Habit sweeping, eyes bright glancing,
Hut on locks of sunny gold.

Now where voices sweet are gushing,
As if seraphs dropped below,
Charmed she listens, cheek soft flushing,
And her jewels all a-glow.

Or in halls of pride and splendour,
Slow she moves, and lights the scene;
Dazzling lamps more dazzling render
Beauty's stately, peerless queen.

Then she dances, graceful, swimming,
Soft, rich cloud her robes of white;
Sure her heart with bliss is brimming,
Maid so envied, star so bright.

O'er that ball joy, on her pillow,
Flushed and wearied, now she sinks,
But her bosom—restless billow—
Knows not sleep; it aches and thinks.

Country Beauty—softly blowing,
Morning's roses prank the sky;
Up—her cheek as fresh is glowing,
And as bright her clear blue eye.
With light foot and dark-wreathed tresses,
Out she trips where flowrets shine;
And her heart earth's glory blesses,
Drinking fragrance—Nature's wine.

Now she stays where boughs are sighing,
Near the plashing waterfall;
Round her birds are chirping, flying,
Gathering at her well-known call.

Noon upon the hamlet sleepeth;
See her there among the poor,
Soothing many a heart that weepeth,
Like a sunbeam at each door.

Eve in crimson drapes the mountain,
Warms the rose-decked, ancient pile,
Turns to gold the garden fountain,
Earth and sky one peaceful smile.

Hark! her pure, sweet song is swelling,
Each entrancing, liquid note,
Bosom thanks for mercies telling—
Sounds that up, like incense, float.

Virtue forms her robe of splendour,
Jewels—see her sparkling eyes!
Fancy scarce might lovelier render
New-born Eve in paradise.

Spirits kind, to earth descending,
From each harm that maiden keep!
O'er her pillow viewless bending,
Kiss her into balmy sleep!

THE DEEPPDALE MYSTERY.

A NOVEL.

BY M. SULLIVAN.

PART THE SIXTEENTH.

I.

WARNING.

THE last Sunday came, a cold bleak morning in spring. Winter loosed his hold on nature with great reluctance that year; the nights were frosty, and the mornings and evenings were cold, even for March. Mrs. Ashton longed for a little genial spring weather, to make the wedding gay and cheerful; perhaps she felt the influence of Grace's depression and want of interest in the great event, and unconsciously ascribed it to atmospheric gloom and cold.

At church the service was less dreary than in former days, for Grace had succeeded in effecting many little changes, and in procuring music of a better kind, and some trained voices to lead the singing. Josiah's numerous engagements only left time for a short wedding tour, but even the fortnight's absence that he contemplated required much preparation, and gave him double work to do beforehand. He had not, therefore, found time to write a sermon for this morning's service, but had taken an old one from an accumulating heap of his own sermons stored away in his study. It was against his rule to preach an old sermon, because, as time goes on, the preacher may be supposed to grow in spiritual experience, and his later expositions to be better than his former ones; but in this instance he was content, for once, to break through his ordinary practice.

He had drawn out the sermon from among a number of others without particularly examining it, until the last hymn was being sung, and he stood ready to begin it in a few moments. The subject marked on the cover was the Parable of the Sower; but as soon as he opened it he saw that it had been slipped, by mistake, into the cover of another sermon, and was not on the subject that he had supposed. The text, "Lead us not into temptation," was suitable to any Sunday in the year, however, so the mistake was not of much consequence. He began the sermon, which had been very carefully written, according to the degree of light and knowledge to which he had attained two or three years previously. But soon the preacher began to feel that the subject was very inadequately treated in the orthodox common-places of the discourse; he felt much as a man might be supposed to feel who had been once overwhelmed by an earthquake, and who afterwards (having survived the catastrophe) should be required to read a neat and placid description of the grand convulsion he had witnessed. "Temptation to be met by suitable frames of mind—by appropriate forms of prayer——" Bah! Josiah dropped his sermon under the desk, seized his Bible, and with eager fingers turned to the chapter that records the great temptation of

the Psalmist-king. He described the grace and beauty of the siren, Bathsheba, beautiful to all the world, but especially to David, because, as the sequel of the story proves, her nature was responsive to his, and for him a thousand nameless attractions would shine out, invisible to all the world besides. He described in strong words the conflict between conscience, and kingly honour, and godly faith on the one side, and the great *Must Be* of an irresistible temptation on the other; he showed them the man's fixed principles and religious faith torn up and scattered as by a whirlwind, swept clean away from the surface of his mind, that could only hold and reflect the form of the temptation. His voice awakened echoes in the far recesses of the church and in the hearts of his hearers; a strange earnestness quivered through his words as he depicted the struggle and its ending, the breaking away of so pure and strong a soul from God and good, the triumph of evil angels, the Te Deums sung to infernal deities in the courts of hell. Then, with a sudden change of voice and manner—the natural effect of the revulsion caused by his next thought—he pointed out the progress of the divine glory, helped on by the sin, and folly, and weakness of mankind; the great King Solomon born of this union, stained though it was by adultery and murder; the mighty Builder of that grand temple that visibly mirrored the glory of heaven, and enshrined the worship of the one true God. None of his words fell to the ground that day, for some hidden energy carried them to the hearts of his hearers; every eye was still fixed on him when he picked up the discarded sermon, and came down from the pulpit.

Stephens followed him into the vestry with a message from his wife, who was in ill health, and who looked forward to Josiah's visits for spiritual advice and consolation. Josiah promised to remember that she wished to see him after the next service. "And as I shall most likely be at the Sabbath-school," the sausage-maker continued, "I'll take this present time to say a word or two as is on my mind, sir. I wishes you, and Mrs. Meadows as is to be, all the 'appiness that this world can afford, but I do fear as you are being drawed away from the simplicity of the Gospel, and lured to follow them that desire to make a fair show in the flesh."

"You mean well, I am sure, Stephens," Josiah answered, "but I really am at a loss to understand you."

"I'll speak plainer, sir. Six months ago the services here was patterns of Christian simplicity; the prayers was prayed heartily, the hymns was sung heartily by the whole congregation, and the toons was ground on a plain barrel-organ wot could only play three. Perseverance, long metre; Piety, common metre; and Charity, short metre, was all as you could get out of it, if you was to grind away till the 'andle ketched fire. Look at us now. A parcel of unthinking lads is set up over the congregation to lead the singing, and the toons is played on one of them Sabbath-breaking organs wot has got all manner of sinful airs inside of it, if they was only played, every pot-house song in the town, sir; think of that!"

"But nobody is going to play them on it, Stephens."

"How can anybody say that, sir, when they're all there, like the c'ruptions of the human heart, wot only waits for a hopportunity to come out? And then there's that poor old Davis, wot's been a church-goer

for fifty years, and is told now that he's not to sing God's praises, for no reason at all except that he can't keep in the toon!"

"Well, you know, Stephens, that we are told to manage all these things decently, and in order; and really, though I understand nothing of music myself, I could not help noticing that old Davis spoilt the effect of the singing, by shouting out the words of the hymn, without the least reference to the melody."

"What we wants with melodies, sir, is melodious hearts. There ain't much melody in the frying of a bit of liver and bacon, none that ever I heard of; and yet, if you wish for that particular thing, the sound is sweet unto your outward ears. Now the Lord is pleased to wish for the voice of praise and thanksgiving, and to accept the sweet savour of the frying-pan—I mean the heart, sir."

"Well, Stephens, the poor old man was never told not to join in the singing, we only want him to be just a little quiet; people who have not the faculty of distinguishing one tune from another, should not raise their voices above the rest of the congregation."

"Why not, sir? Toons is only inwented by sinful man, and why should we turn them into commandments that mustn't be broke? The Pope himself couldn't do no worse than that, with his bulls and decrees."

"Really, Stephens, you are getting beyond me now; but I imagine that you are in the wrong, and that the laws of melody originate with the Creator. I must be going now."

"One moment, sir. That sermon as you gave us to-day was full of force and power, nobody could deny it; but you won't be angry with me if I point out to you, as I feel bound to do, the unfitness of discoursing on the dark ways of Providence before all them heedless ne'er-do-weels. I turned cold all down my back, to hear you saying as the glories of the Jewish Church sprang from them shocking sins that David was betrayed into. I ain't got over it yet."

Josiah had trained himself into habitual evenness of temper, but this man tried him sorely.

"I cannot be dictated to about the matter of my sermons," he answered, with evident displeasure. "I preach nothing that is not contained in the Word, and I am not afraid to trust God with his own truths."

"I calls it trusting of the devil with 'em, sir. Providences is like saveloys, very good and excellent; but you mustn't look too close at what goes to the making of 'em."

"Perhaps if you would give more attention to your sausages," Josiah replied, "they would be all the better, and my sermons would not be at all the worse. We are told that we should each of us attend to our own business, and the composition of my sermons is essentially my business, not yours."

With which rebuke he took leave of the sausage-maker.

Sunday was no day of rest for Josiah, and his engagements left him little time for conversation with Grace, or for observing the frozen calm that was falling on her. Mrs. Ashton noticed it with increasing uneasiness. A little flutter of anxiety, some slight fluctuation of the spirits, would have been so very natural at this time; but Grace was taking her marriage as one of the ordinary events of life, with no particular interest attached to it.

Josiah, for his part, was being shaken, not from his serenity of soul, for that was all gone, but from his faith in that particular system of religion in which he had been brought up, and to which he had hitherto clung with the leech-like tenacity of prejudiced intelligence. The narrow section of the English Church to which he belonged had spoken to him through the mouth of the evangelical sausage-maker, and had shown him, more plainly than its enemies could have done, its illiberal and straitened nature. From being the leader of a party in his parish, he was becoming its slave; and now he saw what he had hitherto refused to recognise, that it was composed, for the most part, of unenlightened bigots. Or perhaps his life of daily intercourse with Grace had kindled some latent sympathies, and caused him to overleap the narrow wall of sectarian prejudice. Ah! Grace would more than compensate for any annoyances from without; love such as his would surely wake its echo. Had he not sacrificed much for her sake? Love that could break through the principles of a lifetime, could surely overcome the unfortunate accident that appeared to stand in the way of his happiness with Grace.

Monday morning came, frost-fringed and grey; a copy of the *Times* was duly delivered at the door of Josiah's house, to be called for in about half an hour; and Grace, resigning the inner portion of the newspaper to her mother, took up the advertisement sheet, and began, as usual, to read the list of marriages. Mrs. Ashton was absorbed in the particulars of an interesting suicide, and did not at first notice that Grace was looking very long, and with great intentness, at one portion of the column; but presently she found that her remarks on the case of suicide met with no reply, and, on turning round, she saw Grace still looking, with a long, troubled gaze, at the upper part of the list of marriages.

"Is anything the matter, my love?" she asked, anxiously.

Grace only heard her voice, and did not hear the words; then she suddenly caught the look of loving solicitude and anxiety on her mother's face, and in an instant her memory, recalled to the present time, repeated to her the question. She remembered, too, that though she was never to sit at the great Feast of Life, some of its crumbs and fragments were reserved for her, in her mother's love. She tried to answer cheerfully.

"Nothing is the matter, mamma; on the contrary, I have read an announcement here which tells me that there is no longer any occasion for living in retirement from all our friends, so the wedding will be gayer than we expected. I have one or two kind friends living in Clifton-street, who will come to the breakfast, I am sure. I must write to them without any loss of time, and to Deepdale also."

"Do you expect any one to come from Deepdale?" Mrs. Ashton asked.

"No; but I must keep my word. I promised to write to Mr. Renshaw as soon as my time of seclusion was over, and it has not lasted long."

She opened her desk, and began to write. Mrs. Ashton understood what it was that she had seen in the newspaper, and when Grace put down the advertisement sheet she took it up, to read the announcement for herself. The words were these:

"On the 3rd inst., at St. Mary's church, Lapworth, by the Rev. J. Brown, William Brooks, Esq., of Fenton-court, Lombard-street, to Miss Flora Gaythorn."

Mrs. Ashton thought that the notice ended abruptly, and should have contained some particulars of the bride's parentage; but she was glad that the marriage had taken place, as Grace would now feel more "settled" in her mind.

Grace, meanwhile, was writing two or three notes to Clifton-street acquaintances, and a letter to Mrs. Renshaw, in which she briefly stated that the circumstances which had obliged her to withhold her address from even her most loved and valued friends, were now at an end, and that she wished once more to thank Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw for all the kindness she had received from them during the troubles that her own weakness and folly had brought upon her. They would probably be surprised, she continued, to hear of her approaching marriage with Mr. Meadows; he had sought her out some months previously, and in taking this step she had yielded to the advice and earnest wishes of her mother. She described the very great improvement which had taken place in Mrs. Ashton, exceeding her most sanguine hopes, and due in part to the interest that she had taken in the noble works of charity to which Mr. Meadows was applying the property he had inherited. She mentioned the entire failure of their endeavours to find any clue that might lead to the discovery of Robert; the death of his wife, and the adoption, by herself and Mr. Meadows, of the feeble little infant, that still lived on. Finally, she alluded to the notice which she had seen in that day's *Times*, speaking of it cheerfully as "good news."

She had finished her letter when Josiah came in; he had been visiting his schools, which were now in working order, and taking down a list of books and other appliances to learning that were still needed. He glanced at the direction of the envelope.

"Why, Gracie, are you writing to Deepdale? I thought you wished to remain for the present entirely secluded from former friends?"

"That was my wish," she answered, "but it is so no longer." Her face was troubled, and he forbore to question her.

He looked round for the newspaper, but it had been called for, and returned; he thought that she must have read in it a notice of the marriage of Mr. Brooks, and the probability relieved him greatly. Time and absence must have brought about the very circumstances in which she had been made to believe; true, he was himself no less to blame for allowing this belief to exist after he was convinced of its groundlessness, but still a great load was lifted from his mind, a thousand dreaded contingencies were now impossible, and it was with a light heart that he left the house, and went on to the next newspaper office, to read the notice for himself. The recollection of his own guilt did not disturb him now; all had turned out for the best; Grace would soon be his—his with scarcely a cloud upon his promised happiness, and though he was outwardly very busy with matters relating to his holy office, he had inwardly no time or attention to spare for points of conscience and morality. The last fortnight had wrought a great change in him in this respect.

He read the announcement, and it struck him immediately that there was something strange about it. The name, *Flora*, by no means a common one, had been mentioned to him by Susan; and then the notice ended very abruptly, not one of its companions was like it in this respect.

Flora—yes, he did not remember the family name of the bride, but he was quite sure that Susan had mentioned the name of Flora. A coincidence, probably, but yet it struck him with a strange warning sense of fear; he could not tell why or what he feared, but he returned quickly to his home, pursued by a knowledge of danger to his hopes that lurked near at hand, and went hastily into the parlour, where Mrs. Ashton was walking backwards and forwards with the baby, and Grace was thoughtfully contemplating the fire. He laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and she looked up with a start.

"Gracie," he said, earnestly, "I don't often urge any request of mine upon you: will you grant me one great favour now?"

Her thoughts were far away, in Dreamland, but his voice sounded so strange to her that it recalled them at once, and she looked up at him inquiringly without answering.

"A consciousness of the uncertainty of all our plans and projects has been weighing on my spirits for the last hour," he went on; "I feel as if some evil threatens us that could only be averted in one way, by hastening our marriage, so that none of the common evils of life could separate us. It is not yet ten o'clock; I have the licence ready, and there will not be the least difficulty in having the ceremony performed this morning, if you do not make any. While you are dressing I will be going on to the church to see to the needful arrangements; it will only make a difference of three days—don't refuse me this one request."

Grace thought that the request was a strange one, and strangely urged, but she had no especial reason for refusing it, except that she had written and sent to the post some invitations to former neighbours to be present at the ceremony, and at a little breakfast that Mrs. Ashton had planned.

"Give me the addresses, and I will write to each of them before the day is over," Josiah promised, "taking all the blame on myself, and inviting them to spend an evening with us when we return from our little tour. See, Gracie, the time is getting on; say yes, and meet me at the church in an hour."

Mrs. Ashton was greatly surprised at Josiah's request, but did not feel herself at liberty to add any suggestion of her own, one way or the other; she briefly reviewed the preparations that had been made, they were so few and simple, that the wedding might as well take place that day as three days later. The same thought passed through the mind of Grace; she wondered at the vehemence with which Josiah urged his wish, but she did not see any reason for refusing to comply with it. Suddenly, a feeling came over her that she had experienced more than once in the course of her life, a dread, amounting to terror, of some step that she had been about to take; she shivered, not perceptibly, but as it were in the recesses of her mind and spirit, at the thought of the promise which she had been about to give. She tried to reason with herself, and to shake off the feeling; an ague-stricken wretch, in a paroxysm of the disease, might as well have tried to arrest it by an effort of will—nay, her will was carried with it, and she no longer wished to give her consent.

She turned to Josiah:

"I have no reason for refusing," she said, "absolutely none; but I

felt just now a kind of warning, a heartquake that would not let me do as you wish. Let our former arrangement stand. I dare not alter it now."

Josiah did not say another word, but his fears were confirmed, and he felt in some inexplicable way that his sin had found him out.

II.

FULFILMENT.

WILLIAM BROOKS, on that same Monday morning, returning punctually to business after his Sunday's rest, went into a small room that was generally called his, and began to look over some business letters which had arrived on Saturday evening after he had left the office. Presently his father came into the room with the *Times* in his hand.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked, pointing to the list of marriages.

William seldom looked at that part of the newspaper, and he glanced at it now without much interest. Suddenly he snatched it from his father's hand, and eagerly examined the notice.

"I never thought of that!" he exclaimed.

"Of what? Of getting married? You were here all the morning of the 3rd, so it must be nonsense. It's a hoax, of course."

"No, indeed, it's a clever idea of Renshaw's; I wonder I never thought of it myself. We have exhausted all available means of tracing out Grace, without the least success; we have had inquiries made in every town and village in England—not that I ever hoped to discover her by such means, for she has probably taken another name, as she is so determined to hide herself; we have advertised in the daily papers, assuring her that her idea is a mistaken one, assertions that she has not seen or has disbelieved; and now, when I really thought that there was nothing more to be done, John has evidently been struck by the idea of putting in this notice, to see if it will draw her from her retirement. I wonder whether anything will come of it; it seems to me more hopeful than anything we have thought of yet."

"My dear boy," Mr. Brooks answered, gravely, "I wish I could make you see the matter in the light of reason and common sense. Certainly you have met your trouble very bravely ever since you discovered that Miss Ashton was living, and had finally escaped from those unprincipled relatives of hers, but do you not see that if she quietly gives you up on the faith of a mere report, without even taking the trouble to make inquiries as to its truth, she cannot care much about you, and is probably better lost than found?"

"No," William answered, warmly; "I only see that you misjudge her, because you do not possess the key to her character, which is an exceptional one; she believes the report because she fears it. Many falsehoods have been made orthodox by fear."

Mr. Brooks raised his shoulders.

"I can't follow you into these subtleties, but I know very well that we shall have no end of annoyances from this absurd notice."

While he was still speaking there was a tap at the door, and a clerk

came in, grinning with delight. He brought a letter for Mr. Brooks, and "supposed he might congratulate Mr. William on the late auspicious event."

Mr. Brooks turned on him angrily.

"Look here, sir. Some officious fool has put in that absurd notice; neither I nor Mr. William know anything about it, and I shall be obliged to you if you will find some other subject for an exercise of your wit."

The clerk bowed, and said something about not wishing to give offence; but as he left the room he made a grimace behind Mr. Brooks' back, and returning to the office, he provided himself with some sheets of white paper, which he cut and pinned into rosettes, or wedding favours.

Presently John Renshaw made his appearance, and went up at once to William's little room.

"Have I done wrong?" he asked, as soon as he had closed the door.

"No; I think the idea a very good one; it never once occurred to me."

"Nor to me. It was Emily who thought of it, and if any good comes of it we shall be indebted to a woman's wit. I saw her on Thursday, and told her of our ill-success, and that we had exhausted every plan for finding out Grace that we could think of. We spoke of you, and she seemed touched when I told her how you had made head against your trouble from the time that you were assured of Grace's safety. She said it was a stronger proof of true unselfish love than all the sorrow and mental prostration in the world, for you roused yourself as soon as you knew that matters were well with her, or comparatively well."

"But about this notion of Miss Deer's?" William asked.

"I'm coming to that. She suddenly asked me if I remembered the old fable of the sun and the wind trying which could get a man's cloak off. You know it, of course?"

"Yes; and I see the application."

"Exactly. We have been trying hard to make her give up her disguise, trying to blow off the cloak, and she only wrapped it closer round her; but if we make the disguise unnecessary, or make her think it unnecessary, which comes to the same thing, she will throw it off of her own accord. I did not even ask your permission to do this; I was afraid you might see some objection to it, and Emily had a kind of impression that it would succeed. You had empowered me to use any means that seemed to promise success, and I sent the announcement to the *Times* at once."

"You were right, quite right; but does it not read oddly? Will she suspect anything, I wonder? The other notices all contain more particulars about the bride."

"I can't help that, for I don't know what Grace may have been made to believe about Miss Flora Gaythorne and her relations. Hang it, Brooks, I've invented a church and a parson for you, and now you expect a father-in-law to be supplied at a moment's notice."

"Is there such a place as Lapworth?"

"Heaven knows. I didn't look in a gazetteer, but boldly invented the name. There may be a dozen Lapworths, for anything I know."

"And for the present I suppose we must wait? Waiting is the

hardest work of all; but I ought to do it well, I have had so much practice in it now."

"Yes, you have been wonderfully patient. I am going to run down to Deepdale now, and as soon as there is any news I will write or telegraph. Don't expect too much, or too soon; we may have to repeat the notice several times before she sees it."

With this last word John Renshaw took leave of his friend, and left the office. As he passed through the outer room, the clerks, who thought that Mr. Brooks might be with him, became suddenly occupied in their writing; but sat upright as soon as they found that this was not the case, and so displayed white paper wedding favours pinned to each coat. John mystified them by telling them that the notice was intended to bring about a wedding instead of to record one, and then went on to the Euston-square station.

The next morning brought Grace's letter to Mrs. Renshaw. At the first sight of it John was delighted at his success, but its contents astonished and distressed him beyond measure.

"Going to be married to Mr. Meadows! Why, that's the fellow that inherited poor Grace Meadows' property, isn't it?"

"The very same," his mother answered, "for her address gives his name in full, the Rev. Josiah Meadows. She must be living in his house, but then her mother is there too; the mother is in her right mind, no doubt, and able to be with her always, or else such an arrangement would hardly be consistent with propriety."

"Propriety be hanged!" John exclaimed. "I wonder is it proper of her to throw poor Brooks over for some spoon of a parson? I tell you what it is, mother; she *wants* to believe that story of Brooks and a second engagement, that she may have an excuse for scheming after the Australian fortune. She would not consent to get it by a fraud, that was too dangerous, but she is willing enough to scheme for it legally—the unfeeling baggage."

Mr. Renshaw came into the room in time to hear this burst of indignation, and the letter was shown to him, with many comments from John, who greatly dreaded the idea of bearing such evil tidings to William Brooks. Mr. Renshaw read the letter attentively to the end.

"I am sorry," he said then, "very sorry, but I don't believe she is scheming after the Australian fortune. There is something here that we don't understand, and I can only see one thing clearly."

"And what is that?"

"That we must put an end to everything like mystery; write to her very plainly the entire truth about Brooks. Here is her address. Write at once."

"I won't write," John answered. "I'll go back to London to-day instead of to-morrow, and reproach her, face to face, with her treachery and falsehood."

"Don't judge her too harshly," his mother urged; "she has suffered so much, that in any case we must feel for her. And look; she says that Mr. Meadows is devoting the Australian fortune to works of charity."

"Oh, I dare say! And when they are once married, she will persuade him that charity begins at home."

"If you are really going back to-day, you have not too much time to spare," his father suggested.

"All right; I'll see about getting ready directly. I'll relieve my mind by having it out with her before I see poor Brooks."

On the evening of the same day, Grace was sitting at the tea-table with her mother and Josiah—a very quiet party. No looker-on would have surmised the near approach of a great crisis, like marriage, in the lives of two of them. Sometimes, indeed, Josiah fixed a questioning and uneasy glance upon Grace, who was silent and preoccupied. He was already aware of some disturbing element that threatened to make war upon his hopes; something more abiding than a girl's first fancy, the name by which he usually called Grace's attachment to William Brooks when he spoke to Mrs. Ashton or to himself.

A knock at the front door, which did not startle Josiah with any sense of approaching danger; he had been especially nervous and apprehensive all that day, but nothing had happened; the last postman had delivered his letters, the shutters were closed, and the fire was made up for the evening. He felt in some way secure for that night, secure altogether, if only the next day could be got over without the realisation of that nameless fear.

The servant brought in a card, which she handed to Grace, telling her that the gentleman who had asked for her was in the next room. She glanced at the name, Mr. John Renshaw, and hastily left the room, saying as she went that this was a friend from Deepdale, who would be able to tell her many things that she was anxious to hear.

She met John with a warm expression of welcome, but he scarcely touched her offered hand.

"I have not long to stay with you," he began, rather abruptly. "I am going from you to William Brooks to bear him evil tidings, and I should like to take them to him in your own words."

She trembled, through the cold composure that was becoming habitual to her. She made one or two ineffectual efforts to speak, and then asked:

"What tidings?"

"Did you not write the letter that my mother received this morning? Is it not true that you are soon to be married to Mr. Meadows?"

"Yes—yes."

"Yes! And you can ask me what bad news I am taking to a man who loves you as poor Brooks does, who has gone through all the torment of believing you to be living and suffering, when the world thought you dead! You don't know, I suppose, that he found something in your handwriting which convinced him you were living, and that he went from place to place, following a false clue in the vain hope of finding you? Well, you know it now, and also that his health gave way altogether under the fatigue, suspense, disappointment, and, worst of all, the dread of unknown evils that might be happening to you, denied as you were to the world, and reported to be dead. He was ill at Rotterdam when the mystery was cleared up, and I was with him. We knew nothing of it till afterwards, and then you had disappeared again, and all through the winter we have been trying unsuccessfully to find some clue that might help us to discover you. Unsuccessfully; but from the

moment that he knew you to be safe and unmolested, he met his own disappointments bravely and almost cheerfully; he only thought of you, never once of himself. Our last plan to find you has succeeded; but oh, what a success! I must go back to him with the news that in this short time you have forgotten him, and engaged yourself to the heir of your cousin, the rich Mr. Meadows."

Grace was not even aware of this last thrust; her mind was so completely occupied with John's former words. She was listening every moment for some account of or allusion to the marriage of William Brooks; it seemed to herself as if she strained her sense of hearing lest any such allusion should escape her. When John paused for her to reply, she only looked hopelessly at him, and said nothing. She knew what she wanted to ask him, but she could not think of the right words in which to put her question; they seemed in some way to elude her bewildered brain.

"What am I to tell him?" John persisted. "That you are about to be married?"

The word broke the spell, and she repeated it after him.

"Married! Yes, I know he is married; I read it in the newspaper."

"Pshaw! You believed that because you wanted to believe it; the whole story of his second engagement was made up by those swindling relations of yours to remove your objection to joining in the conspiracy. When you told my father of it, he accepted it as a truth without inquiring into the proof; he had a great deal to occupy his mind at the time, but you at least might have known Brooks better than to believe it. We found out from your own letter the name of Brooks' imaginary betrothed, and the other day I wrote out a notice of his marriage with her, and sent it to the *Times*, to see if that would draw you from your hiding-place. I was fool enough to believe that fine story about your wish to withdraw from your friends and acquaintances until the marriage had taken place, that you might not seem to urge a prior claim, or to cast any shadow on the new happiness that Brooks had found. My father believed it, for he is as unsuspecting and simple-minded as a child; but I might have known better!"

To these reproaches Grace made no reply; she had been standing at first, and then a kind of giddiness came over her, and she sat down in an arm-chair opposite John Renshaw. She was sitting there while he spoke, understanding very well what he said, and looking at him intently, with her lips a little parted. She said nothing, and he looked down at the carpet, and found himself counting the number of leaves in each group or pattern, but all the while he was wondering how he should be able to tell William Brooks the result of the plan from which so much had been hoped.

At last he spoke.

"I suppose there is nothing more to be said, and I may as well be going. I can't congratulate you on your marriage; the words wouldn't come out if I tried, but I must try to think that things are best as they are. You would not have made him happy, and that is about the best thing that can now be said of it." He stood up, expecting that she would open the door or ring the bell, but she never moved. He turned towards the door, and said, "Good-bye, Miss Ashton."

But she did not take the least notice of his voice or his movement; she had not fainted, for she was sitting upright, and with a sudden pang of self-reproach he took up the candle and put it near her face. It was the face of one who listens quietly and intently; her eyes were open, and her mouth was not quite closed. There was no expression of grief or of any disturbing passion; her face was motionless, like the face of the dead. Instantly John remembered some story that he had heard his mother repeat, about a fright or shock of some kind that Grace had received when she was very young, and that had induced a cataleptic attack; he remembered it while he was crossing the room to ring the bell, blaming himself bitterly all the time for having been so hard upon her.

The servant came into the room, and he pointed to Grace.

"Miss Ashton is ill, I fear," he said; "have you ever seen her in this state before?"

She glanced at Grace without understanding him, went up to her, and asked if she felt ill; but the moment that the light of her candle shone upon Grace's open eyes, the girl uttered a loud cry of alarm, that brought Mrs. Ashton and Josiah into the room. They questioned Grace with breathless anxiety, not believing at first that she could not hear or answer them; Josiah still held her hand, and waited for an answer, while Mrs. Ashton turned on John, and broke into passionate reproaches, without waiting to ask whether he had been in any way the cause of Grace's attack.

"Oh, hush!" he interrupted her, "I am sorry and miserable enough; let us think of what we can do for her first, and think of ourselves afterwards; send your servant for the nearest doctor, and I'll go myself for another, a first-rate one that I know of, they'll bring her round between them. Good Heavens, what a brute I am!"

This last reflection was addressed to himself, as he slammed the hall-door in his haste to get away, and to be of some use. All this while Josiah had not taken the least notice of him, but had continued to speak in low tones to Grace, pausing constantly to see whether she would give any reply, or any sign of consciousness. And though he failed to elicit word or sign, he continued to persevere, without once asking the probable cause of the shock that she had sustained. Some species of intuition may have supplied the knowledge, or at least have prevented him from asking questions.

III.

REVIVAL.

ABOUT two hours afterwards, John Renshaw, then in a condition of mind that alternated between extreme dejection and vehement self-reproach, was sitting on the stairs in Josiah's house, too miserable and anxious either to go away, or to show himself in one of the dwelling-rooms, and meet the reflection of his own self-condemnation in the faces there. A dismal figure, sitting on the stairs with his elbows on his knees, an unsnuffed candle flaring in the draughts of the little hall just below him; quite alone, for every one else in the house was in attendance

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upon Grace. Presently the door of the parlour was opened by a little snuff-coloured man, with a wrinkled face, and keen, penetrating eyes.

"There is some slight amendment," he said to John.

"Thank Heaven!" John fervently replied.

"And now, can you give me any idea of the cause—it was something mental, I presume?"

John related the principal circumstances as briefly as possible.

"I couldn't help feeling it very keenly," he continued; "it is such a beastly thing to have to do, to go and tell poor Brooks, who is at this moment hoping and praying for the success of our last experiment—the imaginary marriage, you know; but that is no excuse for dealing so hardly with her, not a bit. I was a brute, and I know it. By Jove! if ever I get over this, I shall treat a woman as carefully as if she were a chest of gunpowder!"

"In this case the nerves are unduly susceptible. We thought it likely that there might be some strong attachment, and that the shock which our patient has received is connected with it. I don't follow you quite clearly in your account of the circumstances, but it is evident that her attachment is for the gentleman you named last—Mr. ——"

"Brooks."

"Yes, Mr. Brooks. Now my consultant and myself are both of opinion that some mental stimulus is required, and if you could bring Mr. Brooks here without delay—he is in Town, is he not?"

"Oh, the devil!" John ruefully ejaculated, "I shall have *him* pitching into me now. And how can I bring him here, into the other fellow's house? It'll be the Kilkenny cats with variations!"

"We must think of what is best for our patient; the gentlemen will have the good taste to postpone all private animosities, and one of them is a clergyman, you know. Do me this favour, if you please."

John did not please at all, but he went for William Brooks as part of his penance, and with many sore misgivings. It was then about nine o'clock in the evening, and in about three quarters of an hour he was with his friend. William looked the question that he was afraid to ask.

"Yes, it's about her—bad news, though, I wish to Heaven it wasn't; she is ill with some kind of seizure; she was getting a little better, and the doctors thought that it would rouse her, and do her good to see you."

William made no answer, except by grasping his friend's hand, and getting into the cab that was waiting at the door.

"And that isn't the worst of it," John proceeded, when he had directed the driver to return to Josiah's house; "there is something about a—a second engagement. Things might come right, though," he added, rather doubtfully.

William did not immediately reply, for he felt as if he could not at once realise all that he was hearing; presently he asked various questions, which John Renshaw answered to the best of his ability. He never once blamed Grace, but thought that John had been needlessly cruel in his mode of telling her the truth. John, hesitatingly, "supposed her illness was a sign that in her heart she still clung to her first attachment." William quietly told him that no such sign was needed. When the cab stopped at the door of Josiah's house, John was of opinion that it would be better for him to go in first, that the household, and Grace especially,

might be aware of what was to come. But William insisted upon going in at once, and he walked past the servant who opened the door for them, and into the sitting-room, in which a light was still burning.

"I suppose I'd better go in after him," John musingly observed, "to see fair play, in case he and Whitechoker should have a round. Whitechoker has a gamey look in his eyes, but I think I'd bet on Will."

Grace was lying on the sofa in the little parlour, no longer stiff and rigid, or insensible to what was passing round her, but still lethargic, and indifferent, as it seemed, to outward things. Mrs. Ashton was crying quietly in another part of the room; Josiah still held Grace's hand, and his other arm was under the pillow that supported her head. One doctor had left the house, but the one who had sent for William Brooks still remained with Grace.

There was a subdued murmur when he arrived, and something was said about preparing Grace; but he gave them no time to do this, but walked up to her, and took her other hand. She opened her eyes at once, and fixed them on his face; a kind of light and life came into her features; she released her hand from Josiah, and clasped them both in his. John said afterwards to the doctor that she looked just like a painting of Jairus's daughter at one of the Exhibitions. "Just the look of having been called back to life, you know, by a sort of word of command."

"That must have been a highly interesting case," the doctor answered, taking a pinch of snuff; "if any members of our profession were present, they are greatly to be blamed for not handing down fuller particulars; I should have tried mustard cataplasms before calling in supernatural aid, but this was probably done, although the circumstance is not recorded. St. Luke was in our business, and although his gospel is finely and touchingly written, I never read it without thinking how many particulars he passed over that he must have known would interest his professional brethren. The phenomenon of actual resurrection is more interesting than any that now fall under our notice."

Josiah gave one look at Grace, and addressed one word to her; but he saw that she was far too preoccupied with her newly-found happiness to be so much as aware of his presence there, and he rose from his place by the sofa, and silently left the room in which he could no longer bear to remain. Mrs. Ashton took his place, and looked at William with puzzled anxiety; Grace was speaking to him with a happy glow upon her face:

"Don't blame him, I did not even know that he reproached me; I only heard the bare facts, and then it seemed as if my mind *stopped*, like a watch when it leaves off ticking. Where is he? Let me tell him that he has nothing to blame himself for."

But now the doctor interfered, declaring that Grace must retire to rest, and must not talk any more; and Mrs. Ashton took a bewildered leave of the two young men. As they left the house John remarked:

"I never saw any one slope with such promptitude as Whitechoker; that fellow has done something sneaking in this matter, depend upon it. He either knew or suspected that the story of your second attachment was a humbug, and he and the mother together have brought about poor Grace's engagement on the strength of it."

William made no answer. All these things required to be thought over; but he was too happy just then to be able to begin the thinking process. All through that night Josiah sat alone in the breakfast-parlour, to which he had returned after leaving Grace; the lamp went out, and he was left in total darkness, but he made no attempt to procure a light—day and night were alike to him then. He knew that he had lost Grace; it did not occur to him to think that he might make another effort to claim her for his own, because he distinctly recognised the workings of a Divine law in the events that had just happened, and saw that he was rightly punished for his sin. A great change had taken place in him of late; the bands of religious bigotry had loosened their hold upon his mind; the cup of troubled earthly happiness had been close to lips that till then had only sighed after the peace which passes man's understanding. It had been like new life to him; but life makes the possibility of death, and a great joy makes room for a great sorrow. He tried to feel his way back to his cold and deserted shrine—deserted, although no outward observance had been slighted. Nature is no atheist in time of trouble, and the soul that knows not where to turn will turn to God. Unfortunately, Josiah turned to his own particular god, the narrow system of theology in which he believed, the creed that was to recreate the world, and to empty the broad quiver of the wicked. He accused himself in bitterness of soul of having been false to his principles, heaven-communicated as they were, not merely in the matter of the deception which he had suffered to exist, but in the absorbing earthly love which he had allowed to take possession of his heart. He called Grace an idol that he had been drawn away to worship, comparing himself to Old Testament worthies with very odd names, who were enticed by the deceitfulness of their hearts to bow down before the images of the Canaanites; he tried to kindle a spark of the old enthusiasm in his mind, and when he found that the fire had gone out, and that the altar was cold, he took that for part of his punishment, and vowed, in a strength higher than his own, to persevere in the straight path of duty, as he thought he saw it, though no heavenly ray should ever again be permitted to fall upon him on this side of the grave. Sorrow hardens quite as often as it humanises, in spite of Shakspeare's "sweet uses," and some still higher authorities; and when the dawn of a March morning struggled in through chinks in the closed shutters, it shone upon that human fossil, a bigot. Perhaps the unattainable grapes were sour—perhaps that cup of earthly happiness, presented now, would have been rejected, as interfering with something far better. Who can tell?

When Mrs. Ashton, after an anxious night's watch beside Grace, who slept well and peacefully, came down to unburden her heart to Josiah in the morning, she found only a note, addressed to herself, and no Josiah. She opened the note, which was as follows:—

"MY DEAR MRS. ASHTON,—I have decided that it will be better for me to leave this house for a time, and to take lodgings, at no great distance from here, for my duty requires me to remain in this parish; still, I may not see you again for some little time, and I trust that you will oblige me by remaining in the house for as long as may suit your convenience. I recognise a Divine hand in the events that have just

taken place, and I desire to accept, without a murmur, the decrees of an all-wise Providence. I doubt not that I shall live to see that all was for the best. With earnest prayers and hopes for your happiness, both here and hereafter, and for *hers*,

"I remain, dear Mrs. Ashton, affectionately yours,

"JOSIAH MEADOWS."

Mrs. Ashton read these few lines very sorrowfully; she liked Josiah so much, and she could not yet believe that Grace's first betrothed, who had appeared so suddenly on the preceding evening, and concerning whom she had heard so much that was inexplicable, should really be about to marry her, instead of Josiah. Why, to-morrow was to have been the wedding-day! What would people say of Grace, if she did not know her own mind better than this?

Some such thoughts as these were passing through her mind as she slowly went up-stairs again to Grace's room. Grace was awake, and sitting up, and Mrs. Ashton saw that this was not the Grace of yesterday and the day before; there was a difference in her face, though her mother could not tell exactly in what it consisted; she thought her looking younger; it was in fact the return of hope that gave a glow of light to her face, a happy light, shining from within.

"How is baby?" she asked, as her mother came into the room.

"Better, dear; she had a good night, and so had you."

"Oh yes, I feel well now; and please tell me, mamma, how this affects *him*, Josiah. Have you seen him this morning?"

"No; I went down-stairs to speak to him, and found that he had left the house, leaving this note on the table for me."

Grace took the note from her mother's hand, and read it.

"I am very sorry," she said, presently; "I should be too happy only for this."

"And is there really no hope for him—so very near as the time was coming?"

"Oh no, mamma; and don't call it hope, despair would be a better name; I see now what I was too stupefied to see clearly a little while ago, that no good of any kind could have come from such a marriage—no, not even negatively. It would have been better for me to have lived a lonely, unloved life—oh, far better."

"Well—perhaps," Mrs. Ashton doubtfully replied; "but he loves you so much, and he is such a good man, too, and things have come about so strangely and suddenly that they quite bewilder me."

She was somewhat less bewildered an hour later, when Grace had told her more of the past, and of the state of semi-existence to which the mere prospect of this marriage was reducing her.

William Brooks came to see her in the course of the day, and John Renshaw, who also came, remained penitently in another room, too sorry for what he had said to be able at first to express his contrition in person. But Grace declared again that she never knew he was reproaching her.

"I should like you to tell him why you believed that story about me," William said to her. "I know, of course, and always did know, but no one else understands; kind friends in general are welcome to remain in ignorance, but he deserves to be enlightened."

So John was called in.

"If you only knew how I hate myself for what I said last night," he began, addressing Grace.

"Quite needlessly, for I neither heard nor heeded anything except the actual facts. And now I want you to understand why I believed that story about William. It is not clear to you, is it?"

"Not at all," John admitted.

"Very well. First tell me if you are sound in your theology. Do you believe in the lake of fire that is to torment for ever the bodies of the lost, as an aimless punishment, not intended for the good of those who are punished?"

"Well, it isn't what you might call an enlivening doctrine," John confessed. "I shouldn't choose it if I wanted to cheer up a sick or dying friend; but I believe it, certainly."

"And why?"

"Why? Oh, because it's orthodox—at least I think so. I haven't been much in the way of inquiring into theological questions, but it is a doctrine that I was taught as a child; early impressions, you know, and all that."

"You cannot mean that you believe everything you were told as a child?"

"Oh dear no; but this is such a very serious matter, that if I disbelieved it I should still have an uncomfortable idea that it might turn out to be true, so it's the shortest way to believe it at once."

"Ah! now we are coming to the point. You believe it because you fear it; I believed because I feared. I was so dreadfully afraid that the story about William might be true, that my great fear vivified it, and made it seem true to me. And then I knew I had done wrong in consenting to depart from the straight line of truth and honesty, and I thought that this was to be my punishment. Can you understand now?"

"You don't leave a fellow much room for misunderstanding. Why didn't you tell me all that last night?"

"Why didn't I explain the cause of my error before I knew that it was an error at all? Well, I suppose I must say because I didn't."

After this there was some conversation about the future, and it was agreed that Grace should write to Josiah, explaining all the circumstances, of which he was supposed to be in ignorance. There was no need for any long delay before her marriage, but they all felt that she could not remain in Josiah's house for more than a single day. Grace was asked where she would like her marriage to take place, and John suggested Deepdale, with evident hesitation; he feared that the recollection of Grace Meadows, and of the night of terror, would throw a gloom over her happiness, but she read his thought, and dispelled it with a smile that was not altogether a sad one.

"I know what you think, and once I might have thought so too, but not now. I have suffered so much that I have learnt to look with less sadness than I should once have thought possible at the death of her who was as dear to me as a sister. I know that there are things harder to bear than to be taken suddenly out of this world, in the midst of hope and happiness; the burial service could never be read over her, as you

know, but oh! some parts of it have gone up so many times from my heart, and I have been able to join in the grand thanksgiving that our church puts into the mourner's lips. It will not distress or shock me for the marriage to take place at Deepdale."

"Then the sooner you pack up and go there the better," John decided. "They'll be delighted to have you, and you certainly can't stay here."

"But I cannot leave mamma, either; and the baby. Oh, William! I am bringing you quite a tribe."

He smiled.

"Thy people shall be my people," he answered, softly.

"They'll take you all in," John persisted, "and twice as many more besides. Now, don't forget to write to Whitechoker. I beg your pardon, to Mr. Meadows, I mean; but remember what the doctor said about not exerting yourself too much."

"I feel quite well," Grace assured him.

And he presently left the house, but William remained there all the afternoon and evening, not speaking much, but full of quiet happiness.

IV.

FINIS.

GRACE's letter to Josiah need not be quoted at length. She told him the entire truth, very fully and simply, concealing nothing, and blaming herself for having consented to a marriage that could not have given happiness to him, any more than to herself. To this letter she never received an answer. Later in the evening she went to her room to pack up her own immediate belongings, and found Mrs. Ashton looking tearfully at the wedding bonnet.

"It is so very pretty, dear; and to think that it was to have been to-morrow!"

"Oh, mamma, that is what I cannot bear to think of, now that I have come to myself again. I have been somebody else all the winter, I think. And if you would only give the bonnet away, or do something with it, so that I may not see it again, I should be so glad. We must leave this house to-morrow."

"So soon!" Mrs. Ashton exclaimed.

"Yes. We ought not to be here now, only that it takes a little time to make arrangements. You and I and baby are going down to Deepdale to-morrow."

"And the people who were invited to the breakfast?"

"I have written to them, to say that the marriage will not take place. Don't fret, dear mamma, there are happy years in store for you."

Mrs. Ashton did not respond with any great confidence; the change was so sudden, and she could not feel at all sure that it was for the best. Before it was dark she went out by herself for a little walk, as she said, and called at the house of Stephens, the sausage-maker, where she felt sure of hearing news of Josiah. She was not mistaken.

"Mr. Meadows? Yes, ma'am, I'll go with you to the apartments he has taken, with pleasure. I should have took it kind of him to come

to us again, for as long as he needed to dwell in tabernacles; but he preferred to sojourn in the tents of Kedar, as one may say, to lodging with a member of his congregation."

"Perhaps he did not know that you had room for him," Mrs. Ashton observed.

"Well, there is a lodger in the room he used to have—two, in fact; but there's no saying what a 'ouse 'll 'old, no more than a sausage, ma'am. You thinks it's full, but it only wants another shove, and in goes some more."

"Perhaps Mr. Meadows might not like to be accommodated on that principle," Mrs. Ashton ventured to suggest.

"Very likely, ma'am. There's unregenerate corners in the renewedest hearts—gristle, I call it—that won't chop fine whichever way you hit it. Mr. Meadows never used to be one to think much of creature comfort, but a change has come over him of late."

"He has had so many things to think of, Mr. Stephens; new interests, a new life, almost."

"Yes, ma'am, I make no doubt of that. I did think at one time that he was wholly given to eternal things, but I suppose this marriage is taking him up more and more. It's to be to-morrow, isn't it?"

"No," she answered, sadly; "unexpected events have come in the way, and all our plans are altered. I am very sorry about it, and I want to say a word of comfort to him to-night."

"He's in affliction, then," the sausage-maker inferred, cheerfully. "That's about the best news as I've heard yet. The primest porkers is scraped hardest. That's the 'ouse, ma'am, and good evening to you."

Mrs. Ashton thanked her guide, and inquired for Mr. Meadows at the house indicated. She was shown into a small sitting-room, in which she found Josiah writing. She looked at him anxiously.

"I am so very grieved," she said, "and more than grieved—bewildered. I cannot yet understand it all, but we are to leave town to-morrow, and I could not bear to go away without first coming to see how you are."

"Did she send you?" he could not help asking.

"No, I only told her that I was going for a walk."

"It is better so; I was foolish to ask the question. I see my path plainly before me; it is steep and rugged; the flowers of human affection scarcely bloom upon that barren soil, but at the end I see a starry crown. It is the path destined and marked out for me from the first, and I am not to be allowed to stray from it."

Mrs. Ashton was quite unable to follow him in these flights; she took his hand, and said, sorrowfully,

"I can't bear to think of it. You were like a son to me, and I looked forward to being always with you as long as I lived."

She came to comfort, and she stayed to be comforted. He promised to write to her from time to time, and to advise her in any trouble or difficulty, pointing out at the same time the danger of relying too much on human sympathy—only he called it an arm of flesh; and he spoke again of the starry crown. But Mrs. Ashton, though she had come there to comfort him, secretly resented the resignation to which he seemed to have already attained, and the repetition of this phrase vexed her.

"A starry crown sounds pretty in poetry," she said, "but I don't know that it means much, for if the stars are worlds it would be a great deal too heavy to wear. A happy fireside, with those I love sitting round it, sounds better to me than all the starry crowns."

Josiah was still so far human that he did not remind her, as he might have done, that this happy fireside might still be hers; he consoled her to the best of his ability, and when she presently left him he felt as if the last link that bound him to his old infatuated life had given way.

With the next morning's dawn spring burst upon the world, or upon that small portion of it to which our tale relates; numbers of tiny leaves that had been pushing forward in spite of the cold, suddenly uncurled themselves in that morning's sunshine, so that a fortnight's work appeared to have been done in a few hours, and the strange hum and stir of insect life was in the air, and a smell as of flowers that were to bloom came up from the rejoicing earth as the train bore our travellers down the line towards Deepdale. Good Mrs. Renshaw was overflowing with hospitable fussiness, and no tongue but hers was allowed to make itself heard during the drive from Derby. When at last the carriage stopped at the front entrance of the house, Grace, who had shrunk nervously, in spite of herself, from looking at the building, resolved to conquer this feeling, and took a long survey of the front of it. Time had softened the difference between the old and new masonry, but it was still easy to see the line where the new had been joined to the old; and as Grace glanced towards the rooms that replaced those to which so sad a memory belonged, her sorrow became new to her again, and the bright spring sunshine seemed strangely out of place as it glittered on those windows. The elastic branches of the great larch fir were swaying in the wind, and the feeling that many of us have experienced at times came over her—a strange, passionate longing to question the inanimate things about her, to wring from Nature the knowledge that no human lips could impart concerning the one whom she had loved and lost.

There was an interval of several weeks, and then there was a very quiet wedding in Deepdale Church. The little church was crowded, for Grace's strange story was known in the neighbourhood, and thus an unusual degree of interest was felt in the event of the day. Some people thought that the bride looked sad—and this was no wonder, they said, after all that she had gone through; but there were others, gifted with deeper insight, who could see the fulness of content shining through eyes that had lost their first brightness, and had been dimmed by many tears.

Yet three more scenes in the life that we have been following step by step. A pleasant drawing-room in a cheerful country-house, with windows opening to the ground, and a scent of new-mown hay coming in with the breeze that stirs the white muslin curtains, for the month is June. Grace is sitting at the table finishing a drawing, and a little girl, scarcely a baby now, but still frail and delicate, is playing on the floor. Mrs. Ashton sits by the open window, looking out at the clumps of blossoming shrubs and at the beds of bright-coloured flowers. A door down-stairs opens and closes, and Grace listens for a moment, and then puts away her pencil and goes down to the hall, where she hears her husband's footstep. But his face is grave to-day, and he tells her that news which

will desolate thousands of English homes has been received from India; that a great mutiny has broken out, with terrible accompaniments of cruelty and bloodshed, and that it will only be quelled at great cost to England—the cost of many lives. He goes with her into the drawing-room, and opens a letter, from which he reads some of the particulars, and Grace looks anxiously towards her mother, for the test that she had never dared to apply is now presenting itself.

William reads on, and it proves to be an account of horrors, the extent of which is as yet only guessed at; the writer seems to think that English rule is tottering in India, and that the natives, in their hour of triumph, will be more cruel and treacherous than the tigers in their jungles; that they will unite the trained intelligence of the soldier with the ferocious instinct of the beast of prey. After reading it, he, too, looks anxiously at Mrs. Ashton, for he suddenly remembers her delusion, of which, indeed, he has never witnessed any proof. But Mrs. Ashton meets his glance, and understands it.

“What a mercy it is that no one belonging to us is there, or is likely to be sent there,” she says, earnestly. “Once, when I had no tangible happiness to cling to, I made a kind of fool’s paradise for myself, and planted it there, in that very spot. This letter would have cured me, I think, if I were not cured already, for who would wish just now to be queen of this rebellious, blood-stained East?”

They know then that her delusion no longer exists.

Again. Grace is in London, staying there for about two or three weeks of the season, and on a bright summer day she is driving through some hot and dusty streets, with little Mary Ashton by her side, for she is taking the child to see one of the morning performances that are given in the Egyptian Hall. Little Mary has lost the last remains of infancy now, and is thin and angular, with curly brown hair and bright observant eyes. The coachman takes them through a narrow side-street, for the sake of what he calls “a short cut;” the houses are dirty and squalid-looking, the street swarms with children, who thrive and prosper in the dirt as if it were their native element, and a large gin-palace stands at the corner. The coachman is obliged to slacken his pace as he passes it, for a street quarrel is going on, and there is very little room for the carriage to pass. As Grace looks from the window to find out the cause of this delay, she sees that two drunken men are being removed from the public-house, and a potman is assisting, wearing a white apron, and with a beer-measure in his hand. Grace is only anxious to get past, and into the broad thoroughfare, when suddenly the potman turns round, and shows her his face—the face of Robert Ashton! More brutalised than when she saw it last, inflamed by strong drink and by evil passions, but not so much altered as to prevent her from recognising it with a start of terror. She shrinks back into the darkest corner of the carriage, she draws the child towards her and hides its face in her shawl, forgetting for the moment that he cannot recognise its features, and that she need only hide her own. But the carriage passes on, and he has not seen her.

Yet once again. The scene is Deepdale church, and Grace is sitting in a large, square, old-fashioned pew, with her husband and her mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Renshaw. Grace has been assisting at wedding

festivities during the past week, for John Renshaw has been married, and he and his wife are now away upon their wedding tour. On this particular Sunday a sermon is to be preached in aid of the Home Mission, a society in connexion with the Established Church that has been organised in London for the purpose of taking the Gospel message to the hovels of the very poorest and the very worst. Printed papers are scattered about the church, giving notice that the sermon will be preached by one of the principal organisers of the Home Mission; and when the vestry-door opens, and the clergyman comes into the aisle, Grace sees, with a sudden quiver of surprise, that the stranger is no stranger to her, for he is Josiah Meadows. Mrs. Ashton recognises him too, and looks earnestly towards him, to read the meaning of a certain change that she sees upon his face. It is a set, hard look, the look of one who sees life under one aspect only.

The service begins, and Josiah reads with power and fervour. The mode of conducting it is somewhat altered to-day, for he has previously stipulated for the omission of all the chanting, and some sense of dreariness is felt by the congregation in consequence. But when the sermon has commenced, every one in the church feels that an orator of more than usual power is speaking, and he is, therefore, listened to with more than ordinary attention. The principal fault to be found with his sermon is what we might call a want of perspective, for very small points are insisted on as earnestly as the most vital truths of religion; and the fact that the Home Mission offers the Gospel to the poor, is placed side by side with the other fact that no conventual garb or badge is permitted to be worn by its working members. The sermon concludes with a very earnest appeal, that is liberally responded to by the congregation, and, as they are leaving the church, Mr. Renshaw draws back for a moment. "Ought we to ask him to dinner?" he says, hesitatingly, to Grace.

"No, it will be better not to do so; it would not be pleasant for him, any more than for ourselves."

But Mrs. Ashton, after hearing this decision, lingers behind the rest of the party, and goes back to the church to ask where Josiah is to be found. She is directed to the clergyman's house close by, and there she finds him. But he is not now the same Josiah; he has no softening recollection of old times; the few questions that he asks her refer solely to religious matters, and she has, besides, an uncomfortable consciousness that his is the straitened religion of a sect or party.

When she tries to meet him on his own ground, and to speak hopefully of a happy meeting on the further side of the grave, he tells her, with a hard smile, that he has no belief in the future recognition of friends by each other, and that by the communion of saints he understands their uninterrupted intercourse with the Fountain of all light and love, which will afford them all the happiness that they require. Mrs. Ashton returns very slowly and very much disappointed, for she has never learnt to like William Brooks as much as she liked Josiah.

ABOUT THE OPPRESSIVENESS OF VULGAR BENEFICENCE.

A CUE FROM CRABBE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

POET CRABBE's observant eye, as parson of the parish, had noted the donors whose bounties, given with disdainful pride, made the needy curse the benefits they took; and others again whose idle vanity knew only a selfish joy in bestowing:

A common bounty may relieve distress,
But whom the vulgar succour, they oppress.*

As the eloquent *directeur* of the *Revue de Théologie* admonishes wealthy alms-givers, in describing a real benefactor, "Il ne se contente pas de glisser dans la main du mendiant quelques pièces de monnaie, car la misère physique est toujours accompagnée d'une misère morale, que votre argent ne guérira point si vous n'y ajoutez précisément ce qui fait la véritable *aumône*, la bienveillance et la sollicitude. Il faut payer de votre personne et pas seulement de votre bourse. . . . N'objectez pas que le pauvre se garde bien de refuser votre argent, de quelque manière que vous le lui offriez. Oui, pressé par le besoin impérieux, il le prend, mais dans son âme il se méprise et il vous hait."† Love must be taken by stratagem, says Goldsmith, and not by open force: we should seem ignorant that we oblige, and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections; for constraint may indeed leave the receiver still grateful, but it will certainly produce disgust.‡ Goldsmith's cosmopolite Chinese, by the way, accredits the English with superior art, in endeavouring, while they oblige, to lessen the force of the favour. Other countries, he says, are fond of obliging a stranger, but seem desirous that he should be sensible of the obligation; while the English confer their kindness with an appearance of indifference, and give away benefits as if they were no boon at all.§ M. de Tocqueville took notice, in the United States, of the great care shown by the more opulent citizens not to stand aloof from the people,—knowing that the rich, in democracies, always stand in need of the poor, and that in democratic times a poor man's attachment depends more on manner than on benefits received. "The very magnitude of such benefits, by setting the difference of conditions in a strong light, causes a secret irritation to those who reap advantage from them; but the charm of simplicity of manners is always irresistible."|| Mr. Mill would, no doubt, assent to this praise of the upper ten in America; but how far he would be from applying to the England of to-day what Lien Chi Altangi ascribed to it in the last century, is manifest from his pronouncing it a just charge against the English nation, considered generally, that they do not know how to be kind, courteous, and

* The Borough, letter iv.

† Citizen of the World, letter lxvi.

‡ De Tocqueville on Democracy in America.

† Colani: Les Richesses.

§ Letter iv.

considerate of the feelings of others. It is their character through Europe, he adds. "They have much to learn from other nations in the arts, not only of being serviceable and amiable with grace, but of being so at all. Whatever brings the habitual feelings of human beings to one another nearer to the Christian standard, will produce a better demeanour to every one, and therefore to the poor."*

Markworthy in one of Mr. Dickens's good doctors, Allan Woodcourt, is the habit he has, in speaking to the poor, of avoiding patronage or condescension, or childishness, which "is the favourite device, many people deeming it quite a subtlety to talk to them like little spelling-books."† Acton Bell, as the youngest Miss Brontë styled herself, describes in her first novel a pair of young ladies who go among the poor without any consideration for their feelings, regarding them as an order of beings entirely different from themselves. They would watch the poor creatures at meals, she tells us, and make uncivil remarks about their food, and their manner of eating; would laugh at their simple notions and provincial expressions; and all this without meaning to offend. "They thought that as these cottagers were poor and untaught, they must be stupid and brutish; and as long as they, their superiors, condescended to talk to them, and to give them shillings and half-crowns, or articles of clothing, they had a right to amuse themselves, even at their expense; and the people must adore them as angels of light, condescending to minister to their necessities, and enlighten their humble dwellings."‡ People that take charity, shrewdly observes another lady-novelist, can never get it by itself: they always have to take something else with it—like the young man that borrowed a hundred pounds of a Jew, who made him take thirty of it out in a four-post bed, and a second-hand light cart, and a mangle. "Sometimes, what they have with the charity is scolding, and sometimes good advice, but they never get it *neat*. I've known a woman have to take such a quantity of good advice with sixpence, that she said, 'Oh, if it was but greens and potatoes, I could open shop again with it.' I've seen advice given to that extent with twopennyworth of oatmeal, that the water cooled in the wash-tub before the woman had done listening to it; but she was a religious woman, and she had that control over herself that she used no bad language even when the visitor was gone."§ Robert Burns, not being a religious person, invokes a "curse on that privileged plain dealing of friendship, which, in the hour of my calamity, cannot reach forth the helping hand without at the same time pointing out my failings, and apportioning them their share in my present distress."|| In a letter of the same year, the Scotch poet contrasts this mode of oppressive beneficence with that exercised towards him by another friend, "whose merit it is to bestow, not only with the kindness of a brother, but with the politeness of a gentleman."¶ It is quite an accepted truism that the mode of conferring a favour is often thought of more value than the favour itself. The actual obligation, as

* J. S. Mill, *Dissertations and Discussions: The Claims of Labour*.

† *Bleak House*, ch. xlv.

‡ *Agnes Grey*, ch. xi.

§ *My Chosen Friends: Widow Maclean*, ch. iii.

|| Burns to Mr. Cunningham, June 11, 1791.

¶ To Mrs. Graham, of Fintry.

Hazlitt says, may spring from a variety of questionable motives,—vanity, affectation, or interest: the cordiality with which the person from whom you have received it asks you how you do, or shakes you by the hand, does not admit of misinterpretation.* Owen Feltham includes this among his many Resolves,—that what favours he can do, he will do, not for thanks, but for nobleness, for love; and that with a free expression. Ungraciousness in rendering a benefit he likens to a hoarse voice, that mars the music of the song.†

Montesquieu is charged with marring the effect of *une très belle action de bienfaisance* by his brusque way of rebuffing the thanks of those he helped. “Le mépris des hommes perce trop ici jusque dans le bienfaiteur. Est-ce donc bien prendre son temps pour les mépriser, que de choisir précisément l’instant où on les élève, où on les attendrit et où on les rendit meilleurs?”‡ Chesterfield calls the insolent civility of a proud man more shocking, if possible, than his rudeness could be; because he shows you, by his manner, that he thinks it mere condescension in him; and that his goodness alone bestows upon you what you have no pretence to claim.

The most lively resentment, says Gibbon,§ is excited by pretended benefactors, who sternly exact the debt of gratitude which they have cancelled by subsequent injuries.

Richard Avenel, in Lord Lytton’s *Varieties of English Life*, is a not uncommon type of the man who is generous, but rather from an idea of what is due to himself than with much thought of the pleasure he gives to others; even regarding generosity as a capital put out to interest. “He expected a great deal of gratitude in return, and, when he obliged a man, considered that he had bought a slave.”|| Chamfort calls it labour lost to oblige, or render a service, without employing at the same *toute la délicatesse possible*. Those who are wanting in the latter, never win the heart; and what but the heart is worth winning? He compares *ces bienfaiteurs maladroits*¶ to those generals who, when they take a city, let the garrison withdraw into the citadel, and so render their victory useless.

Charles the First is said—but by no very friendly historian**—to have had such an ungracious way of bestowing favours that the manner of bestowing was almost as mortifying as the favour was obliging.

We often meet with persons who, as Hazlitt describes them, do us a number of kindnesses, and are altogether friendly and serviceable—yet to whom we do not feel grateful at all; there being something in their way of doing things that prevents us from feeling cordial or sincerely obliged to them.†† Many men, as Turner’s biographer puts it, are good-hearted, but not sensitive; they fling a poor friend a bank-note, and at the same time they hurt him by making a pellet of it, and flipping it into his eye. “They give a beggar a shilling, then slam the door in his face, and

* Round Table Essays: On Manner.

† Feltham’s Resolves: Of Petitions and Denials.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, *essai sur Madame Geoffrin*.

§ Roman Empire, ch. xxvi.

|| My Novel, book v. ch. iii.

¶ *Caractères et Portraits*.

** Burnet, *History of his own Times*.

†† Hazlitt’s Essays, On Disagreeable People.

knock him off the door-step. They rub oil into your wounds, and tread on your toes while they do it. I do not like this kind of hoofed angel."* As Clinton says in the comedy of a great tragic poet,

Tel donne à pleines mains qui n'oblige personne,
La façon de donner vaut mieux que ce qu'on donne.†

Dunsford's essay on Pleasantness begins with the remark, that there is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence; so much is there in the way of doing things. Every one, he says, must have noticed to what a large extent real kindness may be deformed and negated by manner. "But this bad manner corresponds with something not right in the character—generally some want of kindly apprehensiveness, which a pleasant person would be sure to have."‡ Not to every one is it given, as Pliny says, *adornare verbis benefacta*. The above remark that there is a gift which is almost a blow, reminds us of a literal example of this, in M. Victor Hugo's romance, where the priest, Dom Claude, throws at his brother, Jehan, a purse which makes a great bump on the scholar's forehead, and with which Jehan goes his way at once growling and pleased, like a dog that is pelted with marrow-bones.§

It is made one of the excellences of the almost preterpluperfect Sir Charles Grandison, that he never was at a loss for arguments to keep in countenance the persons whom he benefited; and to make their acceptance of his favours appear to be not only their duty, but an obligation laid on himself.|| Prior dilates in his eulogy of Lord Dorset on that peer's delicacy of tact in bestowing a favour. "To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence without offending their modesty; and under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence."¶ Macaulay admires in Essex his conducting himself towards his dependants with a delicacy such as has rarely been found in any other patron; for, unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire, not gratitude, but affection. "He tried to make those whom he befriended feel towards him as towards an equal." When keenly disappointed in those efforts in which he "spent all his power, might, authority, and amity," to get Bacon made Solicitor-General, Essex is described as finding consolation in the most munificent and delicate liberality: he presented Bacon with an estate at Twickenham worth near two thousand pounds; and this, as Bacon owned many years after, "with so kind and noble circumstances as the manner was worth more than the matter."**

It only came out by accident, after Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty guineas to Mrs. Dingley, pretending always to act as her agent, and that the money he paid her was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and the better to save appear-

* Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., ii. 123.

† Corneille, *Le Menteur*, Acte I. Sc. 1.

‡ Friends in Council, Second Series, vol. ii. p. 99, 2nd. edit.

§ Notre-Dame, l. ix. ch. ii.

|| History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. ii. letter xxxvii.

¶ Prior's Dedication of his Poems.

** Macaulay's Essays: Lord Bacon.

ances, says one of the Dean's biographers, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he received her money from London.* But it must be owned that Swift's usual manner of giving, when at least he did it directly, was the reverse of delicate or considerate.

Odd as it may seem, and much as it may reflect upon the common sense of poor humanity, it is the pronounced belief of an acute thinker† that kind deeds done out of genuine unadulterated benevolence are less appreciated by the recipient than kind acts done out of benevolence stimulated by vanity: the latter being pleasant because they spring out of the desire to please, and soothe our self-love, whereas the former appeal to our self-interest.

Mr. Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, counts on receiving a testimonial from every fellow-inmate who leaves him behind. When the Plasterer, on *his* exit, puts a little pile of halfpence in Mr. Dorrit's hand, with the apologetic remark, "It ain't much, but it's well meant"—the Father of the Marshalsea, who had never been offered tribute in copper yet, exclaims, "How dare you!" and feebly bursts into tears; for fustian splashed with white lime, bestowing halfpence on him, is new. "The Plasterer turned him towards the wall that his face might not be seen; and the action was so delicate, and the man was so penetrated with repentance, and asked pardon so honestly, that he could make him no less acknowledgment than, 'I know you meant it kindly. Say no more.'‡ How keenly Mr. Dorrit appreciates a delicate tribute in gold is shown in full in his suggestive discourse to Arthur Clennam, who is indirectly urged in every sentence to go and do likewise. "Mr. Clennam, as I have happened to mention a handsome and delicate action, you may like, perhaps, to know what it was. . . . It is so generous, and shows so much fine feeling, that it is almost a duty to mention it. . . . It came out, through my admiring a very fine cluster of geranium which he had brought from his conservatory. On my taking notice of its rich colour, he showed me a piece of paper round it, on which was written, 'For the Father of the Marshalsea,' and presented it to me. But this was—hem—not all. He made a particular request, on taking leave, that I would remove the paper in half an hour. I—ha—did so; and I found that it contained—ahem—two guineas. I assure you, Mr. Clennam, I have received—hem—Testimonials in many ways, and of many degrees of value, and they have always been—ha—unfortunately acceptable; but I never was more pleased than with this—ahem—this particular Testimonial."§ It is to him

Like silent-working heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.||

Barring (in his case) the oft.

A voluminous work, happily, might be written commemorative of delicate donors. Sometimes the donation comes in the shape of a "generous fraud"—as when Arcesilaus, of the New Academy, visiting a sick friend,

* Roscoe's Swift, ii. 730.

† In an essay entitled "A Word for Female Vanity."

‡ Little Dorrit, ch. vi.

§ Ibid., ch. viii.

|| Thomson: Spring.

whom he saw to be suffering from privation, slipped, unobserved, a purse of gold underneath the sick man's pillow. When the attendant discovered it, the sick man said, with a smile, "This is one of Arcesilaus's generous frauds."* Much in the same way Mr. Thackeray is said to have left pill-boxes with two or three sovereigns inside, for the use of needy sufferers—this direction duly superscribed, One or Two to be Taken when Required. We are told of Dr. Fothergill, in whose character charity has been recognised as the predominant feature, that when he paid his last visit to patients in decayed circumstances, it was not unusual with him, under the show of feeling the pulse, to slip into their hand a sum of money, or a bank-note; in one instance the amount is said to have been one hundred and fifty pounds. "To the modest or proud poverty which shuns the light of observation, he was," writes Dr. Southey, "the delicate and zealous visitor; in order to preclude the necessity of acknowledgment, which is often painful in such minds, he would endeavour to invent some motive for his bounty, and hence afford to the receiver the pretensions of a claim, while the liberal donor appeared to be only discharging a debt."† Dr. Matthew Baillie came of the same stock—it being difficult to say whether this good physician's generosity, or the delicacy with which he carried it into effect, was the greater.

That again is a pleasant story of Quin visiting Thomson in the debtors' prison, and after a good supper ordered by the visitor from a neighbouring tavern, saying it was time for them two to balance their accounts; that he, Quin, owed Thomson one hundred pounds, the lowest estimate he could put upon the pleasure he had derived from reading his works, and that instead of leaving it him in his will, he insisted on taking that opportunity of discharging the debt. Then putting the money on the table, he hastily left the room.‡

On such examples it does one good to dwell. But we must not dwell, only touch, on such miscellaneous instances as occur to us of delicate generosity—in the case, say, of Boileau paying down a third more purchase-money than had been offered for Patin's library, when indigence compelled that illustrious advocate to dispose of the collection; Despreaux at the same time intimating that he bought only the reversion, and that the books were to remain the property of the original owner during his lifetime. Or of Mr. Tyrwhitt forbidding Thomas Burgess (afterwards Bishop) to quit Oxford, and take a curacy, with the kindly veto: "No, you must on no account quit Oxford. You must be my curate there for the next two years."§ Or of William von Humboldt desiring the recipient of his now famous Letters to accept from him, until convalescent, and able to work, such a sum as would provide for her comfort and tranquillity during one entire year—the mode in which this offer was made, rendering the boon inestimable.|| Or of Bishop Coplestone¶ helping most substantially, but unseen and unrecognised, the indigent Welsh parsons in his diocese. Or of Baron Alderson seeking to infuse into

* Lewes' Biogr. History of Philosophy, viii. 4.

† Lives of British Physicians: Fothergill.

‡ Bell's Memoir of Thomson.

§ Life of Bishop Burgess, ch. iv.

|| See Introduction to Humboldt's Letters to a Lady, and the first of the letters themselves.

¶ See Memoir of Bp. Coplestone, p. 279.

every effort for the comfort or relief of others, something in the doing which enhanced the intrinsic value of the deed—"something, if possible, of personal intervention by word or deed, which his own sensitive appreciation of kindness instinctively suggested, and which threw, as it were, a grace over the charity."* Or such a story as is told of Turner, when he heard of an old benefactor of his becoming embarrassed, and having to cut down some valued trees. Turner at once, we are told, wrote to the steward, concealing his name, and sent him the full amount: "many, many thousands—as much as 20,000*l.*, I believe. The gentleman never knew who was his benefactor, but in time his affairs rallied, and he was enabled to pay Turner the whole sum back. Years again rolled on, and now the son of Turner's benefactor became involved." Again Turner is said to have "sent the necessary thousands anonymously; again (so singular are the sequences of Providence) the son stopped the leak, righted himself, and returned the whole sum with thanks."†

Leigh Hunt records the generosity of Horace Smith towards a needy man of letters, at whose identity one can guess,—of whom Horace knew little, but to whom he wrote a letter "as full of delicacy and cordiality as it could hold, making it a matter of grace to accept a bank-note of 100*l.*, which he enclosed."‡ Rich and rare is the example of Mr. de Quincey giving three hundred pounds, through Joseph Cottle, to Coleridge in his need—and absolutely prohibiting the name of the donor being made known.§ *Et vous insistez sur ce qu'il ne sache pas?* exclaims the cashier in Beaumarchais' domestic drama: *Ainsi vous le quittez de la reconnaissance.* The answer of Mélac père is what his countrymen so promptly hail as "sublime:" *Exiger de la reconnaissance, c'est vendre ses services.*|| In Lord Jeffrey's Life may be found a somewhat parallel passage, as regards his desire to help Moore to the extent of 300*l.* or 500*l.* (exactly the two sums offered by De Quincey in the case of S. T. C.), with strict injunctions against its being made known.¶

Moore's Diary records his discovery of Lord Lansdowne as having for some time placed at Longmans' disposal the sum of a thousand pounds on Moore's behalf, "under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit." How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! ** is the poet's exclamation, in the first flush of grateful emotion. Of his noble "patron" he might have said pretty much what the poet of the Seasons said of one of his—

Unlike the sons of vanity, that, veiled
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek,
When he conferred a grace, it seemed a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good,

* Memoir of Baron Alderson, p. 111.

† Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., ii. 130.

‡ Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, ch. x.

§ Cottle's Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge and R. Southey, p. 343.

|| Les Deux Amis, Acte II. Sc. 5.]

¶ Jeffrey to Rogers, July 13, 1819.

** Diary of Thomas Moore, Sept. 28, 1821.

His sympathising heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestowed.
This, this indeed, is patronising worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the boasted aid
Of tasteless vanity's insulting hand.*

Happily the occasion for this sort of strain is gone by.

Wilberforce is known, during many years of his life, to have devoted to acts of munificence from a third to a fourth part of his annual income; and the money so freely given was ever accompanied, says Sir James Stephen,† by some greeting so kindly or so gay, as to soothe every painful sense of obligation.

But these are men who yield such blest relief,
That with the grievance they destroy the grief;
Their timely aid the needy sufferers find,
Their generous manner soothes the suffering mind;

When our relief from such resources rise,‡
All painful sense of obligation dies;
And grateful feelings in the bosom wake,
For 'tis their offerings, not their alms we take.§

"C'est rusticité," says La Bruyère, "que de donner de mauvaise grâce : le plus fort et le plus pénible est de donner : que coûte-t-il d'y ajouter un sourire?"|| So, speaking of *rusticité*, has Churchill expressed his horror of

—the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend.¶

Beneficium invito non datur. To force your alms upon an unwilling recipient has been called an act of malignity. Jean-Jacques is fervid in his indignation against being tricked into a kindness; he calls such *fourberie* base as well as cruel. The "benefactor" masks his *méchanceté* with the aspect of virtue, and at the same time involves the "obligee" in a charge of ingratitude. "Le don," says Rousseau, "est un contrat qui suppose toujours le consentement des deux parties. Un don fait par force ou par ruse, et qui n'est pas accepté, est un vol. Il est tyrannique, il est horrible, de vouloir faire en trahison un devoir de la reconnaissance à celui dont on a mérité la haine, et dont on est justement méprisé."** Nothing is a courtesy, says Ben Jonson, unless it be meant us, and that friendly and lovingly. "No; the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine."†† Quentin Durward concludes of his new friend the Syndic, that he is one of the numerous class of benefactors to others, who take out their reward in grumbling, without meaning more than, by showing their grievances,

* Thomson, To the Memory of Lord Talbot.

† Ecclesiastical Essays: Wilberforce.

‡ Rise. *Sic.* A slip in construction, Mr. Crabbe. Priscian a little scratched. We can hardly suppose that the poet wrote *reliefs*.

§ Crabbe: The Borough.

|| Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. viii.

¶ The Conference.

** Fragment trouvé parmi les papiers de Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

†† Jonson's Prose Works: Discoveries.

to exalt a little the idea of the valuable service by which they have incurred them.* Dr. Boyd commences a sermon with remarking on the often proved possibility of doing a substantially kind thing in such an ungracious manner, that the person to whom you do it will rather feel irritated, and wounded, and sorry that he needs to take any favour from you, than grateful and obliged to you. Unhappily, he goes on to say, there are in this world some really good and Christian people, who are so unsympathetic,—so devoid of the power of entering into the feelings of others, and so regardless of those feelings,—that when they do a kindness to anybody, and especially to a poor person, they do it much in the way in which you would throw a bone to a hungry dog.† As in Crabbe's picture of

—overbearing wealth, that, in disdain,
Hurls the superfluous bliss at groaning pain.‡

Mr. Vane, in Miss Braddon's story, shakes his head, and lifts his grey eyebrows with a deprecating expression, when his daughter tells him of the money—and the letter—Mrs. Bannister has sent them: "Hortensia Bannister cannot perform a generous act in a generous manner, my dear. You recognise the viper by the reptile's sting; you may recognise Hortensia in pretty much the same manner. She gives, but she insults the recipients of her—ahem—bounty."§ A very common experience indeed is that of Mr. Titmarsh, in his candid avowal, that although he has eaten scores of dinners at Captain Bragg's charge, "yet his hospitality is so insolent that none of us who frequent his mahogany, feel any obligation to our braggart entertainer."|| Whom the vulgar entertain, as well as whom they succour, they oppress.

Mr. Thackeray fairly owns, in his lecture on Swift, that he would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the Dean for a guinea and a dinner. For Swift, he says, "insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces."¶

Lord Lytton's Lionel expatiates on the unconciliating tone of his benefactor's letters. "Oh, Vance! they were terrible, those letters! . . . a curt proposal to pay my schooling, but not one word of kindness, and a stern proviso that the writer was never to see nor hear from me. He wanted no gratitude—he disbelieved in all professions of it. His favours would cease if I molested him. 'Molested' was the word; it was bread thrown to a dog." These had been letters to Lionel's mother, which the boy was not shown till he was verging on young manhood. His pride revolted at the sense of obligation to such a benefactor, kinsman though he was. So Lionel took upon himself to answer the last of them, which offered to buy him a commission in the army,

* Quentin Durward, ch. xxiii.

† "You will sometimes find a real desire to do good, alloyed with so much fussiness, so much self-sufficiency, and such a tendency to fault-finding, that so far from good being done, a great deal of mischief follows."—Sunday Afternoons at the Parish Church of a University City, § 13.

‡ The Curate.

§ Eleanor's Victory, ch. ii.

|| Our Street.

¶ English Humourists: Swift.

or get him an appointment in India. "Which did you take?" Vance asks. "Which! so offered—which?—of course neither!" is Lionel's passionate reply. "I wrote shortly—that if he would not accept my gratitude, I would not accept his benefits."* A modern seer exercises no preternatural insight into life and character when he sings or says,

Much, that might seem mere baseness to the crowd,
Was seen by me with less abhorrent eye,
Because I lifted up the outer shroud,
And could the inner springs of action spy.
Against Ingratitude how loud the cry,
Which yet in me did no warm echo move,
For I beheld how proud was Charity,
And Gratitude, which is the smile of Love,
To love alone leapt back.†

Tom Tulliver is severely admonished by Aunt Glegg, talking *at* him, that he must bring his mind to fare hard and to work hard, and must be humble and grateful to his aunts and uncles for what they are doing for his father and mother, "as must be turned out into the streets and go to the workhouse if they didn't help 'em. And his sister, too," continued Mrs. Glegg, looking severely at Maggie, "she must make up her mind to be humble and work . . . and she must respect and love her aunts as have done so much for her, and saved their money to leave to their nephews and nieces."‡ No wonder if there was a heightened colour in Tom's face, and that he was very far from looking humble and grateful at the tone of this harangue.

Mrs. Gaskell tells us of the reverend founder of Cowan's Bridge school—the Lowood of "*Jane Eyre*"—that he seemed to have had the unlucky gift of irritating even those to whom he meant kindly, and for whom he was making perpetual sacrifices of time and money, by never showing any respect for their independence of opinion and action; and that he had so little knowledge of human nature as to imagine that, by constantly reminding the girls of their dependent positions and the fact that they were receiving their education from the charity of others, he could make them lowly and humble. "Some of the more sensitive felt this treatment bitterly, and instead of being as grateful as they should have been for the real benefits they were obtaining, their mortified pride rose up from its fall a hundredfold more strong."§ Those who *can* put into words their gratitude for benefits thus vouchsafed, are apt to overdo the thing—on the principle noticed by Leigh Hunt:

For when obligations more fitting than nice,
We double the glow of our thanks and respect,
To hide from th' obliger his own defect.||

* What will He Do with It? book i. ch. iv.

† Chauncy Hare Townshend, *The Three Gates*, ch. iii.

‡ *The Mill on the Floss*, book iii. ch. iii.

§ *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, ch. iv.

|| Leigh Hunt's *Poems*, *The Palfrey*, part i.

THE ROCKING-STONE.

A CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

Two of the most powerful nobles of England, the Duke of Somerset and the Earl of Warwick, were one fine summer's day in the year of our Lord 1449 walking together in the Temple Gardens on the banks of the Thames. Their conversations were on affairs of state. Ere long they expressed decided differences of opinion. Their tempers warmed up; the dispute ran high. They appealed to the nobles and gentlemen attending on them, but all drew back. They had long been rivals, each seeking for power and influence. Warwick possessed immense popularity both with the soldiery and populace. He was well known in history as the King-maker. He was not a man to brook opposition.

"It is well that we should know our foes from our friends," he exclaimed, plucking as he spoke a white rose from a bush which grew near. "Let all who claim to be my friends wear henceforth this insignia in their helms or caps."

"And I, too, wish to know who are my friends and who my foes," said the Duke of Somerset, walking on rapidly till he reached a red rose-tree which he saw in the distance. "I shall expect all those who love me or the cause I espouse to wear this flower of blushing hue."

Several knights and gentlemen hurried after the duke, and imitated his example in placing red roses in their caps. The earl watched the proceedings of his rival with a smile.

"My challenge is quickly accepted," he observed, turning to those who surrounded him. "But am I to stand alone? Have I no friends who wish to show that they are ready to espouse my cause?"

"Ten thousand swords would be ready to leap from their scabbards the moment you summon them," answered a sturdy knight, Sir Herbert de Beauville. "I, for one, am ready to risk castle, and lands, and jewels, and life itself, in your service; and as a pledge of my sincerity, I place this white rose in my helm, and, so help me Heaven, may I ever be true to it and to you while life remains!"

The rest of the party, following the knight's example, pledged themselves to the earl, and placed white roses in their helms or caps. It was curious to see the two parties, as they henceforth walked apart with the insignia they had so hastily assumed prominently displayed, eyeing each other with glances indicative, it might be, of that fearful struggle which was so soon to commence, and to devastate the fair land of England and deluge it with blood. Some of those present turned traitors to the cause they had espoused, and others more than once changed sides, but amply did Sir Herbert de Beauville fulfil the pledge he had given on that occasion. He was one of those men who consider that black is black, and white is white, and so, having passed his word that he would wear the white rose and support the house of York, he fought on, amid all its changing fortunes, till he had lost the larger portion of his once ample possessions. His ancestral castle of Beauville, in the north of England, in a sadly dilapidated condition, with its park and a few hundred acres of

land, was at length all that remained to him. In the fatal fight on Bosworth Field, holding himself bravely, as was his wont, he was desperately wounded. He would have fallen from his horse had not he been supported by his faithful squire, Roger Bertrand, who led him from the fight to a retired spot near a brook, where he could attend to his gaping wounds and stanch the life-blood flowing from his veins. In vain, however, the brave squire exerted all his skill. It was too clear to him that his beloved master's hours were numbered. The knight also was well aware that his last blow had been struck for the cause he had so long espoused, and that he should soon be numbered with the dead. He committed, therefore, his wife and young son, who was named after him, to Roger's care.

"Mark you, Roger, watch over the boy as a precious jewel. Remember his noble blood and parentage, bring him up as becomes it, and above all things, when he comes to man's estate, take care that he finds a bride befitting him, and does not wed beneath him. I fear me much that I do not leave him as rich a heritage as I received, but should quiet times ever come back to this realm of England, with your careful nursing it may once more be made as profitable as of yore. You know my wishes; good Roger; I can speak no more. Especially in that one point of marriage guide the boy aright. Lift me up. How goes the fight? Let me behold the white rose of York once more triumphant. See—see—they charge forward! No—alas! they turn and fly. Then welcome death." The old knight, pressing the squire's hand, uttered the word, "Remember," and fell back and died.

The brave squire, rising to his feet, stood over the dead body of his master with drawn sword to protect it from spoliation, and ultimately succeeded in bearing it off from the field so as to give it honoured sepulture in the precincts of a neighbouring church. The priests were desirous to keep the knight's armour in pawn that masses might be said for the repose of his soul.

"Thanks, reverend and worthy gentlemen," answered Roger, quietly. "But my dear master was as hearty a prayer as he was a fighter, and methinks if he's failed while he lived to make his peace with Heaven, nothing that you or any other can say will aid him now that he is gone, and knows more about the matter than you and all the world besides put together."

"What rank heresy is this you are speaking?" exclaimed the priest. "The prayers of the Church not of use to the dead, do you say? This savours strongly of the abominable tenets of Wycliffe. Why, you must belong to the abominable sect of the Lollards, Master Roger."

"Nay, but I was only speaking in the case of my good master," answered the squire, in his quiet tone. "I said that he was a hearty prayer; and what is the use of a man's praying if his prayers are not to be heard? But if my master's prayers were heard—and I am sure they were—then there is no further need of any one praying for him. I am a true son of Holy Mother Church. I know nothing of Master Wycliffe, and conclude that he has been dead no small number of years."

The priest, not accustomed in those days to controversy, had nothing to say in reply to Roger's remarks, though, still suspecting him strongly to be a Lollard, he would have liked to entrap him, and to have had the

power to bring down punishment on his head. Honest Roger, however, not aware of the feelings of animosity he had excited, frankly wished the irate ecclesiastic farewell, and with the arms and armour of his late master, all that remained of him, took his departure for the now mourning castle of Beauville.

It is not necessary to describe the grief of Dame Beauville nor of the young Herbert, who was of an age to feel deeply the loss he had suffered. As may have been suspected, Roger Bertram was a Lollard, as was the mistress of the castle, though they had found it necessary to conceal their opinions. Young Herbert was accordingly brought up in the principles of the enlightened Wycliffe, a copy of whose Bible was one of the most prized possessions of the dame. It was her chief delight to instruct her son in the glorious truths it contained. Alas! however, the shock she received on hearing of the death of her beloved lord, and the complete overthrow of the cause for which he had so long striven and fought, was so great, that from that time she sank gradually, and ere long followed her husband to the grave.

Roger Bertram thoroughly carried out his promise to his master. Young Herbert de Beauville grew up into a noble-looking youth, who, though he did not possess any large amount of book-learning, was the leader in all the manly exercises of the period. He was brave and open-hearted, of a kind and generous disposition, and had ever proved himself affectionate and obedient to the guardian placed over him. He had, however, a determined will of his own, and Roger discovered that, if he wished to retain his influence over his ward, he must not pull the reins of authority too tightly.

As Herbert increased in years this became more and more evident, especially when the youth mixed in the world, and there were not wanting those who urged him to assert his own independence, and who hinted that, now he had grown nearly to man's estate, it was no longer incumbent on him to obey implicitly one who had merely been placed in authority to watch over him while he was a boy. Good Roger Bertram, though he was able conscientiously to do his duty with regard to watching over his young charge, found that it was a difficult matter to restore a fallen house, and to bring long-neglected lands again into cultivation. The old retainers and tenants who once cultivated the fields had been carried off by their feudal lord to the wars, and their bones lay bleaching on many a battle-field. The lands could not be let, and no money was therefore forthcoming to restore the dilapidated castle fast crumbling to pieces. It had never been restored since the last siege laid to it by a Lancastrian force. At that time a large portion of the walls had been battered severely by cannon, and another part had been undermined: the enemy, indeed, were on the point of forcing an entrance when it was relieved by the appearance of an army of the Yorkist party. Roger's hope, therefore, was that as soon as his young lord was of age he would retrieve his fortunes by a wealthy marriage. Unfortunately there would, he knew, be much difficulty in finding a bride for him among the Yorkist families, as the greedy King Henry took good care to confiscate all the property he could from any excuse lay hands on. Rogers was also himself much attached to the principles of the Lollards, and he wished, if possible, that the young Herbert should marry into a family which held

to them. There were far more families even at that time who read Wycliffe's Bible, and believed the truths to which he held, than are generally supposed. The English, as a nation, never bowed the neck very readily to Rome, and even in the darkest days there were some who put no faith in her assumptions and pretensions. The more enlightened had also ere this discovered what a clog to the prosperity and progress of the country existed in the many thousands of lazy and idle monks and friars, and other members of what were called religious orders. Still it may be considered that the lower orders generally, and many of the upper, were ignorant in the extreme, and believed in all those gross superstitions which have ever been the direct result of the teaching of the Church of Rome, where no counteracting influences are at work. As Roger did not himself possess much book-learning, he was compelled to leave young Herbert under the instruction of Father Mathew, the curate of the parish, to whom Sir Herbert had confided the charge of his education. Not that the knight had any great esteem for the learning of Father Mathew, but that simply that he knew of no one else under whom he could place his son.

Father Mathew was not a learned man, but he had cleverness enough to conceal his ignorance, and Sir Herbert, who, though a brave soldier, was no clerk, lacked wits to find it out. If the truth must be said, the curate was himself fonder of hawk and hound than of his books, and it was whispered that, if a pretty damsel came in his way, he did not always discreetly turn aside and shun her society. He could, however, do more than many of his brethren, for he could not only read his breviary, but write a neat hand and copy manuscripts with precision—an art he had learned in the cloister, where, very much against his will, he had spent some of the early years of his life. Such was Father Mathew, in the main, with all his faults, an honest man. Roger, who had more shrewdness than his late lord, was not altogether satisfied with him, but he consoled himself with the thought that his young charge might have had a worse preceptor, when he saw him growing into a fine handsome young man, with many noble and generous qualities, though certainly more addicted to field sports and athletic exercises than to the study of any of those branches of knowledge by which he might restore the fallen fortunes of his house.

Meantime, Roger was not unmindful of his purpose to secure a rich wife for his young lord. He looked about in every direction, far and near; but the only damsel he could hear of at all likely to prove suitable was the Lady Barbara, the only child of the stout Baron Fitz Osbert. She was said to be fair to look on, and pious and good, and possessed of all the accomplishments which distinguished well brought up young ladies in those days. There were difficulties to be overcome, however. Herbert had not seen her, and might not be willing to wed her when he did. Her father, the baron, also, was a stout Lancastrian, and, although the rival houses of York and Lancaster were now united, he was very likely to maintain a prejudice against the son of an old opponent. While the honest Roger was travelling about the country and troubling himself greatly in search of the desired heiress, an event occurred which seemed likely to bring his schemes to naught. Herbert was one day returning from hawking—the quarry having led him a long distance from home—when, as he was passing through a wood of some extent, he heard a cry

and loud shouts for help. Urging on his steed over the greensward, he saw two persons on horseback endeavouring to escape from three armed men on foot. That the latter were robbers he had little doubt—disbanded soldiers of the army the king had lately led to France. One of the persons on horseback was a country damsel, and, from the panniers between which she sat, it appeared that she had been to dispose of the produce of her farm at market; the other was a serving-man, or farm-servant, apparently, for he also had a number of baskets slung about his horse. He had also a bow at his back and a trusty sword by his side, with which he might, if necessary, defend his young mistress. These ideas passed through Herbert's mind the moment the scene appeared before him. The serving-man had drawn his sword, and was endeavouring to keep the robbers at bay. The robbers, however, seemed to be laughing at his efforts, and while one of them was keeping him in play, the other two had run round on either side and were on the point of seizing the reins of the damsel's steed, when Herbert appeared. He dashed forward, and, with the impetuosity of youth, without asking any questions, cut down one of the robbers, and was about to treat the other in the same way when he made his escape between the trees. The serving-man had, in the mean time, given a good account of the robber who had attacked him, and who lay wounded and, to all appearance, dying on the ground. He had, however, first contrived to give honest Master Rolfe a severe cut on the arm, and another on the side, which would probably have compelled him to yield to the attacks of the other ruffians had not young Herbert de Beauville come to his assistance. The damsel had wonderfully maintained her self-possession during the events which have been described, but when Herbert reached her, and, taking her hand, assured her that all danger was past, her pale cheeks and quivering lips told him that she could no longer contain her feelings. He helped her from her palfrey, or pony rather, and placing her on the trunk of a fallen tree, endeavoured to calm her spirits, while Master Rolfe limped off to fill a bowl, which he had just purchased in the market, with water from a neighbouring brook. This soon revived the damsel, and, as soon as she was able to speak, she, after thanking Herbert for the service he had rendered her, told him that her name was Gertrude Alwyn, and that she lived with her father, stout John Alwyn, a yeoman, on his farm, nearly a league off.

"Then I must offer my services to escort you to your home, sweet Mistress Gertrude," said Herbert, in as courteous a tone as he would have used towards a princess. "I can take no denial, as it is unbecoming that you should continue your journey alone. Mayhap some other robbers may meet you, or you may be beset by some other danger."

Whatever might have been the fears of the damsel, she was not unwilling that so handsome and courteous a young man should escort her homewards. Not till the honest Master Rolfe had come up to hold her reins, while she again mounted, did she and Herbert discover how badly he had been hurt by the robber who attacked him. He made light of his wounds to save his young mistress pain, but she refused to proceed till they were bound up, and some further time was lost in this operation. Herbert rode onward by the side of Gertrude, conversing as he went. He thought that he had never seen so fair a damsel, so gentle and so

lovable, while she was certain that she had never met a more kind and courteous and noble a youth. It was late when they reached Donington Farm. Master Alwyn, the owner, did not seem much surprised to see his daughter escorted by so gay a cavalier as young Herbert de Beauville. Having thanked him warmly for the protection he had afforded to his daughter, and deliverance from the danger which had overtaken her, with much courtesy he invited him to remain to supper, which meal was even then being placed by Mistress Alwyn on the table.

Young Herbert was not unwilling to accept the invitation, seeing that already his heart, or fancy, or whatever organ or sense by which young men are moved, had already been captivated by the bright eyes and sweet face of the fair Gertrude. There was a bright moon about to shine, and he had no tender mother or loving sisters who would be anxious at his non-appearance at the usual hour. Gertrude did not omit to tell Mistress Alwyn of the hurts Rolfe had received. On hearing this, the dame, with alacrity, hastened out, that she might exercise on them that skill of the possession of which she was not a little proud. On her return, three demure damsels and seven stout labouring men followed her into the hall, and took their seats at the table. They then ate in silence the messes which Mistress Alwyn served out to them. Master Alwyn, meantime, kept up a very pleasant conversation with his guest. He was evidently far superior in attainments to men generally of his position in life, for he could both read and write, and knew something of what was going forward in the world. In appearance he was not, however, superior to other yeomen or well-to-do farmers; and his dame, though evidently a notable thrifty housewife, was not above her class in manners or in information. As Herbert looked from one to the other, and then exchanged a few sentences with their daughter, he wondered how so fair a creature could have sprung from so rough a stock. He sat on, unwilling to leave the society of so charming a being, till at length he had no excuse for lingering longer.

As he rode homeward, with his hawk sleeping on his shoulder, and his hounds by his side, his thoughts were so completely occupied with the fair Gertrude, that he reached his castle gate almost before he was aware of it. Master Roger was away on the errand which has been spoken of, and Father Mathew had never been wont to chide his pupil very severely. Now that he had come to man's estate, he wisely abstained altogether from doing so. Herbert was therefore accustomed frankly to tell him all that occurred. He accordingly described how he had met the damsel and her servant, and saved them from robbers.

"You have acted bravely, my son; and you deem the damsel fair to look on?" said Father Mathew.

The last words were uttered quite in an indifferent tone, as if the matter were of very little consequence.

"Oh yes; the damsel is perfectly beautiful," exclaimed the youth, enthusiastically. "I have never seen one I could so devotedly love and adore."

The priest gave way to a low laugh, and remarked:

"Perchance the next time you see her she may not appear so charming, and still less so the following. Methinks, too, that she is not such a one as the young lord of Beauville ought to wed."

"I have heard of noble earls wedding with maidens of low degree, whose beauty and rare excellence made them fit to take their places among the highest in the land. Such is the damsel of whom I speak. It would be a grievous pity to allow so charming a rose to bloom unseen, or to allow her to mate with some rough thistle or thorn unworthy to possess her."

The priest laughed outright.

"Certes, the charms of the damsel have made you poetical, my esteemed pupil," he remarked. "I must go forth to see this rare piece of perfection. I wonder whether I shall esteem her as you do."

Now, although Herbert had a great regard for his reverend tutor, he did not altogether desire to have him become acquainted with the damsel, and he at once, therefore, began to repent that he had praised her in such glowing terms. He scorned, however, to retract anything that he had said, yet he determined to try and prevent Father Mathew from visiting Donington Farm till he had secured, as he hoped to do, the affections of its fair inmate. It was not till late at night that the priest and his pupil retired to their dormitories. At an early hour the next morning the young lord of Beauville was on his way to Donington to inquire if Mistress Gertrude had recovered from the effects of the fright to which she had been subjected. He also persuaded himself that he was anxious to learn how it fared with sturdy Master Rolfe.

He went well armed in case he should meet any of the band of robbers whose comrades he had so roughly handled. On reaching Donington, he saw Father Mathew's grey mare at the gate. The father must have left the castle by break of day, and have ridden pretty fast to get there before him. Herbert met him coming out.

"Ah, my son, you said not that you were coming here to-day," he remarked, quietly. "However, I am not surprised. The damsel is truly fair to look on, and calculated to win a young man's heart. But beware, I say—beware. Now go in and pay your visit and inquire after her health, and say all the foolish things you purposed saying, and then come out again. I will wait for you, and we will ride back to Beauville together."

This was not at all according to Herbert's intentions, yet he could not help himself without positively refusing to comply with the father's wishes. He found the dame and her fair daughter within. There was some constraint in their manner at first, but the latter was evidently pleased to see him. He thought her not less lovely than on the previous evening. The visit, however, was not such as he had anticipated. In vain he tried to learn what Father Mathew had been saying about him. At last he was obliged to take his leave and join his tutor, who had been walking his horse up and down, waiting for him. The young gentleman had learned wisdom.

"I will be even with him," he thought to himself. "I will let him suppose that he is right, and that on a second visit I have not found the damsel as charming as I at first described her."

He carried out his plan, but whether or not Father Mathew was deceived he could not tell, for the wary priest made no reply to his remarks by which he could judge what was passing in his mind. When Master Roger returned, Herbert took good care to say nothing to him about fair

Mistress Gertrude, and, somewhat to his surprise, Father Mathew was equally reserved on the subject.

It was curious, however, that from that time forward his hounds or his hawks always led him in the direction of Donington, and, though he brought home less game than formerly, he never grumbled at his ill luck. Perhaps both Master Roger and Father Mathew were watching him, but, if so, he was not aware of it, and was perfectly well satisfied with the course he was taking. He found that Mistress Gertrude was not over-rigidly brought up, and that her parents did not object to her mixing with other young people, and enjoying the sports and pastimes suitable to their age. At all festivals and merry-makings Herbert became her constant attendant. He cared not if any one remarked that he demeaned himself by associating as he did with a yeoman's family. Master Alwyn did not object to his consorting with his daughter, and therefore no one else had any business to find fault with him. He engaged warmly with other young men of his age in the various athletic sports then generally practised. It was his delight to excel in them, and whenever he won a prize, as he often did, he was wont to bring it and place it at the feet of the fair Gertrude. He did so with a right noble air, and it was often remarked that she received these attentions with a grace which not the first lady in the land could surpass. He was not without rivals who desired to gain the chief place in her affections; not that she gave them any encouragement, for her heart was already entirely surrendered to Herbert.

Among the many devices employed by that money-loving monarch, Henry VII., was that of confiscating the property of any of his nobles or other wealthy persons who gave him cause of offence by rebelling or intriguing with his enemies. Not far off resided a certain Master John Fisher, once a wealthy merchant in London, who had in an evil hour for himself purchased one of these estates, lately belonging to a Baron Neville, of ancient lineage, much beloved in the country. Master Fisher was a worthy honest man, and would have proved a greater benefactor to the people among whom he came to reside than he had afterwards the power of being, had not the king looked on his hordes as a mine of wealth from which it was his royal privilege to extract whatever he might require. The merchant had several sons, who naturally desired to live like the young lords and gentlemen around them. One of them, Thomas Fisher, had set his eyes on Mistress Gertrude. He had more fortune than his brothers, money having been bequeathed to him by an uncle, also a merchant. His personal appearance was in his favour, and, altogether, he might have been considered a very good match for the yeoman's daughter. Master Fisher, his father, however, did not approve of it, and desired that he should wed into some noble family who would give him a better standing in the country than he could otherwise possess. Thomas, however, was of an obstinate disposition, and would by no means give her up. Wherever there was a prospect of meeting her there he was always to be found, though he had to confess that of late she certainly had given him very little encouragement.

There was in the neighbourhood of Beauville Castle a large open common, in the centre of which were certain Druidical remains—huge blocks of stone, some like pillars standing upright, and others placed one

over another, by means the knowledge of which appears afterwards to have been lost. One of these stones, the largest in the group, was so placed that the slightest touch would set it vibrating. It was generally believed, however, that this could only be done by the good and virtuous, and that any one not deserving that character, though they might shake it ever so violently, could not move it. Here, from near and far, it had been the custom of the youths and lasses to assemble on festivals and holidays to amuse themselves with the games and sports then in vogue. Archers came to exhibit their skill. Quintains were set up, at which young men delighted to run, with lance in rest, either on foot or on horseback. Here was practised hurling the bar, casting the lance, running races, and other similar active sports; while on May-day a pole was set up, round which the morris-dancers assembled, and the lord of misrule held his court. People of position in the county did not disdain to come to these merry meetings. One fine afternoon, on the 1st of May, 1493, a large number of persons of all ranks and ages were assembled in the neighbourhood of the rocking-stone. The still wealthy merchant, Master Fisher, and the yeoman, Master Alwyn, and Herbert's faithful guardian, Roger Bertram, and several knights and justices with their families, and Father Mathew, and many other parish priests and curates, and not a few monks and friars, who had come with the spirit of pickpockets of the present day to try what they could filch from the pouches of the merry-makers.

After the gay assemblage had got somewhat weary of the ordinary sports, a number of them repaired to the rocking-stone, where they amused themselves by daring each other to give evidence of their virtuous lives by setting the stone rocking. Several had gone forward when the stone was clearly seen to vibrate. There was a shout by some wags for Father Mathew, who was seen standing near; but he declined going through the ordeal, on the plea that it did not become his clerical character; indeed, it had been determined by all the clerics in the neighbourhood that such a proceeding ought not on any account to be submitted to by them. At length the names of several damsels were called out, and, among others, Mistress Gertrude Alwyn was summoned to go forward and move the stone. There might have been a slight blush on her cheek at appearing before so many people on such an undertaking; but yet, with a slight laugh and a smile on her lips, she advanced towards the stone. There was a perfect silence among the crowd of spectators as she touched the stone. It did not move. Again and again she touched it, with all the force she could exert. The stone remained as immovable as if part of the mass on which it rested. There was a general groan uttered by the crowd, an evidence of their full belief in the truth of the legend, while, at the same moment, a piercing cry was heard, and the unhappy damsel was seen to fall fainting to the ground. Mistress Alwyn ran forward to raise her daughter, followed by young Herbert de Beauville, who declared aloud that, for his part, he believed that the stone might sometimes rock and sometimes cease to rock, but that this had nothing to do with the virtue or want of that quality in those who touched it. There was a cry of "Heretic Lollard" from among the crowd, but Herbert silenced it by declaring that he would slit the tongue and break the head of any one who uttered it, or a word against the fair

fame of Mistress Gertrude Alwyn. The poor girl was mounted on a pillion behind her father and conveyed back to Donington, weeping bitterly. A number of persons collected round the stone, and soon afterwards, on being touched by chance, it was seen to rock as before.

Herbert remained some time behind the Alwyn family, stalking about with his hand on the hilt of his sword, evidently longing for an encounter with some one; but as no person present seemed disposed just then to beard him, he at length mounted his horse and rode after his friends. Again and again he assured Master Alwyn, and his dame, and sweet Mistress Gertrude of his disbelief in the knowledge of the stone of the character of those who touched it, and that he would not credit a word against her fair fame should the cardinal, or bishop, or the pope himself utter it. Gertrude thanked him with tears in her eyes, but begged him to return home and talk the matter over with Master Roger before he took any steps to vindicate her character, which he told her that he was resolved to do. His worthy guardian did not look on the matter in the light he did. He confessed that he did not believe that Mistress Gertrude was of light character, but that if the world did so, it was nearly as bad, and that she was not a fit bride for him. Herbert did not see the matter in this light, and argued the point with great vehemence, and declared that nothing should prevent him from vindicating her character by marrying her forthwith.

Shortly before this time a claimant to the throne of England had appeared in the person of a handsome youth, who pretended to be Richard Duke of York, second son of Edward IV. He had married the Lady Catherine Gordon, a cousin of the King of Scotland, who espoused his cause. No sooner did he appear in arms than Herbert, faithful to the traditions of his family, prepared to join him. He had no retainers, no money, only his own good sword and ardent young heart. Roger was now too old to bear him company, much as he wished it. He would, indeed, have dissuaded his young master from the enterprise, on the ground that the Houses of York and Lancaster were already united, and that, after all, the new claimant to the crown might be only a pretender, as was asserted, and not the true prince; but then he thought that absence might cure him of his love for Gertrude, and that mixing in courtly society might make him desirous of wedding with the fair Lady Barbara Fitz Osbert. Roger was, however, far too wise to hint anything of the sort, and with inward satisfaction he saw him go to bid farewell to pretty Mistress Gertrude, hoping that the young people might never meet again. Herbert, however, had no such thoughts in his mind. Again and again he repeated his promise to Gertrude that he would remain faithful to her, and that, come weal or come woe, he would return, if alive, and marry her. The world might say what it dared—might traduce and scorn her, but he would believe her true. He spoke with so much earnestness that she believed him, and pledged her own word to be faithful to him in return.

Not till Herbert had paid this farewell visit to Mistress Gertrude did the wily Father Mathew attempt to cast any slur on her character, or to dissuade his pupil from his intended marriage. He left nothing unsaid which he thought could produce that result. Every insinuation he dared make he whispered into Herbert's ear. Roger also was not slow to sup-

port the curate's remarks, while at the same time he warmly praised the charms of the Lady Barbara Fitz Osbert, the heiress of the castle of Hardingham and its broad domains. Herbert listened, pained in mind, and moved, but not convinced. "Should she be false, there is no virtue nor faith in womankind, and I would as lief throw away my life in the first battle in which I am engaged as live." Many young men have thought the same thing, and changed their mind.

No sooner had Herbert taken his departure than Father Mathew, who had got into the confidence of Master Thomas Fisher, urged him to press his suit. Old Master Fisher had become very much averse to it, on account of the reports which were current; but Thomas asserted that he disbelieved them, and that, in spite of all that might be said against Mistress Gertrude, he was resolved to marry her.

Time rolled on; news came of the expedition of the Scotch king and the supposed prince into England, and of its failure. After that nothing more was heard of the unfortunate husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon or of young Sir Herbert de Beauville, who had been knighted by the King of Scotland.

Meantime a visitor had come to Donington. He was evidently a man of superior birth. He was frequently seen in the company of Mistress Gertrude, and various were the surmises about him. Both Master Alwyn and his dame paid him the greatest respect. He was somewhat advanced in life, though still strong and active. His bronzed complexion, and more than one scar visible on his cheek, showed that he had been engaged in war in southern climes. He did not appear to seek concealment, but at the same time not a word did he let drop which could allow people to guess who he was. At length one day a dozen men at arms and several knights, with two led horses, appeared at Donington, and the stranger and Mistress Gertrude were seen to mount and ride away, after an affectionate farewell of Master Alwyn and his dame. No people were more puzzled than Roger Bertram and Father Mathew. They remained at Beauville, holding the castle for Sir Herbert, though it seemed very doubtful whether he would ever return. One day a wandering minstrel came to the neighbouring hamlet. He approached a house, the bush hung over the door of which showed that entertainment for man and beast was to be obtained in the establishment. The minstrel took his seat in the public room, and quickly entered into conversation with those around him. His object seemed to be to obtain information about the persons in the neighbourhood. Among others, he asked after Master Alwyn and his dame. They were living as before in the old house, and enjoying good health and strength.

"They had a daughter," observed the minstrel, in a calm voice.

"Oh, the hussy!—she long since went away with a gay knight, who came with a band to carry her off, and no one knows what has become of her," answered his loquacious informant.

"It is false!" exclaimed the minstrel, starting up. Then, suddenly checking himself, he added: "I mean, such reports as these often get about without due foundation."

However, he could not calm the agitation this information caused him, and, having paid his reckoning and slung the harp he carried over his

shoulder, he left the house. He took his way towards Beauville. Father Mathew was standing at the entrance as he approached the old castle.

"Go thy way—go thy way; we want no vagrants here. We have enough of our own starving poor to feed without yielding to the rapacity of strangers," cried the father, eyeing him askance.

The minstrel humbly turned aside, and, not far off, met Master Roger Bertram. He was about to avoid him, when Master Roger, eyeing him narrowly, hobbled forward, for he could not run, and taking him in his arms, exclaimed:

"My son—my own boy—my young master; and art thou really come back sound in limb and health? Thrice happy is this day."

The minstrel was no other than Sir Herbert de Beauville. He seemed too much broken in spirits even to laugh at the way Father Mathew had treated him. He had escaped, not without difficulty, after the defeat of the last army which the pretended Richard of York was able to bring into the field. He had now only one object on earth for which he desired to live—to establish the fair fame of Mistress Gertrude Alwyn; and he had resolved, he said, to trace out the author of the calumnies he had heard against her, or, if he could not do that, to punish every one who had been known to utter them.

It appeared that her disappointed suitor, Master Thomas Fisher, had been heard to repeat the evil reports concerning her. Here was an object on whom he could wreak his vengeance. The said Master Fisher had, by means of the wealth which had fallen to him, been able to purchase a title and honours of the mercenary king, and he now gave himself all the airs of an old noble. When, therefore, Sir Herbert challenged him to mortal combat on account of words uttered against the fair fame of a damsel undeserving of such reproach, he was compelled to accept the challenge. Space does not permit a description of the combat. The newly made baron was overthrown, and as Sir Herbert stood over him with his drawn sword, he confessed that he had himself, in revenge, inserted a small pebble in a hole under the rocking-stone, by which it became fixed and incapable of moving. On this Sir Herbert granted him his life, on condition that he should repeat the statement whenever he should so require him to do. He had it also made out in writing and duly attested, and, with this document in his hand, he set out to visit Master Alwyn and his dame. His heart sank within him when he learned from them that Mistress Gertrude was not their daughter, but the only child of the Earl of Fitz Stephen, who had, by the sacrifice of a portion of his patrimony, which had gone into the king's coffers, lately regained the remainder. His spirits, however, rose again when they encouraged him to hasten forthwith to the earl's castle and to try his fortune with the lady, showing her the document he had brought with him. He followed their advice; the Lady Gertrude received him in a way to satisfy his utmost hopes, and presented him to her father as the only person she would ever marry. They were accordingly wedded, and by living in privacy till the death of Henry, Sir Herbert escaped being implicated in the attempts made by the pretended Richard of York to gain the English crown.

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA,
AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

III.

ON our way back we saw a merry scene ; it being an assemblage of village girls and boys, who were beside a small hill in the village of Beauport, with *traineaux*, *tarboggins*, and small slides, all engaged in precipitating themselves down the acclivity from the top to the bottom. The slides and *traineaux* had acquired such a slipperiness from constant use, that they shot down like a railway-train impelled by an engine. The happy little creatures were roaring with laughter, and flying down in eager rush one after the other, as they sat, stood, or lay on the small vehicles. Amongst them I saw some now and then capsized into the snow, which lay in folds on each side of the beaten track, and get up, shortly afterwards, quite unhurt, and resume their sport amidst the laughter of their companions.

When we returned, and I went to see the horse in his stable, although actually the foam which the exercise of trotting had brought upon his coat had become frozen to it by the state of the atmosphere, yet he showed no symptom of having suffered from the exposure.

The moose-deer shooting in the country is generally undertaken by parties during the depth of the winter. Previous to starting in their sleighs to the part of the country where there is a chance of meeting with moose, they engage the services of some three or four Indian guides, who can direct them to the haunts of the animals, and who first stipulate with the sportsmen that they must receive a large portion, even sometimes three-fourths of the carcase of the animal, for their own use, as well as the wages which they are to get for their trouble. In return they, besides indicating the proper places to go to, serve as woodcutters, and construct the snow-houses, which are built up with great care for the reception of the hunters. In constructing these, they dig deep into the snow, and excavate a level square, which has for its base the earth over which the snow has fallen. The sides of the square are formed of snow, and the roof is thickly covered with branches of trees, interwoven in such a way as to be impervious to the snow. In the centre of the hut is a place for a fire, and in the roof a hole is left for the escape of the smoke. The logs of wood must be in abundance, and these must also be cut. With regard to provisions, the purse of the hunters can easily procure such as are necessary in Quebec ; but preserved meat in cases, and coffee and tea, are great essentials. Biscuits, of course, in place of bread. The hardy sportsmen cover themselves with buffalo-skins, which are the best and most serviceable for outer clothing of any that can be procured. For the inner clothing, any warm coats, with fur cuffs and collars. For the feet, the caribou *moccasins* invariably, as these are the best for walking on the snow when it admits of walking, and for treading in the snow-shoes when it is too soft.

They always set out when the snow is falling, or about to fall—both by reason of the temperature being then most bearable, and because the animals in question are very difficult to be got at unless there be a deep fall on the ground.

When they arrive at the hut which the Indians have constructed, they

are quite dependent on their guides for all the hopes of sport that they can look forward to. But these Indians, when they have decided upon the line of country most advisable to take, accompany them, and they all go on snow-shoes out into the country. They carry their fowling-pieces slung to their shoulders, and when they arrive at any place where the animals show themselves, they approach cautiously and fire.

The moose is much larger than the usual run of deer; in fact, he resembles more the nylgau of India than a deer. In appearance he looks like an ox, with, however, much lighter and longer legs. The head of the animal is reckoned the greatest delicacy for soup, and the heart is also prized. The flesh is very good eating, being firmer than venison, but, like it, a sort of rich meat with which one soon becomes surfeited. The hardihood of the woodland life, the wild and enterprising turn of the pursuit, the engaging nature of the pastime, shared as it is with companions—all these have great charms for the young men belonging to the regiments quartered in Canada. But the excitement of the sport is not equal to that which attends a fox-chase in England, or an antelope-hunt in India. The principal excitement takes place when the moose runs off, and owing to his colour contrasting with the white of the snow, and his not moving so lightly as the sportsman on snow-shoes does, owing to the softness of the fresh-fallen snow, the latter can keep up with him, and in some cases has been known to follow him a number of miles. This is really exciting; but when the sportsman gets near, he is presented with such a large mark to fire at, that one would suppose he could scarcely fail to hit it. However, notwithstanding this, many were the parties who returned to Quebec, after a few days' stay within their snowy tenements and at their chilly sport, without having succeeded in bringing back any trophy of their success.

The nights in the winter-time in Quebec are really most beautiful. Here the clearness of the sky, the brightness of the constellations and stars, the frequency of the aurora borealis, also the extreme stillness of the atmosphere—so pure, so bright, so totally unimpregnated with any exhalation of vapour—make it, of a moonlight night, most truly lovely. Over the waste of snow the light is clear as day. Sometimes, during the night, a shower of rain falls, and in the morning the particles of rain have become icicles, hanging to the eaves of the houses in the streets, or festooning the leafless branches of the trees standing in the grounds of the houses which line the roads at the different outlets of the town. These last have the appearance of thousands of glassy cases having been set round the numerous branches, and their glistening and brilliant effect in the morning sun may be fancied. The most ingenious and elaborate workmanship of the glass manufacturer cannot at all compete with the beauty shown in the simple unadorned setting given to these trees by the instantaneous action of the frost. The smaller the branches and fibres of the trees, the more beautiful the appearance presented by their being covered with icicles.

It is a perfect novelty to see the costume of the gentry, who amuse themselves driving about the country in sleighs, enveloped as they are in skins; sometimes it is a buffalo robe, sometimes a bearskin, sometimes the beaver. They resemble more the pictures which we see in the frontispiece of the "*Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*" than any other familiar portrait that I can recollect. Whether they be clothed in the

skins which I speak of, or dressed in the stout Whitney great-coat, or wearing the regular Canadian coat, with a hood to it like a friar's cowl, or a simple cloth great-coat with fur cuffs and collars, they must invariably have a fur cap on their heads. Without a fur covering on the head the person who goes out runs a chance of getting rheumatism in the head. The ladies even sometimes wear fur caps, but a bonnet well wadded with wadding inside is generally preferred. When the snow is falling it is comparatively mild, neither is there the intense penetrating cold which is felt to the very vitals; but when the snow has well ceased, and a hard frost has succeeded, then the cold becomes truly awful. Then the thermometer frequently falls to 28 or 30 deg. below zero; and frost-bites in the hands or face are matters of frequent occurrence; the ears and the chin suffer also frequently. But when, added to the frost, a wind blows from the north over the waste of frozen snow, then the keen intensity of the cold is such that few venture out in it.

On one of the coldest mornings, about seven o'clock, at the time when the carriages of wood in numbers usually are coming in from the country to Quebec, and when the drivers as they pass are challenged by the sentries at the barriers, an incident occurred at the barrier of St. Louis. The sentries were clothed in great-coats which came over their usual great-coats, and which have a hood that completely covers their ears and caps, and their time of remaining on their post is not longer than half an hour, but they are always obliged to challenge the persons who pass their posts when it is dark. On the morning in question, at the time when it was still dark, and the most chilly hour of the twenty-four, the sentry at the St. Louis barrier challenged a carriage which he heard proceeding through the gateway. He received no answer; he called louder, but the horse went onward, and the driver did not take any notice of his challenge. He then ran to the horse's head, and stopped him. The horse, being well trained, stood still, and the sentry went to the driver and asked him the reason of his not answering to the challenge. Still no answer. He went close to the man, who was standing apparently in the attitude which those persons usually are in when driving, and found that his hands were quite cold; his heart had ceased to beat. He was fixed, immovable, stiff as a stone; he had been frozen to death, but when life had become extinct it was impossible to say. The torpor which steals over the frame when one has been very long out in the cold is exceedingly dangerous, and if suffered to overcome one, and that one falls asleep in the snow, it probably will be to rise no more in this world. But in the instance of this unhappy peasant one could scarcely fancy that he could have fallen asleep when in the act of driving, and it was generally supposed that the cold by a gradual process rendered each of his members torpid until it reached his vitals, when its action was too strong to allow the blood to circulate.

The great mass of the inhabitants of Quebec were grievously disappointed at finding that the winter was passing away without the St. Lawrence being frozen over. Young men met one another and lamented that the river had shown no signs of *taking* during the night, and that there was no chance of their having a *bridge*. The minor streams beneath it were frozen up,

geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto;

but the grand stream which forms the leading feature in the view when one regards Canada or Quebec was not the first year which I passed there frozen completely over, although it was partially covered with ice. It was constantly crossed by the ferry-boats and canoes. Here, again, one had an opportunity of seeing the hardy habits of the Canadians. At the market-place, standing by the several wharves, are numerous parties with canoes, ready to take one across. They usually work in large round-bottomed canoes; they are plied by generally six oarsmen, but the number is according to the size of the canoe; they use a large flat oar, terminating where it dips into the water in an oval-shaped board. When the passengers are seated in the canoe, they dash these oars into the water, half frozen as it is, and pull lustily. The whole surface of the broad river is partially covered with large sheets of ice, and partially with the half-frozen straits which intervene between these massive icebergs. The skilful rowers thread through the cracks, or straits, and work the canoe forwards with great power and dexterity. When they arrive at an iceberg too large to go round and strong enough to bear a heavy weight, they make the passengers walk across on it, and drag the canoe and its contents over. Thus, between dragging and rowing, the ferry-boats ply as regularly as if the stream was unimpeded by the numerous stoppages of icy masses. Their transit of these reminded me of the description which I read in Gibbon of the way in which the Turks under Mahmoud II. at the siege of Constantinople in 1453 dragged the boats across the isthmus, as—with the exception of the difference which exists between boards and ice, and of the formation of the greased platform—these canoes had to go through a similar transit. In this way, cargoes of pigs, poultry, fish, meat, fruit, piles of baggage, furniture, beds, stoves, cattle, and horses, are daily carried across the St. Lawrence. It is a wonderful mode of transporting across a river of such a nature freights of that weighty description; and, taking the risk into consideration, and the extremity of the cold, it is an astonishing fact that an accident is of very rare occurrence.

The picnic parties which take place in Quebec during the winter months are a great source of amusement to the inhabitants, and are looked forward to by young people with much interest. As is usual, the settlement of the most material part of the arrangement for the amusement rests with the ladies. They choose their partners, as is done in evening assemblies, by preconcerted plans and finesse previous to the day of starting for the drive. On this day at the hour of meeting, the parties in couples in their various sleighs, drive in procession out of one of the barriers from the town. The gentleman's part of the business is to provide and drive the sleigh, and the object is to engage his partner some little time previous. The freedom which is allowed in this country, of a young gentleman choosing an unmarried lady for his partner in the drive, who is called, in the familiar parlance of the place, his "muffin," is such that he is not at all supposed to be paying any particular attention by this selection, such as to make parents think that it is a prelude to an engagement of marriage, but is doing as common-place an act of attention as if he were selecting her for his partner in the dance. How the fathers of families can sanction the arrangement is to me an enigma, but so it is. Previous to the party going away, they fix on some place which

is a driving distance from Quebec, and the person who has given the invitations provides hampers of provisions of all kinds, which are carried to one of the hotels, or places of rest, at the end of the drive. After the horses are put up, and the ladies have come down to the party, they sit down to a merry feast, and enjoy themselves as young people are sure to do on such occasions. They sing, and dance, and amuse themselves afterwards, and, generally speaking, keep up their party till two in the morning. Never, out of Paris itself, are to be seen gayer and livelier young people than the Canadians. They are free, animated, laughter-loving, and social. They want the refinement of the higher classes of English ladies, but are certainly much less artificial and more virtuous than the French. The author of the "Virginians" says, "that the conversation of the American gentlemen is generally modest, and, to the best of his belief, the lives of the women pure;" and certainly it would appear that their sisters in Canada are equally free from scandal, for I never heard anything said which at all militated against the fair fame of ladies in Canada, whether married or unmarried. Such being the class of people which assemble at the picnics, the time passed in them is usually a very mirthful one, and not the least merry part of the story is the return back in the sleighs to Quebec. The object in these return drives is to hurry homewards as quick as possible, consequently the number of accidents which befall the sleighs are not infrequent. I recollect one occasion of a picnic party returning in which three sleighs had been capsized on the drifts of snow which lay on the road at intervals. The impetuous pace at which the drivers made their horses go was such that one lady, who was thrown out of the sleigh, and lying on the drift, had not time to get up before a sleigh, which immediately followed the one out of which she fell, came with such rapidity along that the slide went over her feet. But such was the softness of the snow and the shortness of the fall, that neither was she at all hurt; nor was there any apprehension of damage to any of the other two parties who sustained the falls which I spoke of. One of these was a gentleman who came headforemost on a drift; another was a lady, who fell on her side. All three seemed to have imbibed the spirit of hardihood, enterprise, and courage which is characteristic of the country; and the ladies rose up shortly afterwards laughing, and, taking their seats in the sleigh, were driven back to their own habitations, and seemed to think of it no more but as a subject for joke.

I recollect another occasion, when a lady fell out of a sleigh, and it was owing to the side of the vehicle coming in contact with a "cahot," and the violence with which she fell made her driver apprehend that she might have been seriously hurt, but she escaped without any injury, and the moment afterwards jumped up and got into the sleigh as unconcerned as possible. In fact, I believe nothing could induce the ladies to relinquish a pursuit so congenial to the climate as sleigh-driving.

I was anxious to go again, and have leisure to stop a little longer at the Falls of Montmorenci than I stayed on the last occasion when I drove there. I therefore selected one winter's day, when it was not very severe, and taking the snow-shoes on my back, I started at eleven o'clock in the morning. When I reached the other side of the long wooden bridge called Dorchester-bridge, I struck across the country on snow-shoes. I came to a hillock, which I knew to be made of folds of snow

lying over a rope-walk, and though the mounting up was practicable enough, I found that the descent on the other side was such that I was obliged to slide down in the way that the boys do in the country—in fact, the regular natives of the country, when they go out far from home, usually have tarboggins carried for them, so that they can avail themselves of them when they come to any rising ground. As I went onwards, the palings and the marks which separated the fields were some of them about two feet above the snow, some much less, and some scarcely visible. The prospect was bleak, and somewhat monotonous also, and I thought to myself of the vast numbers of Europeans who had come and settled here, and made it their home, and taken up their rest for life in a country where, for six months of the year, Nature wears one vast fleecy shroud of snow; where the farmer, in place of roaming from field to field, and settling in his mind where he should sow wheat, barley, oats, potatoes; where plant or where plough; has every prospect of such things shut up completely from his view, and, with the exception of the in-door work of superintending his barn, has nothing outside whereon to fix his regard, but finds “his occupation gone,” and himself “presented with an universal blank.” I always like exercise, however violent; the work of the oar when I am in a boat, or constant motion of the snow-shoe treading when on the snowy plains of Canada, are much preferable, to my taste, to the inert passiveness of being drawn along without any motion on one’s own part.

Dr. Johnson said, that the greatest pleasure in the world was “moving along a road in a post-chaise;” but without disputing the fact of there being pleasure in such a mode of locomotion, I think it would really be much enhanced by the addition of some exertion on one’s own part. I found this exercise so violent, that when I arrived at Beauport I was perspiring with heat. On my way I passed one of those snow-houses which are common to the country—a regular large chamber, with a roof, all one solid composition. This reminded me, on a small scale, of one of the caves which one sees in India cut out of stone, containing images, sides, pillars—all the appurtenances of a building cut out of the solid rock, which rock gives materials to be chiselled by the hands of cunning workmen. But here Nature’s own handicraft had prepared all, saving the mere raising of the walls of snow.

No sound of hammer or of saw was there,
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked
Than water interfused to make them one.

The light and ærial appearance inside shone very prettily, but certainly was more picturesque than comfortable. On the road from Beauport to the falls the drifts were heavy, and very frequent; and were it not for my curiosity to see minutely how the falls looked in winter, I should have been tempted to return. When I got a few fields from it I took to the snow-shoes again, and proceeded treading along on them, finding, in fact, that they were the only mode of making progress, until I reached the wood, which lies at the ridge of high land beside the fall. The great mass of water this time was covered with an immense sheet of snow. At certain intervals the gushing torrents of water flowed through. This was really a grand sight; the numbers of large clusters of trans-

lucent icicles, which fell drooping over the crags like so many huge stalactites in a cave; the vast sheet of snow before the face of the waterfall; beneath, in the distance, seen through the wood, stood the cone of ice, which rises to the other side of the falls; the surrounding wood, which girded the hill, was thickly shrouded in snow; all these formed a view which is rarely to be seen elsewhere than in Canada. When I returned, and arrived at Beauport, I inquired from a carpenter, whom I saw working inside his cabane, as to my best way of returning to Quebec—whether by the road, or by the cross-country route on snow-shoes. He left his work, and walked with me for a few paces to show me the different landmarks, and to direct me as to what point I should commence at in striking across the country on snow-shoes. I have always observed the greatest politeness in these Canadian-French. They seem, indeed, to have inherited the traditions of politesse and gracefulness which characterise “*la belle France*,” even though half buried in the remote wilds and solitudes of the New Country. Though uneducated and superstitious, they are still to a degree refined; and though they have no letters, they have a great deal of address. This man’s mode of speaking was so far from pure, that he remarked upon the cold of the day by saying “*Il fait frite*.” When I expressed regret at taking him from his work, he said, “*C’est qun cood d’heure*,” and frequent other mistakes he made in the language; but his politeness to a stranger was certainly remarkable.

As I returned I had an opportunity of seeing a most lovely sunset, where the tints and hues of the sky, lying over the unsullied whiteness of the snowy plain, formed a most glowing picture. It was calm, serene, and totally cloudless. The bright blue of the heavens and stillness of the earth gave an idea of repose, such as might be caught with advantage by the genius of Claude Lorraine. In the distance the city of Quebec, with all the large buildings glittering with their metal domes, on which the mellow light of the setting sun cast a beauteous halo. Certainly there is something most ethereal and lightsome in the atmosphere of a fine day during the winter in Canada. But as it is stated—not without some reason—that “the hottest and the coldest place in the habitable or civilised world is Quebec,” so the contrast which is presented by Quebec in such a day of brightness, and by the same place, when a snow-storm is blowing in and around it, is the most wonderful which Nature in her changeful moods anywhere else exhibits. Then the stormy gust of thick cold snow, which actually cuts one’s face as it whirls by, nearly blinds one; the roads and streets nearly up to the middle in drifted heaps of snow; the darkness of the dismal haze; the massive volumes of flaky snow, which “heavy roll their fleecy wool along;” the wild whistling of the storm against the building and window-frames; the quickness with which the masses of snow accumulate, so as to bury a living object which was not strong enough to bear up against their drifting power. Nothing can be more cheerless and dreadful than the scene which the country presents, and no persons who can possibly avoid it leave their home. The traveller, who may be far abroad when “howls the savage blast,” is indeed hard put to it if he have no resource but his feet to carry him to some habitation. Such an appearance in the elements, so wild, so terrible, so fraught with danger, is worse than any phenomenon which one ever meets with on shore in any country; more black, more horrible,

more deadly than any peril, except a stormy sea. Its coming reminds one of

Εὐτ' ὄρεος κορυφῇσι Νότος κατέχευεν ὀμίχλην
ποιμῆσιν ὅτι φίλην κλεπτήν δε τε νυκτος ἀμεινῶ.

Very many instances there are of persons who have lost their way, and have perished in these snow-storms. But their approach is generally known by the great darkness of the surrounding sky previous to their ensuing.

The fires which take place so frequently in Quebec are also very remarkable, as peculiar to the Continent, where buildings of wood are so frequently seen. The instances of houses taking fire during the first year I passed in Quebec were two which occurred during the day, and one at night.

We had frequent opportunities of seeing the different rites, ceremonies, and forms of the Roman Catholic religion which are observed by the French-Canadians and also by Catholic Irish who have emigrated here, and of judging of the very strong hold which the religion has upon its votaries. This, both in the town and in the country adjacent, was evidenced in many ways. On one occasion a poor Protestant (who, on account of his knowledge of farming, had been chosen a judge in one of the agricultural shows common to the country) had given his opinion in favour of a Protestant who had exhibited cattle, and this opinion, to all appearance an impartial one, was nevertheless one detrimental to some of the Papists in the country, who were rival exhibitors in the same show. To the mind of an Englishman such an opinion could only be viewed as bearing reference to the point at issue—namely, the value of the cattle exhibited—but the excitable nature of the Celtic race construed it into a hostile demonstration on the part of the umpire, and as the prize at the show came to be awarded to the Protestant, all these men were up in arms against this judge. Soon after his house was surrounded by seven or eight of the discontented party. He was an extremely able-bodied man, and when his door was menaced by their driving their bodies against it, kicking it, and using abusive language, he called out to them that he would fight the whole party by taking each man singly, and having thrown him, and given him enough of it, he would do the same with the next, and so on through the whole number; or, as the saying goes, he challenged to fight them all, "one down and another come on." This challenge was accepted, and he actually fought them in rotation, and they were obliged to acknowledge themselves vanquished. It appears that at the time that they came to the house there were numbers of people outside, and that some of the disinterested men saw that fair play was used during the extraordinary combat.

A few weeks after this occurred the same men saw this Protestant at a cattle-show, and attacked him simultaneously at a great disadvantage, and by striking him before and behind, and when he was down jumping on him, and other ruffianly usage, they left him insensible. The attack was sudden, and in a place where none of his friends were present; but shortly afterwards some people who knew him well coming up, found him in this senseless state, and carried him home. In a few days afterwards this unfortunate man died of the injuries which he had received from

these wretches. The coroner's inquest gave a verdict to that effect, and shortly afterwards the whole of the attacking party gave themselves up for trial before the assizes in Quebec. A very long trial ensued, and, as may be imagined where there are Roman Catholic advocates, and where the feeling ran so high, the whole of the party were acquitted. Previous to the time of the parties giving themselves up for trial, the excitement throughout the district where the transaction of the assault occurred was very great indeed. A military party, consisting of two companies, was sent down to the village to overawe any of the inhabitants who should be disposed to disturb the peace of the community; but after a few days they found all peaceable, and returned, and soon afterwards the suspected delinquents gave themselves up. But the act of violence and the feeling of bitterness in the minds of the Papists are all indicative of the feeling which pervades a community where party spirit is so predominant. None of the magistrates considered the country safe until the parties in question had come forward. The most violent feeling of animosity is also shown to the missionaries, who endeavour by circulating the Holy Scriptures to promote the knowledge of God's word and the furtherance of Christianity among those benighted Papists. The chapels in the town of Quebec are very many, and the attendance in them every Sunday and holiday very numerous. We went to see, on one of the most observed of the saints' days—Holy Thursday—the chapels in the town, decorated as they were for the occasion. Certainly the crowds of well-dressed people in the streets might have made one suppose one was going through a large European city. Every one of every degree was dressed as for a great gala day. At that time of the year, the beginning of the thaw, the streets were in a complete state of decomposed snow, the wettest and most uncomfortable of any for walking in. The enormous flakes of snow which fell from the houses at intervals came down with a crash, and made one cautious. Either to take care to go far into the street or else to keep very close to the houses was the most advisable way of proceeding. A poor little boy, the son of one of the sergeants in the St. Louis Barracks, was returning from school, and in passing through the street a mass of ice, hard and weighty as a stone, fell on his head, and though he was taken to the hospital, and well cared for, he never finally recovered from the effects of the blow. His brain was injured by the shock, and, though he regained his health, his reason was never perfectly restored. The avalanches of snow and ice every now and then gave a report like the firing of a large gun; the dripping icicles, like stalactites, in a cavern, hung from the eaves of every roof. The concourse of men, women, and children which passed onwards to each church in the several localities and suburbs of the town kept slipping, wading, plunging, and sliding through the slush of half-melted snow. On entering the chapel one's notice was first drawn to a large altar, before which was ranged numbers of lighted candles in rows about five deep. Over the centre of the altar was an illustration of some Scripture subject relating to the passion of our Saviour, and on each side were garlands of artificial flowers decorating the walls in all parts. There were some of them disposed in wreaths, some in circles, but the lamps and candles in all the parts of the building were festooned with them. In front of the altar was a large caldron of brass, in which burned a

quantity of incense, the perfume of which was like that of pastilles. Crowds upon crowds of men, women, and children came to the altar, knelt, repeated in mind their short prayer, of whatever sort it might be, but all silently, and having finished it, passed out again to make room for other worshippers.

On our way to visit one of the churches in the suburbs, we passed the house of a milliner who had been much employed by the ladies in the neighbourhood. She was a good workwoman, and in great request from her ability in making up ladies' dresses. But it appeared that by the last mail she had received tidings of the death of a relative, and that she had been left a considerable sum of money by her will. She had, as a matter of course, told this event to her confessor at the first time she confessed to him after having heard the news. When the confessor was fully satisfied of the truth of the bequest, he set his wits to work to induce her to become a nun, and thus eventually provide that this sum should become the property of the Church. On our visit we found that he had succeeded, and that she had given him her promise, and surrendered all her right to the property coming to her. She was a very fine-looking girl, about twenty-four years of age. We were thus furnished with an instance of the baleful and powerful influence which the rites and ceremonies and the attractions of a religion whose power is used so completely for the purpose of working on the passions of the ignorant multitude, were instrumental in effecting. The girl's credulity had been wrought upon by the machinations of the priest, and she had no chance of hearing any counsel of a more rational or salutary nature. The services of this votary to religion were, I am confident, looked upon as quite immaterial. The grand object on the part of the wily Jesuits, who brought every art and effort into operation to win over this simple and guileless creature, was to obtain possession of her newly acquired wealth for the benefit of the Church. She had had her hair cut off before our visit, and she evidently had fully made up her mind to the seclusion and to the rash and irretrievable step which she was about to take. Notwithstanding her prepossessing personal appearance, she was illiterate; and who can doubt that the agents of the creed which now had secured her services, had purposely, in her case, as well as in that of all their disciples of every sex and degree, most industriously kept apart from her every means of salutary instruction, and above all things had shut from her gaze the instructions contained in the Book of Life, which would have enabled her to judge for herself. This was indeed a pitiable case, and I am confident that there were many, and are many, similar ones. In leaving her house we felt much for her; and all must acknowledge that it was a pity that she should be so victimised.

Several of the customs practised here by the Catholics are very remarkable. When one of the girls of a Catholic family receives the sacrament for the first, or as they call it, the première communion, she is dressed completely in white silk, with a white satin scarf, and a veil of lace thrown over her head. In this way she walks to the church with her companions, and back again through the streets, after the ceremony is concluded. It has a pleasing effect to see the groups of these young noviciates walking through the streets. The innocent expression of their youthful countenances, the pure chastity of the costume, the artlessness and unaffected

carriage of the children, all make the scene a very interesting one. It is, however, lamentable to find that so much that is youthful and engaging should be deluded, perverted, and infatuated by the lifeless ceremonial of a mistaken creed. By no means are these unsophisticated and guileless young creatures allowed to have the privilege of acquiring better or more salutary teaching than their benighted or their artful instructors can impart to them. Certainly the church to which they belong enlists in its cause everything that can lend grace or effect, or heighten the beauty of display, or dazzle the eye with attraction, or engage the interest of a refined mind. According to the means of each of its followers, it receives ample contributions to enable it to bring into practice its different observances.

In seeing these groups go by, I was reminded of a French funeral which I had seen proceeding to Père la Chaise some years before. The corpse was that of a young girl about fifteen. The persons who bore the pall were all young girls of nearly the same age as the deceased, dressed completely in white. Their number was fifteen, to correspond with the years of the deceased. The coffin was covered with a large white cloth, and this cloth, or pall, was held by the mourners; each also held a wreath of the immortelles, or everlasting flowers, which supply so profusely the garlands for the burial-places in Paris:

Che giovano agli estinti
Due lagrime, due fior.

I know not if there is anything more interesting in the customs, habits, and disposition of the inhabitants of any peculiar city, than the manner in which the young of both sexes are treated and trained. It evinces the sense which the parents entertain of the value of their religion more forcibly than any other observance which you notice among them. It leads us, also, to pity the ignorance which lends credence to such absurd idolatrous practices.

I shall never forget the beauty of the surrounding drives in summer. The waggon drawn by one horse has a light body, and four very large wheels. The two in front are equally large with the hinder ones, and, consequently, when one wishes to turn sharply from the corner of a street, one finds the body of the waggon jammed to the fore wheel; so experience proves that it is quite necessary to make a considerable circuit, and to guard against any sudden turn.

The most generally frequented drive is the road leading to Spenser Wood—a place which is, or was, used as the residence of the governor—and farther on to Cap Rouge. The Plains of Abraham stretch to a large extent on passing the town, and lie between the road and the St. Lawrence. They are admirably adapted for a race-course, a drill-ground, or cricketing or any exercise requiring an open plain. On the side of the road farthest from the river are numerous small wooden houses, inhabited by the gentry, or, indeed, rather shopkeepers, of Quebec, and having round each of them small portions of land, which they have cultivated with care and made into gardens. Farther on, past the plains, are numerous finely situated gentlemen's villas, with grounds and plantations. The hedges on each side of the road are composed of the Canadian hawthorn, and its white blossoms, very much larger than those of the hawthorn at home, are very abundant. After passing

Spenser Wood, which is a finely wooded plantation, in the centre of which stands a handsome house, one arrives, after a distance of a mile, at the cemetery, where the English Protestant residents who die in Quebec, and whose friends can afford a monument, are buried. This is situated at the end of a small Canadian town, which is built solely of wood, and which has a small church constructed of the same material. The houses are rustic, homely, and neat, but look somewhat outlandish from the material of which they are composed. Passing onwards from the town, one traverses a country which is most plentifully planted with orchards, groves, gentlemen's places of residence, and farms, and after a distance of about four miles' drive one reaches Cap Rouge, which is a port on the St. Lawrence containing some few houses, and harbouring a vast number of timber rafts, and ships ready for lading and carrying timber to distant countries.

These are the principal features on the Spenser Wood road; but I must not forget the first plain which lies outside the citadel of Quebec, which is called by the inhabitants the Coal-fields. Here numerous specimens of the small Canadian diamond are frequently picked up. The ravine called Wolf's Cove is about a mile from the Plains of Abraham; and here, up the steep glen which divides the ground from the present road to the river, one of the soldiers of his small army, by imitating the French accent of the Canadians, was enabled to deceive the sentry in Montcalm's army, and to proceed with the advanced guard to the plain, being followed closely by the remainder of the force. This all the histories of the siege recount.

The road to St. Foy also was another drive very much frequented in summer. After passing the suburbs of St. Roche, which comprise a vast extent of wooden buildings, inhabited by the poorest of the people in Quebec, but which is divided by a very spacious street, one goes through a country which is laid out in a similar manner to that of the Spenser Wood-road one. The carriages of the gentry throng very much here. The number of gaily caparisoned equipages, and the well-dressed and pleasing-looking ladies who are seated inside, make it quite a gay scene. At the doors of the residences the horses for the riders, or the carriages for those going to drive at sunset, are always in readiness. Both the Canadians and the Americans are certainly very remarkable for the care which they take of their horses, and, consequently, if you send to a livery-stable for hack horses, you will be sure to find that you will be accommodated with strong and active ones. The principal remarkable object on this drive is the monument erected to the memory of the English who fell at the siege of Quebec, which lies on some ground about a mile from the entrance of the town, by the barrier of St. Louis.

There is another drive which takes one through the centre of the suburbs, by the gate called the Palace-gate, to the bridge which crosses the St. Charles River, called Dorchester-bridge. This leads into the country, where to the left runs the road to Charlebourg, and onwards to the lake of Beauport, and straight on from the bridge is the road leading to Montmorenci and its falls. The last-named hamlet is known in history by its having been the place where the heroic Wolfe first made an attempt at landing, and where he was obliged to desist, having lost a hundred men.

But the road to Charlebourg is beautiful. At about a distance of three miles from Quebec, I alighted from the waggon and walked by the road, and the hedges on each side were thickly grown with raspberry-plants; the red fruit wild, ripe, delicious, and sweet as though one had found them in a garden in England, lay thick in the hedges in abundant profusion. The air was fragrant with them; they were "plenty as blackberries." The village was a small rustic assemblage of wooden cottages. They had no pretensions to grandeur, but were neat, commodious, and clean. The church, which is the name given to the Roman Catholic places of worship here, was large. The whole of the interior court, which lay round it and separated it from the road, was completely thronged with carriages belonging to the residents, farmers, and country inhabitants, who had come to the chapel to attend the mass, it being one of the evenings which the Catholics observe to keep holy. Though these French-Canadians could none of them understand the language of the priest, they were all provided with fine horses and costly equipages.

—In their mummery of devotion
The words fly up, but thoughts remain below :
Words without thoughts never to heaven can go.

The universal manner in which the population resorted to these drives for summer recreation could not pass unnoticed :

Sunt quos curriculo pulverem collegisse juvat.

It reminded one of the Course at Calcutta, where about an hour before sunset the whole of the white population of the colony congregate either on horseback or in gigs to take the small modicum of fresh air which the burning sun of the tropics allows the exiled European to enjoy. The young men manage to pass away their time between rackets, fishing, and their various occupations in the morning. The ladies drive out, or some walk either on the terrace, the esplanade, or the government gardens. They all universally seem to make the most of their time out of doors, and at night to have their parties in-doors; and, with the exception of Paris, it is the gayest place I ever was in. In many respects the Canadian gentry remind one of the French. They are pleasing, lively, conversable, and intelligent. The hosts of ships in the river and the almost daily arrival of steamers make the place very bustling and exciting. The Montreal steamer, which reminds one of Marryat's description of a river steamer in the St. Lawrence, which he likens to a "moving island in the lake of Como, in Switzerland," takes its departure for Montreal every afternoon. The tug-steamers take the numerous craft up and down the river in tow. At three several wharves the ferry-steamers take over passengers, carriages, stock, horses, &c., to and from the other side. The different sailing-vessels lie either in the centre of the river or close to the several wharves. The steamers which ply direct between this port and Liverpool come laden with every sort of merchandise from home. The low road which leads from Quebec to Wolf's Cove is one large street, extending for three miles, of houses, huts, and log habitations of the carpenters, joiners, and workers in wood, and the spaces between are wood stores of the wealthy merchants, who either build ships or deal in the shipping of timber. The rafts, or moving

floats of wood with small habitations on them, come constantly in from different points of the river, or from the numerous islands which lie in it between the town of Quebec and the mouth of the St. Lawrence, a distance of three hundred and twenty miles. From Montreal or the towns in Upper Canada an equal number of ships and all manner of craft arrive. Of the great traffic, as also of the wonderful increase of the towns both in Upper and Lower Canada, the English world are well acquainted from the publications of many writers; but with regard to the population during summer, of the numerous multitudes who arrive, having emigrated from different countries in Europe, it would be impossible to conceive unless one had an opportunity of seeing them. The Irish constitute the majority; there are many Germans, and some Scotch; but the greater number proceed either to Upper Canada or to the Far West.

The lakes in the neighbourhood of Quebec are much visited in summer for the sake of the fishing by the lovers of sport, and families also like very much to go and stay in these places during the summer months of July and August, when the weather becomes intensely hot. The first which I rode to see was Lake St. Charles, about twelve miles from Quebec. The road was hilly and rough from the barrier of Lorette to the outskirts of the village of Charlebourg; then it branched to the left by the Lorette road, and on each side of the way the road was planted with pine-branches, willows, &c., which had been cut by the different villagers and peasants and stuck in the earth. This was done in honour of some festival of the Church, when the bishop was to proceed from Lorette to Charlebourg; and the green boughs and the wooden arches also, which were fixed at different intervals of the road, were meant to demonstrate the feelings of cordial respect which the inhabitants entertained for him.

When I had gone about a mile and a half I turned to the right, and took a mountain road, which, for the first mile, was an ascent, and had the fields enclosed, and apparently the property of individuals who farmed and cultivated the soil with great care. The palings on each side of the road were carefully looked to, and the houses, or small cabanes, neat. A very small garden, generally, was either in front or behind each. Gradually I got into a woody, very wild-looking country. The groves of small, thickly-planted shrubs, and the face of the country, with the exception of the mountain road which we passed through, were one mass of foliage, if one may so describe it. The birds of all sorts flying in the woods—the stillness of the summer evening—the fresh sweetness of the wild flowers, were all a pleasant change from the closeness and confined atmosphere of a large town. Up by a gradual ascent the mountain road led us, till, at the top, I had a view of the lake, surrounded as it is by pines, and looking tranquil and still as the sea in a dead calm. The road then, for any vehicles, was certainly very uneven and rough; but it was not the least inconvenient for a rider, and from this top point to where the lake lies was about three miles, which lay through a wild wood of all sorts of trees. These had not been much thinned by the woodcutter's axe. Then the village, a straggling one, lay stretched along the road on each side, until one reached the margin of the lake. Two large poles, with a bush at the top of each, intimated to the traveller that he might find a place to rest in, and to bait his

horse. I went to one which was the furthest off from the Quebec side of the village, and the nearest to the lake. Here I found a very clean, commodious house, where the boards were really so white and unsoiled that one might have dined off them, and where I could have fared famously if I had been inclined. It was kept by a tidy, little, old Frenchwoman, and I got my horse put up in a stable by a polite French groom. The lake, with its tall forests of pines, which threw a shade over it, reminded me of Moore's description of Glendalough :

By that lake, whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbled o'er.

But I had not time to stay long and criticise its beauties, as, its being so far advanced in the evening, I had to take my departure before the sunset, so as not to be overtaken by night in the woody mountain road I had come by. I was told that the finest part of the scene was the upper lake, which is separated from the one which I saw by a narrow strait. But this I must leave to some more fortunate day. On my way back I met several of the waggons which were toiling through the heavy, broken road, jolting against the huge stones and high ruts, and moving homewards from Quebec, where their drivers had been with their different loads to dispose of in the morning's market. I got to Charlesbourg before it was sunset, and then had a road which was a descent for at least three miles, till I reached the first wood. It was then nearly dark, and I saw at intervals the flashing fireflies rise out of the marshy soil, and just emit their spark of light and then disappear. Many hundreds of these lit up the darkness of the wood for a very short time as I rode by, but when I got into the plain again I saw no more of them. I passed another very small wood or copse, where I remarked the same thing, and, soon after this, I reached the Scotch-bridge, and after that my road lay mostly through streets of houses composing the extensive suburbs on that side of Quebec. My next excursion was to visit Lake Beauport, the great resort of the lovers of angling and fly-fishing in Quebec. I crossed the wooden bridge over the St. Charles, called the Dorchester-bridge, and took the road to the left, through a well-cultivated country to Charlesbourg. The day before had been a great festival observed in the Catholic Church, and duly honoured by the French-Canadians. The peasantry had planted, or rather driven, the large branches of pine-trees into the sides of the road at intervals of about six feet, and about every two miles there was an arch constructed of wood, and festooned with fir-branches. It was, to use the words of the French paper, "*Jalonné des balises verdoyantes.*" I had a very good road, in which the turf on each side admitted of my galloping my horse. After passing the village we had a view of the woods, and the country was very open ; but the houses lay here and there at intervals on the road.

We did not reach what was called the bush until we were about eight miles from Quebec. All before this was easy plain-sailing work, the road good, and the country cultivated. But when we got to the wood, it was truly a wild and desert scene, and reminded me in some measure of the Black Forest in Germany. For the first mile the palings were on each side of the path, or woody road, but afterwards nothing met the eye but the wild forest. Vast chasms of burnt charcoal here and there lay on

the right and left of the road; and when I saw the quantities of piles of wood lying, half of them decayed and half of them newly cut, I ceased to wonder at the numbers of cargoes brought in daily to Quebec, to be sold in the markets for fuel to the inhabitants of the city. Where there was a clearing of long extent a grand and not unpicturesque vista was opened to the view by the tall trees, apparently interminable.

There solitude we know had her full growth in
The spots which were her realms for evermore.

The woody wilds, the pathless thickets, the numerous varied shrubs, "thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa," made the scenery grand and imposing. The lake of Beauport was a small piece of water. Some fourteen or fifteen wooden houses, situated here and there on its banks, gave shelter either to farmers or to some gentry of Quebec who come here for country air during the heat of the summer months. Two of these houses were owned by persons who kept them as inns, for the reception of visitors or gentry who came to fish in the lake. The canoes in which the fishermen embarked were fitted for holding three persons. They were composed of the single trunk of a tree hollowed out, and admitted of one person, and not more, sitting cross-ways. The fishermen stood up, and the rower used an oar, which was simply an oval board with a handle, and with this he paddled along the smooth water. The success, or the "take" of the fish, depended I think solely upon the weather. The day I was there our party had no success, but two days after this the same sportsmen went to the same place, and one of them caught forty trout, some of them large salmon-trout, and another caught thirty-nine. There was a slightly wooded hill surrounding the lake on all sides, and it seemed still-standing water, and having no outlet at all. A small stream flowed into it. I was told by a scientific man, whom I met in Quebec, that it was formed by the melting of the winter snows which trickled down the sides of the hill, and ultimately were, by accumulation, formed into a lake. I found the people at the rustic inn civil and obliging, and the house clean and commodious. They all spoke nothing but French. When my party embarked in their canoe, on their fishing excursion, another canoe, which was paddled in by two women, arrived at the wharf, and there was also a young man inside it, who sat at the stern. On their arrival he called out to us in the broken English which they generally speak here, that he had "De most of de fish out of de lake." And in proof, he showed us that he had two dozen at the bottom of his canoe. This man was very proud of his success, and on my way back I heard his jocund laugh as he drove his waggon homewards, with his two female friends seated behind him. He also had a bugle, with which he made the woods resound every now and then; the laughter, the mirth, the jokes in French, and the continued good spirits of the party, were just like what one always sees with the French-Canadians.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE TENTH.

I.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

MRS. HAMILTON and her brother were sitting together in her sunny, cheerful little drawing-room at Buxton; for though she was blind, Mrs. Hamilton was not insensible to outward impressions. She did not care for cold, frosty weather, however clear the air might be, but she delighted in a sunshiny day with light breezes playing through the air. In summer, the rustling of the leaves, the perfume of flowers, and the warbling of the birds, were positive enjoyments to her; and she thanked the benign Being, who, though He had seen fit to take from her the light of day, and plunge her into darkness as black as that of the grave, had left her some powers of mind, and a keen relish still for all that was good and beautiful.

This morning, however, she was not happy, nor even in her usual tranquil spirits, for her brother was wretched, and though he tried to conceal his feelings, he could not do so from the affectionate sister, who, though she could not see his countenance, understood every tone of his voice, even in its slightest variations.

A letter was brought in from Paris. It was from Mr. Thornhill, and confirmed poor Mr. Larpent's worst fears.

"Oh, Laura, Laura!" he exclaimed, as he glanced his eye rapidly over the pages. "There is no more hope! She has gone to lead a life of infamy! Miserable creature! What will become of her—what will become of her when the young man with whom she has eloped throws her off, as he surely will do? I shudder to think of what her future career may be!"

And the strong man laid his head on the table, and burst into tears.

Mrs. Hamilton stroked his hair as she used often to do when he was a little boy, and had got into any trouble. She said nothing for a few minutes, and allowed the paroxysm of grief to wear itself out in a degree; then she said, in her soft, musical voice,

"My brother—my beloved brother! May the Almighty support you under this terrible affliction!"

"If she had died—if I had seen her laid in her coffin in all her youth and beauty—I could better have borne it," he sobbed, "for she would have gone 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' But to live in sin—to forget her God—to forget all her duties—to forget her innocent children—oh, Laura, Laura! How can I bear to think of all this?"

"We do not know what we can bear, my dearest Marmaduke, until the day of trial comes upon us."

"Perhaps I have been to blame myself," said Mr. Larpent. "I left her too much to the society of that young man; I put too blind a confidence in her and in him; I should have looked more closely after them, and nipped in the bud the first germs of the evil which has, unchecked, grown up to such gigantic proportions. I have been very wrong."

"Do not blame yourself, dearest Marmaduke; had you been stern and harsh, the calamity would only have come the sooner."

"What is to be done now?" asked Mr. Larpent, helplessly.

"You cannot remove her guilt—you cannot restore her reputation. There is only *one* course open to you."

"And that is," said Mr. Larpent, eagerly, "to go to her, to reason with her, to implore her to quit the dreadful course of life upon which she has entered, and, leaving Captain Arlington, to return to England."

Mrs. Hamilton shuddered as she exclaimed: "Marmaduke! you can never think, surely, of taking that young woman back to your house and home? You can never so wrong your children as to place them under *her* guidance? Are their young minds to be corrupted—their ideas of vice and virtue to be perverted out of pity to a woman who had no pity, no feeling for them or you?"

"No, Laura—I would not replace her in the house she has left—I would not entrust her with the care of my innocent children. But I would save her from descending still lower in a career of vice."

"That can only be done by your divorcing her—Captain Arlington might then marry her."

"He will never marry her," said Mr. Larpent. "He has no means of his own to maintain a wife; he is quite dependent on his parents, and his mother would never admit Sophy into her family. But I must go to town. I must make some arrangement for her support. I must see my solicitor——"

"Yes, see him, and hear what he has to say about suing for a divorce."

"Laura, I will *not* sue for a divorce. My convictions respecting divorces are very strong. I took her for better or for worse—the worst has happened; she has greatly sinned, but my conscience forbids my following the world's dicta. It corresponds too much with the Levitical law, and too little with the more merciful law of our Lord and Saviour. The Old Testament says: 'The adulterer and the adulteress shall surely be put to death.' Jesus says: 'He that is without sin among you, let him cast a stone at her.' I will act according to the dictates of my conscience, and what I believe religion requires of me to do. If I utterly cast off this erring young woman, what is to become of her? She can but plunge deeper and deeper into guilt; whereas by forbearance and kindness on my part she may be reclaimed, she may become penitent, and, though the world may not receive her, she may find grace in the sight of *Him* who has said, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red as crimson, they shall be as wool.' My sense of duty towards my Redeemer, and my sense of still abiding duty towards this poor misguided young woman, determine me to be lenient and long-suffering."

"Dear Marmaduke," replied Mrs. Hamilton, "if your conduct be

guided by a sense of your duty towards God, you are right not to be influenced by the customs or sneers of the world. But there are few like you, and your goodness makes her guilt the greater."

Mr. Larpent went to town and saw his solicitor, who heard with astonishment that his client had not come to give instructions for commencing a divorce suit, but to arrange an allowance to be paid Mrs. Larpent through some trustworthy agent. The solicitor did not feel the respect for Mr. Larpent's motives that his sister did, but, on the contrary, he thought him a consummate blockhead, and wondered if he were getting a softening of the brain.

After a little time devoted to useless regret, Mr. Larpent awoke from his trance of sorrow to the recollection that he had imperative duties to perform. His father-in-law wrote to him, inviting, in his wife's name and his own, the children deserted by their mother, his wretched daughter, who had brought such misery and disgrace upon all related to her, to stay for some time at his house, where, he said, they would be well taken care of in all respects.

Mr. Larpent did not think that they *would* be well taken care of in their grandfather's house. He might be kind to them, on the whole, but his wife was very bad tempered, capricious, and selfish, and as she had disliked her step-daughter extremely, Mr. Larpent did not think she was likely to feel any regard for her children or to show indulgence towards them, therefore, with all due expressions of gratitude, he declined the invitation, and gave great offence by so doing.

He went back to Buxton to see his sister.

"Laura," he said, "I cannot trust my poor children to the mercy of their grandfather's wife, and I am certain poor Sophy would be shocked and miserable at the idea of these dear little ones being placed under her control, yet there must be some one to take charge of them. I cannot be constantly at home with them, and, if I could, it would not do for their governess and myself to live alone in the same house, even though we sedulously avoided all intimacy. Respectability is very important, and there must be some lady who is a relative of mine at the head of my family. Will you, dear Laura, leave your quiet little home, and come and live with me? I know it is asking a great favour, it is putting your affection to a great test, but everything should be done to make you comfortable, and——"

"My dear Marmaduke!" exclaimed Mrs. Hamilton, interrupting him, "you forget that I am a poor, blind, helpless person. What charge could I take of your house? What care of your children?"

"I do not propose that you should trouble yourself by taking any active charge of my house. The housekeeper can do that, and she will merely take your orders when you have any to give. She will also see that your comforts are attended to. Nor shall the children trouble you. The governess and the nurse will look after them. I will only ask you to let them come to you occasionally, so that they may learn to love and respect and obey their aunt. You shall have your own apartments, where none shall intrude without your express permission; and perhaps you will take pity on my loneliness, and give me the happiness of your company sometimes."

Mrs. Hamilton resisted his entreaties for a little while, for she felt loath

to leave her own house. But when she reflected that her life, so useless then, might be made of use to her brother and his children, she gave way, and agreed to his proposal.

She could not see the joy that lighted up his face, but she could hear by his voice how thankful and happy he was to have her for his home-companion.

II.

MR. AND MRS. DUFF WATSON ON THE CONTINENT.

MR. and Mrs. Duff Watson went to Paris for their wedding trip, and Mrs. Arlington was the happiest of the happy sending out their wedding cards, with "Letitia Arlington" printed on the inner envelope which contained Mr. and Mrs. Duff Watson's cards; for in those days wedding cards were not almost entirely exploded as they are now, and no one saw the vulgar addition of "no cards" to the announcement of marriages in the newspapers.

Mr. Duff Watson had gone to Paris to please Letitia, but he did not like it. He went with her to see some of the numerous sights of that gay city, but he never seemed comfortable, and always looked about him suspiciously. Letitia could not comprehend the reason of such odd conduct; surely, Mr. Duff Watson was a man too well educated and too liberal in his sentiments to entertain the old-fashioned, narrow-minded John Bull prejudices against Frenchmen? If any one knocked unexpectedly at the door of their salon, he would start up and take refuge behind a screen in the corner of the room.

"He is really terribly nervous," thought Letitia; "he must have met with some unpleasant adventure here in Paris which he cannot forget; but my best plan is not to notice his perturbation of spirit, and only say that I am tired of Paris, and would be glad to go somewhere else."

The very night after she had come to this resolution she was awoken by her husband's groaning dreadfully. She started up, and asked if he were ill, but she soon perceived by the light of the veilleuse that he was asleep and dreaming. Drops of agony were standing on his brow, his hands were clenched, and his chest was heaving. At length he broke forth into words, low at first, and muttered between his teeth, but still distinctly—too distinctly, "I will not go—I will not go. I am not mad—I will not go to your maison de santé."

Then he fell back exhausted, and became quiet, while Letitia felt as if she had been stabbed in her heart.

"Can truth be betrayed in dreams?" she asked herself; "or are they always incoherent, and foreign to reality?"

Letitia slept no more that night, but it was late in the morning before Mr. Duff Watson awoke. He did not allude to his dreams nor did Letitia, but the past night had made an unpleasant impression on her, and she hastened to propose their leaving Paris, in the hope that Mr. Duff Watson might regain his equanimity amidst other scenes.

"I am glad you are tired of Paris," he said; "I dislike it very much. Shall we go to its prototype, Brussels?"

"I do not care to go to Brussels," she answered, remembering that

her brother Richard and Mrs. Larpent were there. "I have a great fancy to see the cathedral at Strasburg. Could we not go there?"

"There is nothing to prevent us, and since you wish it we will go there. The cathedral is very fine. I am sure you will admire it."

So to Strasburg they went, and Letitia fancied that Mr. Duff Watson was better for the change of scene; at any rate, he was more cheerful, and did not look about stealthily as if he were afraid of being pursued by agents of the police, or some secret enemies. The weather was at first too cloudy for them to see the view from the spire of the cathedral, so they did not ascend it, as Mr. Duff Watson thought it would only be giving Letitia useless fatigue. But when there came some fine clear days they toiled up to the first gallery, and were charmed with the panoramic view around.

"We shall have a still more extensive view from the top gallery if you are able to climb up the narrow winding stairs," he said, and Letitia agreed to go.

This highest gallery was much narrower than the one below, and there were only two people in it besides themselves. The wind was rising, so that Letitia felt rather afraid of being blown over, especially as the wall which surrounded it was by no means high.

"What a frightful elevation!" she exclaimed. "It makes me quite giddy to look down."

"And it gives me," replied her husband, "a delirious sense of joy. How glorious it would be to spring over this pitiful wall, and, whirling through the air, to descend on the terrified groups below yonder!"

"And break every bone in one's body, if not be dashed to pieces!" cried Letitia. "The very idea sickens my soul."

"I say it would be glorious!" he repeated, while his eyes flashed wildly, and he seized her hand.

"No, no! are you mad?" half shrieked Letitia as she broke from him, and rushing to the spiral staircase sat down on one of the steps.

He followed her and assured her that it was but a joke.

"Joke or not," she murmured in reply, "it has made me very ill. I feel quite faint."

In a moment Mr. Duff Watson seemed all contrition. He begged a thousand pardons—he bent over her, and kissed her pale brow—he offered to carry her down the steep steps—to run down and try to procure a glass of water to revive her—he would do anything—anything to make her feel better. She closed her eyes and leaned back against the old wall for a minute, but other visitors were ascending the narrow stairs, and she was obliged to get up to let them pass, and though her knees trembled under her, she said she thought she could manage to go down. Mr. Duff Watson helped her down with the utmost care, and when they reached the lower gallery he asked her if she would not go out there and rest for a few minutes. But Letitia shook her head, and said she would rather get to the bottom of the stairs at once. She did not mention it, but she was afraid of a repetition of the scene in the upper gallery, and only longed to reach the church beneath. Arrived there she rested for a while, and then they began to wander about the magnificent body of the cathedral. A crowd was gathered in a side chapel where a priest was discoursing from a pulpit; but he spoke in German, and though Mr.

Duff Watson understood him Letitia did not, therefore she did not care to stay. At a little distance they saw another chapel, likewise full of people, and here the minister was preaching in French. He was a very handsome young man, pale, but intellectual looking, with large dark brilliant eyes. He had a beautiful voice, and he preached most eloquently.

Letitia was quite fascinated, and was listening with the deepest attention, when she suddenly felt her husband, on whose arm she was leaning, start. He dropped her arm, and stood shaking like one in a fit of the ague. She looked at him, and perceived that he was as pale as a corpse. The preacher had fixed his earnest gaze upon him, probably observing that he and Letitia were strangers and foreigners, and as he gazed he thundered forth these words, which formed part of his text:

"Vous savez qu' aucun meurtrier ne possède point la vie éternelle."

"Why does he fix his eyes so intently on me?" said Mr. Duff Watson; "he knows nothing of me, he *can* know nothing of me!"

"Of course not," replied Letitia, in a low voice; "he is only looking our way because he sees we are strangers."

"Come," muttered Mr. Watson, "this is unbearable!" And clutching Letitia's arm he hurried from the chapel.

"Let us go to our hotel," said Letitia.

"Let us leave this . . . this place, Letitia, I cannot stay longer here."

The next morning they went to Carlsruhe, and afterwards proceeded by the banks of the Rhine to Coblenz and Cologne, and on to Aix-la-Chapelle, where the clear atmosphere and cheerful aspect of the pretty town induced them to stay for some days.

It is true it was not the fashionable period at Aachen; there were no balls nor soirées, no promenades, no baths or Brunnen in full activity, but still the garden close to the Elise Brunnen was a pleasant resort, and the clean wide streets, not overcrowded like those of Paris, or dull like those of Strasburg, induced our travellers sometimes to loiter in them. There was an excellent circulating library, which the Duff Watsons, both fond of reading, found a great resource; and the singing at the ancient cathedral, so solemn and so sweet, charmed Letitia, who was also delighted with the old sepulchral bell of the Dom Kirke, which sounded as if it were the faint echo of peals ringing in some other world.

The excellent and amiable English clergyman at Aix-la-Chapelle, who is always so courteous to strangers, called upon them, and introduced them to one or two pleasant families who were residing there for a time.

Letitia had letters from home, which contained no bad news except that Richard was still with Mrs. Larpent, and that, as his winter leave had expired, he had gone upon half-pay. Aurelia, who wrote, said she could not imagine how the two managed to live, for her father had declined, upon principle, sending Richard any money. Of course Aurelia knew nothing of poor Mr. Larpent's generous allowance to his runaway wife. Aurelia mentioned that Sir Thomas, Lady Danby, and Susan had gone back to Plymouth, but that Colonel Dean was still in town, and paying great attention to Eleanor.

"She only laughs at him," continued Aurelia; "it is a great pity he

does not transfer his attention to some other in the family, for he is a good match upon the whole, and if he proposes to Eleanor she will be fool enough to refuse him. The fact is she is so puffed up since Sir Adam Loftus proposed to her, that she won't condescend to think of any one under a baronet, and where the baronet is to come from I don't know."

Aurelia's letter did not seem to be written in the very best of humours, and it was quite evident that she envied Eleanor her new admirer.

Fanny also wrote her sister a short letter, but her epistle was quite taken up with Cornelia's doings.

"Fancy," she said, "Cornelia has given up the Puseyite church and the Puseyites, and has gone to quite an opposite extreme. She has joined some Dissenters, who have a chapel in Chelsea. It would not be so bad if she went to the Scotch church in the neighbourhood of Belgrave-square, but these Dissenters are quite a low set of people. She is now as great an admirer of the Dissenting minister as she was of that puppy Mr. Septimus Severin, who, by-the-by, is married to the old woman who took a fancy to him. Cornelia says this Methodist minister is 'a shining light.' I hope she won't flutter round the light till she gets burned or singed. She has actually called on the man's aunt, with whom he resides, and she is now working a pair of slippers, I verily believe, for him. They are so large they can't be for any lady."

III.

TIRED OF EACH OTHER.

MEANWHILE Richard and Mrs. Larpent remained at Brussels; it was too early in the year to go to any of the German Baths, such as Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Homburg, Ems, &c. &c., or to Spa. Brussels was a pleasant place enough, what with the park, the galleries of painting, the theatre, and various concerts. Anything was welcome to kill their time, for the runaway couple were often tired of each other, and both felt the want of other society. Richard was fond of music, and sung tolerably well; but Mrs. Larpent did not care in the least for it; she played very little, and would not take the trouble even to attempt accompanying Richard's songs. He was no reading man, though he went to a reading-room every day to see the French and English newspapers. She never looked at anything in print except pamphlets, or articles on the fashions, and the half column in the *Morning Post* which gave a list of the fashionable parties. Yet, looking over this half column always gave her a fit of the spleen.

"See here, Richard," she exclaimed one day, "see here, Lady Mary Thornhill's first ball; the Honourable Mrs. Augusta Elmore's assembly; the Countess San Fernando's evening reception. If I had been in England, and in town, I would have been at all these places, for Mrs. Elmore and the Spanish countess were on my visiting list. It is tiresome sitting here staring at the stove or at you the whole evening."

"Very tiresome indeed; I quite agree with you," Richard would reply. "And if I had been in London I should have had my club, and lots of engagements, and if in Ireland with my regiment, I should have

had a jolly time of it. But you know you *would* run away with me—you would not hear reason—you——”

“Hold your tongue, you ungrateful monster! What have I not sacrificed for *you*?”

“Well, you can’t say that *I* asked you to sacrifice anything for me; I consider that I am the sacrificed person. Have I not been obliged to go on half-pay, and are not all my prospects ruined? I suppose I shall end my brilliant career in a prison, for my father won’t send me a shilling, and I——”

“Well, no matter,” Mrs. Larpent interrupted him with; “that good-natured donkey, Marmaduke, sends me money, and of course you share it.”

“But that is a very humiliating mode of being maintained,” cried Richard; “and, by Jove! I shan’t be able to stand it long.”

“You must stand it until the divorce is pronounced, and then we can marry. My own money will then have to be handed over to me, and your father will relent when you are a married man.”

Great were Mrs. Larpent’s consternation and anger when she found that there was to be no divorce. She abused poor Mr. Larpent in no measured terms, and lamented bitterly that she was not free to marry Richard, or any one else. Richard, on the contrary, though he did not venture to avow it, was delighted that Mr. Larpent’s scruples of conscience saved him the disagreeable trial, and the dreadful damages, which he would have had no means of paying, even if he had sold out of the army. There was now a chance, too, of his escaping from a companion who had, in reality, palmed herself upon him, and of whom he was becoming weary; for, how very, very seldom are the ties of vice borne without secret repining?

One day Richard was taking a stroll in the Park with Mrs. Larpent, when he met a gentleman whom he thought he recognised. The gentleman, who was alone, looked at him also fixedly, but passed on. Presently, however, he returned, and exclaimed:

“Excuse me, but are you not Captain Arlington?”

“Yes,” said Richard, “and if I am not mistaken your name is Montgomery.”

“To be sure it is,” replied the stranger; “your old friend, Harry Montgomery. How glad I am to meet you again, Richard!”

The two gentlemen shook hands cordially, while the stranger bowed politely to Mrs. Larpent.

“I thought you were going to settle in Canada,” said Richard.

“I had an idea at one time of doing so,” replied the other. “My wife’s relations were anxious for me to stay there, but I did not like to leave the army; and as Mrs. Montgomery fully agreed that I had better remain in it, we came home lately. I had leave of absence, therefore we have been travelling on the Continent. How happy I am to have come across you, old fellow!”

Harry Montgomery and Richard Arlington had been schoolfellows and sworn friends from their childhood. They had entered the army about the same time, and had often been together, until Captain Montgomery’s regiment was ordered to Canada. At first, they wrote frequently to each other, but at length their correspondence slackened,

until it ceased altogether. Nevertheless they entertained a warm regard for each other, and on arriving in London, Harry Montgomery had called at Mr. Arlington's house in Eaton-square, to inquire for Richard, and had been told that he was at that time on the Continent.

He had no idea of Richard's escapade, and of course mistook Mrs. Larpent either for his wife or one of his sisters. Richard did not introduce him to her, but this did not strike him as anything remarkable. Captain Montgomery asked Richard where he was staying, and gave him his own address at the Hôtel de France. He added :

"My wife and her sister are with me, and I am certain they will be delighted to make your acquaintance."

In saying this, he bowed to Mrs. Larpent, and again shaking hands with Richard they separated.

"Under any other circumstances," exclaimed Richard, "I should have been extremely glad to have met Harry Montgomery—we are such old and intimate friends. But it will be awkward about you, Sophy."

"Nonsense," she said, fretfully ; "but if you are in such fear of these Canadian folks, let us go somewhere else."

"If we are to fly from everybody either you or I know, how shall we find a spot where we can live in peace ? That is the worst of . . . of . . . not being what the world calls respectable."

"You can call me Mrs. Arlington," replied the lady, "and these people will think all is right. But, after all, though you speak to the man, there is no need of your becoming acquainted with the females of his family."

Richard determined, if possible, to avoid being introduced to them. But he found there was no escaping it. In vain he said, "Not at home," when Captain Montgomery called ; in vain, taking himself out of the way as in Paris, he banished himself to the old town, and walked about its narrow dirty streets till he was tired—tired even of looking at the Hôtel de Ville, with its recollections of the ball given just before the battle of Waterloo ; and its opposite neighbour, the old building with its still more ancient reminiscences of the cruel oppressor, the hateful Duke of Alva, and his victims Count Egmont and Count Horn.

Captain Montgomery pounced upon him very soon, and insisted upon carrying him off to introduce him to his wife and her sister, Miss Villiers. Richard was much pleased with Mrs. Montgomery, but he was more struck by her sister, who was a very beautiful girl. Both ladies seemed extremely amiable, and had charming manners.

Richard, although not particularly susceptible, fell in love at first sight—if there *be* such a thing as such sudden love—and could not prevent his eyes, at least, from showing his admiration. The ladies were singing a duet when he and Captain Montgomery entered the salon ; Richard begged them to continue it, and after a while he sang a trio with them. Duets, single songs, and trios succeeded each other, interspersed, now and then, with a little pleasant chatting, and thus time slipped on. Richard quite forgot to go until a waiter entered the room to lay the cloth for dinner, as the party from Canada were going to dine in private that day, not at the table d'hôte, which they sometimes did.

"Will you stay and dine with us, Richard, *sans façon* ?" said Captain Montgomery, "and go with us in the evening to some private theatricals,

to which we have admission through the kindness of a Belgian acquaintance?"

"I should be delighted," replied Richard, glancing at Miss Villiers, "but I to-day . . . I . . . I am engaged."

He made a speedy exit, for he was afraid of his friend asking some inconvenient question.

The next day Harry Montgomery called at Richard's lodgings, but, as usual, found that he was out; however, the Flemish maid-servant informed the gentleman that though monsieur was out, madame was chez elle. The captain, however, declined to intrude on madame, and went his way wondering who she could be. He told his wife and her sister that there certainly was a female with Richard, and if it was the person he had seen, she was an extremely pretty, lady-looking woman. Hortense Villiers thought she must be one of his numerous sisters; but Mrs. Montgomery opined that the lady was his wife, that they were on their wedding tour, and Richard was bashful, therefore he did not mention her. Harry was determined to find out, and the next day he called again; but monsieur and madame had gone to Huy on the Meuse, and would not return that night.

"Did any one go with them?" the captain asked.

"Only madame's femme-de-chambre," was the answer.

On his return from Huy, Richard ventured to call at the Hôtel de France, and was so fortunate as to find only Miss Villiers at home; she did not trouble him with any questions respecting "madame," and he spent a most agreeable half-hour, or rather longer, with her, for he always lingered and sat down again when he had risen to go.

When he was with this fascinating Hortense, he felt a sensation of happiness that was quite new to him; but on leaving her presence, he was plunged into the deepest gloom.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, almost aloud to himself, "if I were not encumbered with this Sophy Larpent, I would try my luck with that charming girl. What a contrast between the two! Thank Heaven, at least, there will be no divorce, and I shall not be forced into so odious a marriage as one with Sophy would be!"

He found the said Sophy in a very bad humour, which was increased by her having caught a severe cold at Huy, or on the journey to or from it.

The cold confined Mrs. Larpent to her room for a few days, and as she could not quite keep Richard like a sick nurse at all hours in attendance on her, he contrived to see more of his old and new friends than he could otherwise have done. And the more he saw of them the more he liked them.

One day, however, he was much embarrassed by Captain Montgomery asking him if the lady he had seen him walking with was his wife, or any relation of his. Richard looked away, while he answered in as careless a tone as he could assume.

"Neither—she is a married lady. Her husband, whom I know, is in parliament. I escorted her hither from Paris. I do not know how long she intends to remain in Brussels."

Harry reported to his wife and her sister that the lady he had once seen with Richard was the wife of an M.P., a friend or acquaintance of

Richard's, and that he had escorted her from Paris to Brussels, and did not know how long she proposed to remain in Brussels. Upon hearing this, the ladies agreed that they had better call on the M.P.'s wife, and accordingly they left their card for "Mrs. Larpent." As there had been no divorce, or hint of one mentioned in the newspapers, and the elopement of a gallant officer with a lady moving in fashionable society had only been vaguely alluded to, the party from Canada had no suspicion of Mrs. Larpent's position, and that lady was all for returning the visit, but Richard positively put his veto upon this, and a violent quarrel ensued between him and Mrs. Larpent. She insisted that as her father and her husband were both gentlemen of good standing, she was entitled to visit people who were only colonists; but Richard gathered courage to remind her that, if her father had been a duke, and her husband an earl, by the loss of respectability and reputation she had forfeited her claim to be received in good female society.

"I cannot," he said, practise such a deception on Harry Montgomery's wife and sister as to introduce you to them as a lady of unblemished character."

"What harm could I do them?" she asked, almost inarticulate from anger.

"No harm whatsoever in reality," he replied; "but there are rules in society which cannot be transgressed."

"I should think *your* acquaintance would be much more injurious to them than mine," she said; "for you will be trying to turn the head of that Villiers girl, though you know you never *can* marry her."

Richard sighed as he muttered:

"I too well know that I can never hope for such happiness."

Such an admission of his admiration of Miss Villiers was very ill received by Mrs. Larpent, who considered it a personal affront to herself, and resented it as such. Richard had found out that his fair companion was of a very jealous temper, and very exacting. He wondered how Mr. Larpent had put up with her so meekly. When out of humour, she either sat in sullen silence or she nagged at him, until she made him half frantic, or she flew into a passion, and loaded him with reproaches and abuse.

Mrs. Larpent's temper was no way improved by a letter she received from the governess under whose care she had left her children. That lady wrote her that she had not been well treated, but had been dismissed from her situation by Mrs. Hamilton, who had selected another governess for Mrs. Larpent's children; and who had taken up her abode with her brother, and now ruled everything in his house.

This information was gall and wormwood to Mrs. Larpent, and in her innermost soul she regretted that she had not remained with her husband, tiresome as he was, and her children, and kept that "odious" Mrs. Hamilton at a distance.

"If I had not left Marmaduke," she said to herself, "that hateful Laura would never have been mistress of my house, and governed my poor dear children according to her absurd whims. I was a fool. And here is Richard, as stupid as an owl, and nobody to speak to, and nothing to amuse me."

Her heart was a prey to rage, jealousy, and unavailing regret; but remorse or repentance had no place in her thoughts.

The time was approaching for Captain Montgomery and his wife and sister-in-law to leave Brussels for England, and it occurred to the good-natured captain that if Mrs. Larpent were going over about the same period, she might like to join their party rather than travel alone with her maid. He spoke to Mrs. Montgomery about it, and she agreed that the offer might be made when Mrs. Larpent returned their call, and they became personally acquainted with her. That lady, who was no way wanting in brass, and had not been accustomed to have her will thwarted, and who, moreover, had much curiosity to see Miss Villiers, determined, notwithstanding Richard's prohibition, to call on Mrs. Montgomery. Therefore she seized the opportunity, one day that he and his friend Harry had gone on a little excursion into the country together, to betake herself to the Hôtel de France. She sent up her card, the ladies were at home, and she was admitted.

When she spoke, which was but little of Richard, she called him "Captain Arlington." She spoke of his sisters, of Maria's very fine voice and musical talent, of Letitia's marriage, and of Silvester having emigrated to Australia. There was nothing in her manners or conversation to betoken the slightest impropriety, therefore Mrs. Montgomery made her the offer proposed by her husband. Mrs. Larpent thanked her very cordially, and declared that nothing would be more agreeable to her than to have their society on her way back to England, but she could give no answer then, for her plans did not quite depend upon herself, and she was not yet able to fix when she would leave the Continent.

When Mrs. Larpent had gone, Mrs. Montgomery exclaimed, "What a very pretty woman Mrs. Larpent is! and she has such nice ladylike manners. I think she would make a pleasant addition to our travelling party homewards. What do you say, Hortense?"

"I say that I don't agree with you, Julie, as to her being a pleasant addition to our party. She is very pretty, certainly, but there is something about her that I don't like; I should think she is a very artificial person!"

"Well, at any rate, you will allow that she is not so stiff as the English are in general," replied her sister. "Many English ladies sit looking at you, as if they were weighing in their own minds whether you are worth speaking to or not."

"I wonder she did not bring Captain Arlington to introduce her," said Hortense.

"You know he and Harry have gone off on a walking excursion to-day."

"She might have waited till to-morrow," replied the young lady, upon whom Mrs. Larpent had evidently not made a good impression. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her intimacy with Richard.

Richard Arlington was horrified when he heard from Mrs. Montgomery that Mrs. Larpent had called upon her, and of the proposal for her to accompany them to England. He had sufficient self-command to say nothing to Mrs. Montgomery, but he was too angry to endeavour to conceal his displeasure from Mrs. Larpent. She, however, only laughed at his dismay, and told him that she had a great mind to accept of the offer of returning to England with the Montgomerys.

To make matters worse, Captain Montgomery wrote a note to Richard

to say that there was to be a fancy ball early the following week at Brussels, and if he would like to go to it, or Mrs. Larpent would like to go, he thought he should be able to obtain tickets for them through a Belgian acquaintance of his, the Count de Sombreffe.

Mrs. Larpent observed how Richard's countenance changed as he read the note, and snatching it, as if playfully, from his hand, she read it too.

"Write to accept the invitation, Richard," she cried, "for I should like to go of all things."

"Impossible, Sophy! you can't go."

"But I *will* go," she replied. "You wish to make a complete slave of me, and I won't stand it; I will write myself to Captain Montgomery, and tell him to obtain a ticket for me. I don't care what it costs."

"It is not the cost," replied Richard, trying to keep his temper. "It is—is your unfortunate position; these ladies cannot really appear in public with you."

"Can't they? We will see," she said, with a triumphant laugh, as she left him to himself, and shut herself up in her dressing-room.

Richard was in despair.

"What is to be done now?" he asked himself. "She is quite capable of asking for a ticket, and forcing herself on these unsuspecting ladies. What will Harry say to me, what will Hortense think, when they find out the truth? *Côte qui coûte*, I will not allow such an affront to be put upon them."

Richard set off at once for the Hôtel de France, but he became so nervous when he approached it, that he was obliged to turn back, and after pacing up and down the Rue Royale two or three times, he darted into the park, hoping there to regain some composure. But his nervousness seemed rather to increase than to diminish, and he had almost made up his mind to go home and write to Harry Montgomery, when he encountered him just coming from his hotel, and hurrying along.

"Holloa, Richard! How miserable you look! What is the matter, old fellow? I am going on an errand for you and your fair friend Mrs. Larpent; she has just written to me to ask me to get tickets for her and you for the grand fancy ball next week. I hope the Count de Sombreffe will be able to procure them for me."

"I sincerely hope he won't," replied Richard.

"Why?" asked his friend, in great surprise.

"Because—because—you see, Harry, Mrs. Larpent is not—is not a fit associate for your wife and her sister."

"Not a fit associate? Then why did you introduce her to them?"

"I did *not* introduce her. When you asked me who she was, I felt that I had no right to pour out anything against her; but I never proposed any acquaintance between her and the ladies of your family. Not guessing her real position, they were so good as to call on her, and, not only without my knowledge, but against my express request, she returned the call. Perhaps it was natural that she should wish to associate again with ladies in her own rank of life, but she should have remembered the great gulf between her and them—a gulf almost as great as that which the Bible tells us exists between the purified and blessed spirits in heaven and the miserable inhabitants of the regions of eternal punishment."

Captain Montgomery felt and looked astonished at Richard's commu-

nication; he thanked him, however, for his friendly warning, and said that under the unpleasant circumstances the best thing he and his wife and sister-in-law could do was to leave Brussels without delay.

"And I shall never behold that charming Hortense again!" thought Richard, as he dragged his weary steps towards the house which was his temporary home. "And I have lost everything which makes life worth holding for such a woman as Sophy Larpent! If I could only undo the past!"

Alas! how many would act differently, if they *could only undo the past*! But the past too often decides, with its iron hand, the present and the future!

The Montgomerys and Miss Villiers left Brussels before the fancy ball took place. Richard had not ventured to call again, but in passing the Hôtel de France he saw Hortense one day at the window of their salon. He stopped and bowed to her, and she bowed and smiled back to him, and kissed her hand in adieu. He kissed his hand in return, and immediately afterwards she withdrew from the window. It seemed to him as if the sun were obscured in the heavens, and yet as if there were a light reflected from it, and that light was—the charming smile which Hortense had bestowed upon him!

Richard Arlington grew quite restless, and to a certain extent fretful, which was very unusual, for he had an extremely even temper. Mrs. Larpent was much annoyed at his "stupidity," as she called it, and was constantly finding fault with him. She guessed that he had taken a fancy to the lovely Hortense, and could not forgive this infraction on his allegiance to her. A few days passed on; Richard became more and more gloomy, while Mrs. Larpent had turned quite sprightly, and resumed her good spirits. Richard wondered what was the reason of this change in her deportment. He did not know that the arrival at Brussels of Sir Jasper Dillon was the cause of it; he had rather fancied that the departure of the Montgomerys had restored the lady's good humour.

The fact was, while standing at her window one day she had seen a very stylish-looking mail-phaeton coming down the street, and she had observed that Sir Jasper was in it, attended by two English grooms. That very evening she saw him at the opera, with one or two gentlemen, in a box opposite to the one occupied by herself and Richard. She sat in front of the box, while Richard stood quite in the background. In the course of the evening Sir Jasper came round to them. He had a slight acquaintance with Richard; they recognised each other stiffly, and the baronet, placing himself by Mrs. Larpent's side, kept up a smart flirtation with her until the opera was over. He ascertained from her where she lived, and the next morning a little billet was brought to her by her maid, who had received it from Sir Jasper's French valet, with injunctions to put it into her mistress's own hands. The note contained a request to name an hour when he could see her alone. She answered the note, mentioning the time that Richard generally spent at the reading-rooms, and he came punctually.

Sir Jasper found Mrs. Larpent, according to his ideas, very much improved. She was no longer the raw, unsophisticated, almost awkward girl he remembered having met, shortly after her marriage, at the house of Lady Mary Thornhill; she was now a thorough woman of the world,

a finished coquette, and perfectly assured in her manners. She had lost those early fresh good looks to which is given the name of "*la beauté du diable*," but she was still an extremely pretty woman, and she dressed very tastefully. The gay baronet had no particular liaison on his hands at the time, and to cut out Captain Arlington was rather an amusing prospect to him.

Mrs. Larpent, tired of Richard, as she had been of Mr. Larpent, did not require very great persuasion, and one day Richard Arlington found that the bird had flown. Mrs. Larpent, with her maid, her jewels, and her luggage, had departed from his lodgings, leaving a farewell note for him. In this she said that he would doubtless admit that they no longer cared for each other—in fact, they were weary of each other's society—and since such was the case, it was best for them to separate. He might choose his own path, as she had chosen hers, for she was going to place herself under the protection of one whom she had met and loved in her early youth.

Richard was at first much shocked, not a little mortified, and even distressed at her conduct; but these feelings were succeeded by a sense of relief—of freedom—which he naturally could not help enjoying.

ST. MARTIN'S CHAPPE.*

THE barbed† horse snorts and champs his bit, he paws the earth in pride,
With lance in hand and waving plumes the knights to combat ride;
Their glittering helms and armour rich are flashing in the sun,
That ere it sits will see in blood high deeds of daring done.

Ten knights in glittering armour guard well that standard high,
With the royal pennon o'er the car of the Christian chivalry;‡
The trumpets sound, the banners wave, helms flashing mock the sun,
Close round the pennon valiant ones ere the battle be begun.

There's one short moment left for prayer: down on the bended knee
Invoke the Virgin! One brief prayer for death or victory!
See where the gold and azure clouds outspread their radiance bright,
There sits the virgin queen of heaven to cheer you for the fight.

Hushed for a moment, offering now a holy oraison.
Where high the royal pennon waves, so fair to look upon,
Ten thousand towering helms with plumes of snow-white hue are seen,
And o'er them all the monarch's crown flashes in golden sheen.

* St. Martin's Chappe, or Cope, was the banner which for six hundred years preceded the oriflamme of Charlemagne.—See *Mezeray's Hist. de France*.

† "Barbed," the old term for a war-horse with its armour on.

‡ The royal pennon was borne on a car guarded by knights. The hottest of the battle was generally close around the car, for the defence of its pennon.

The prayers are scarce begun ere the scouts are hurrying nigh,
The foe descends upon the plain, his ensigns flout the sky!
Form, form, in battle order form! The king is at our head;
The foe approaches haughtily, earth trembles at his tread!

Lift high St. Martin's Chappe! On, on, confront his iron lines,
Grasp fast your lances, trumpets sound, stand like the mountain pines!
Charge on the foe! On, valiant knights! On, on, the battle speeds,
The hour for pause is pass'd, and now is come the time for deeds—

For battle deeds! On, knights at arms, recoil not at the shock,
Though deadly as the lightning fire riving the ocean rock!
On, on, again! Their steeds they spur upon the Paynim foe,
With strokes of steel like bolts of heaven they lay his squadrons low.

What though they are outnumbered by their unbelieving foe!
What though their ranks should waver at the foeman's spear and bow!
They, never quailing, forward go, to conquer or to die;
One backward step before that foe would shame their courage high!

While arms are clanging, sword meets sword, and lance opposes lance,
The earth, with their blood half drunken, stays not the foe's advance,
And the noonday sun is darkened by a lustre far more bright,
And the maddened ranks of war themselves are silenced with affright.

In azure garments, golden crowned, appears heaven's virgin queen,
And o'er St. Martin's Chappe, all light, the holy cross is seen,
While, half revealed, her loveliness inspires her loyal band,
That sees, and shouting "Victory," with dead bestrewn the land!

Beside her, on a charger, his nostrils breathing flame,
A tall unearthly form appears, St. Drausin* is his name;
Nor spear nor sword of mortal make this holy warrior bears—
A crucifix his banner is, his weapons are his prayers!

He gazes on the foeman host with eyes of withering light—
He gazes on the foeman host, it trembles with affright;
Their twanging bows they cannot draw, their arrows pointless are,
To stand or fly they may not choose, such is their soul's despair!

Now glory to our Lady, and to St. Drausin high!
And glory to St. Martin's Chappe that led to victory!
How potent is this holy flag that gory fight can tell,
And how before its bright array cowered low the infidel!

CYRUS REDDING.

* He was Bishop of Soissons, and those who spent a night at his grave before battle were rendered invincible by his influence. Thomas à Becket implored his assistance against King Henry. He was a pugnacious saint.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XL.

THE carriage was announced next day by Emmeline herself running in and throwing her arms about Christine's neck—telling her at the same time to make haste and come away, as Mrs. Mordaunt was waiting for them below. No cloud remained on the brow of the candid young creature, betraying any mark of her previous night's emotion; all recollection of it appeared lost in her joy at being again reunited to her new friend; but that friend did not fail to remark that she never again alluded to the subject that had involved her in disgrace—she mentioned Guy's name no more. Christine's warm, sympathising heart melted into inexpressible tenderness before the innocence and gentleness that harboured neither guile nor anger; and she acknowledged to herself that in this mildness of disposition Emmeline was her superior, and that if she had experienced an injustice similar to the one by which her youthful companion had suffered the previous evening, it would have left not only a cloud upon her mind, but an impression on her spirits. Mrs. Mordaunt received her with words and looks of unqualified pleasure, and, after a long and delightful drive, they at last entered the enclosure of the magnificent villa. Again did Mr. Temple receive them on alighting, and Christine observed how tenderly he pressed his daughter to his heart and kissed her brow, while she as fondly threw her arms round his neck and hung upon his bosom. Emmeline's spirits were not so high as they had been the day before; she did not run about so much, but kept leaning on Christine as if, satisfied with being in her society, she cared for no other amusement. This was a more quiet, but, if possible, a more delightful visit than the one that had preceded it, everybody seemed to have fallen into a sober state of enjoyment; and even the dogs—who accompanied the young friends everywhere in their after-dinner walk—appeared to have caught the prevailing spirit, and demeaned themselves in a tranquil and becoming manner. After sauntering about the grounds and planning their future occupations during the time which they hoped to spend together, they returned as before, at sunset, to the villa, and after tea Mr. Temple proposed to the young friends to mount to a terrace on an elevated part of the building, from which they could see a great part of the town and its environs by the clear light of the moon, then in her first quarter. The view was, indeed, magnificent; but on Christine looking towards the Palazzo San Isidora, she started at the recollection of the preceding night, and almost trembled from time to time as the idea suggested itself of again crossing the garden at a late hour. She had mentioned to her father in the morning what had occurred, but he had only laughed at her impressions, assuring her that they were by far too poor to tempt robbers, and, even if they had been rich enough so to do, that no one

could possibly obtain admittance to the garden—quite forgetting his taunting speech to his daughter about “scaling walls” and “false keys,” à propos to his finding her sitting at the window on the evening of her arrival. He had, however, gone down into the garden with her; they had walked along the trellis-covered alley, and he had tried to prove that it must have been an optical deception, proceeding from the light of the lucerna, or, more probably, some shadow thrown by the crescent moon through the interstices of the vines trained upon the woodwork. At the moment, Christine had been reassured by what he said, and likewise by seeing how impossible it could have been for any one to obtain admission to the turret after she had secured the door; but now that the shades of evening had again descended, she felt an inconceivable dread at the idea of returning that way home. Having been all her life accustomed to keep her fears and sorrows to herself, she said nothing to her companions of what had happened, but, pale and in silence, sat gazing at the shadowy palazzo. Mr. Temple remarked in that uncertain light the marble tint which her cheek had assumed, and also noted that there was expressed in the beautiful profile—so strikingly thrown out against the dark-blue sky—a great momentary depression of spirits. He marked the direction her eye had taken, and suddenly exclaimed:

“I do not like in the least that gloomy garden of yours, Miss San Isidora. I shall not allow you to return by it any more. Emmeline and I will escort you through the streets to the great entrance of the house; and, à propos to your going back late to the town, I do not see any reason for your doing so at all after to-night. Mrs. Mordaunt was saying this morning that it would be much better for you to make our house your home just now, and only to go to the palazzo in the forenoon, when your father may happen to require your presence.”

Christine's heart fluttered with pleasure; he had anticipated her dearest wishes, but there was a great drawback to her immediate acceptance of the delightful offer. She could not support the idea of her father and Mr. Temple meeting on familiar terms—she dreaded it. Though nothing had ever been explained, yet she felt the conviction that there had been foundation for the insolent conduct of Sir David Dinwiddie, and that her unworthy parent had been implicated in some disreputable transaction concerning Mrs. Trevor. Before, however, she could frame a reply to the unexpected and gratifying invitation, Emmeline's arms were round her neck beseeching her to come to them; she fondly kissed the brow of the coaxing girl, while expressing her happiness at the idea of living under their roof, but said that she would not fix herself with them for a few days: She then explained that her father having told her that morning that he was going out at the end of the week to Naples on business—where it was very probable he might be detained for some time—she should not like to leave home before his departure, but that after he was gone she would be but too happy in being their guest. How light was her heart on descending the stairs! how bright were her smiles in imparting to Mrs. Mordaunt the joyful intelligence that she was coming to live for some time beside her! how inspired she felt when, on taking up Emmeline's guitar, she poured forth her favourite piece, “Roberto,

Roberto, non amo che te!" which she had arranged herself for this instrument—the only one that her father would allow her to touch, for fear of distracting her attention from the cultivation of her vocal powers. Owing to this circumstance—added to early practice and association—she had reached a degree of perfection in playing it as an accompaniment that was quite wonderful, so well did she know how to blend its sonorous chords and light running notes, with the exquisitely expressive and powerfully varied tones of her full flexible voice.

Time flew past on bright pinions; the evening wore away amid music, innocent gaiety, and the interchange of sentiment and thought, so that it was almost midnight before the happy party broke up. Emmeline, beaming in smiles and beauty, prepared to escort her new friend home in company with her father, while he laughingly remarked to Christine, that "his wilful daughter, not having quite worn out her strength as she had done the day before, was therefore able to perform the duties of hospitality." Sitting back in the barouche together, the happy girls enjoyed being whirled along, while the attentive parent on the opposite seat seemed to participate in the pleasure they experienced. As they passed the church of St. Domenico, Christine whispered softly to her companion:

"It was there, Emmeline, that I first heard your beautiful name."

"Ay," said Mr. Temple, leaning forward, "and it was there that I first beheld Miss San Isidora; her face being concealed rendered the view but an unsatisfactory one, yet, nevertheless, I recognised her by her lustrous fair hair shining through the black veil as she knelt at the railing of the little chapel where lay the remains of poor Arnheim. There are mysterious moments," he continued, "when minds of a certain class understand one another without the aid of words, and I am sure that our thoughts were sympathetic on that mournful occasion, when we stood in presence of the cold remains of the unfortunate young man whom we had both pitied and tried to succour."

This observation made Christine's frame thrill with emotion, but she had no courage to mention the circumstance that proved how true it was; she only rejoined, in a soft, low tone of voice,

"There are indeed!"

The carriage stopped almost immediately before the palazzo, and the porter appeared with a light to receive her, while he rang the bell that summoned her attendant. On Nina appearing, Christine took leave of her friends, after promising to ask her father's permission on the following day to pay the desired visit at the villa; having no doubt whatever of his willingly allowing her to reside during his absence with the rich English family, who kept themselves inaccessible to all the world but herself. San Isidora smiled sarcastically next morning when she preferred her request, but readily granted his consent, saying that it was possible he might be absent all the carnival, as he intended making a tour as far as Milan to form suitable engagements at the different great towns for her, when she should make her appearance in Lent.

Rejoiced by this piece of intelligence, Christine welcomed her friends with smiles when they came as usual to take her away; all the party seemingly feeling equal delight at the prospect of the long

visit which it was probable she would make them. The intervening time passed quickly; every day the happy girl either went to the villa, or her friends came to see her at the palazzo—that is to say, Mrs. Mordaunt and Emmeline came, for it was only in his own house that she saw Mr. Temple. The advanced autumn season was so beautiful that he was almost always in his yacht, whence he only returned to dinner, or late in the evening, and he never by any chance came into the town except, when in company with Mrs. Mordaunt or Emmeline, he escorted her back at night. Christine was far too happy to speculate upon anything out of the common order of things; she considered Mr. Temple's actions as far beyond question as she did those of Mrs. Mordaunt herself, the star of her early years; in fact, all her thoughts and leisure hours were engaged with Emmeline, whose affection for her so increased as to leave her no time to think of anything else. The day of San Isidora's departure at length arrived; he took leave of his daughter at breakfast, and after slightly touching her brow with his lips, he drew coldly back, and while he eyed her in a satirical, mocking manner, said, with a singular, significant expression:

"Addio, figlia mia, I pray you! to preserve that innocent, trusting look of yours; it has already done wonders, for by it you have brought the heir of all the honours of the proud house of San Isidora to your feet, and have spurned him and them with the spirit of your father's daughter; and now your charms have opened a mine of gold which I hope your half Scottish origin may teach you the way to work well. With that face, your delicious voice, your genius, and your simplicity"—he smiled sarcastically in pronouncing the last word—"you have the world at your feet, cara, and it is only to be hoped that you possess the tact and prudence to turn it to account."

Christine regarded him with astonishment, having but a confused idea of what he meant by the last part of his speech, nor in truth comprehending anything clearly but that he was in a very bad humour. She was upon the point of vindicating herself, however, from the accusation of having *spurned* Tadeo, but she not only felt how difficult it would be to explain what had passed in the interview that had taken place with her cousin, but she was likewise deterred from speaking by his cynical manner of addressing her, and the false and gloomy look with which his words were accompanied. He waited for a moment in evident expectation of her saying something, but as she remained quite silent—her heightened colour alone giving evidence of any emotion at his incomprehensible words and manner—he suddenly started up and departed. His daughter felt as if an incubus was removed by his disappearance; with a light heart and gay spirit she made all the little arrangements for her visit, and when the carriage came to convey them to their temporary home, it found both her and Nina prepared for their short transit. Brighter than usual appeared on her arrival that bright villa, and more warm than ever was the welcome she received. Emmeline, rejoicing in her presence, hastened to show her the apartments destined to her use, which were adjoining her own. Those chambers were usually occupied by her governess, Mrs. Hammond,—now absent in Rome with a relation in bad health—and while her pupil expressed great affection for her, still she was

evidently not at all ill pleased to have her place supplied by her beloved Christine.

Poor Nina was lost in wonder at the splendour that surrounded her, and her surprise and pleasure afforded much innocent amusement to the youthful friends. The first day was one of unmixed enjoyment; the first night one of unprecedented happiness in the existence of Christine. After a long chat with Emmeline, about all the little amusements with which they proposed to fill up their time, they retired to rest, leaving their doors open, to enable them to exchange a few more last words before they sank to sleep. They awoke as early and as gay as the birds, and, after their morning devotions, descended full of life and happiness to inhale the bracing breeze of an Italian November morning, and wandered from one lovely spot to another, with their canine favourites in company, before returning to partake of the morning meal. Emmeline's cheek glowed with health and pleasure, while her eyes beamed with more than usual lustre, and her merry ringing laugh bespoke the overflowing contentment of her heart. Christine's fair, rich, loveliness of person, never shone out with more brilliant effect than in that simple morning dress, and Tuscan straw hat, trimmed with pale green, as she entered the breakfast parlour with her happy friend leaning on her arm. Mrs. Mordaunt alone received them, for Mr. Temple had gone on the water, and would not be back till dinner-time; but his absence made but little difference, they were almost as happy without him, for they knew that he would come back at night, and in occupation and amusement the day sped past. Periods occasionally occur in life so full of joy and contentment that we feel they cannot last, and so it was now with Christine's prophetic spirit; she felt that a cloud must soon arise to obscure a horizon so very bright, and her fineness of perception did not deceive her. On descending the second morning with Emmeline, to take their usual walk, they found Mrs. Mordaunt and Mr. Temple standing at the front of the house, reading the letters just arrived from the town.

"Cecil," said his aunt, looking up very pale from one she had just opened, "I must leave you; poor Charles is worse—much worse, I fear—and he wishes me to join him without delay. Do you think that this cruel crisis will do no good?" she continued, agitatedly, and in a lower voice aside to her nephew, "Do you think there is no chance of reuniting them? Will you not see her and try?"

"There is none—none, Aunt Elinor," answered Mr. Temple, with melancholy but energetic emphasis—"there is none whatever. I have reasons quite convincing on the subject, which I cannot explain. It is in vain to indulge a hope of making any impression on a character so weak by nature, so hardened by habit. Go to poor Charles and yield him the only comfort that remains to him—sympathy—though he but little deserves it, according to strict rule. But alas! who has not erred? except perhaps yourself, my dear aunt, for I really do not know where your faults lie."

Mr. Temple added this with a mournful smile, as he took Mrs. Mordaunt's hand tenderly in his own.

"Ah, Cecil, Cecil, I am very far from being the perfect being your partiality depicts me," sadly replied the lady; "and here is one who

might so far condemn me," she continued, laying her hand affectionately on Christine's head, who, with a letter from her cousin Lizzie in her hand, was occupied in reading it, while sitting on the base of one of the pillars of the portico. "Is it not true?" she gently interrogated. "Is it not true, Christine, that you might condemn me for coldness and want of interest in not having asked you to acquaint me with the events that have occurred since I first saw you, and which have placed you in your present position? But yet it was weakness alone, my dear child, that prevented me—a weakness which shrank from reopening old wounds, and causing tears to flow; and now I must leave you, without having obtained information upon many points which it was desirable that I should have known. I shall not, however, be long away," she pursued, with a sigh; "we shall meet soon again, when I trust everything will be explained to the satisfaction of us all. Does your letter contain good news?"

"Alas, no!" replied the poor girl, despondingly, her tears pouring down at the idea of losing Mrs. Mordaunt; "letters never bring good news to me, they rarely impart even satisfaction on any point. I had hoped to have received by this letter some information concerning a dear absent friend, but there is not the least mention of him. One might almost be tempted to think that he was *dead*." She uttered the last word with a degree of desperation; then shuddering, she covered her face with her hands. "*Guy* dead!" she thought. "Oh! if such were the case, what would the world then be to me?"

She was roused by Emmeline kneeling beside her, and clasping her in her arms.

"Come to our arbour, dearest," she said, "and tell me there what ails you."

"Oh no, Emmeline!" answered the weeping girl, "there are some things of which I cannot talk, of which I was wrong even to think; for it was only a supposition that overcame me, together with the departure of your beloved aunt, the earliest friend I ever had, except the dear old woman who took care of me when I lost my—*mother*."

Everything seemed to give her pain this unlucky morning; her tears flowed afresh.

"Come, come," said Emmeline, coaxingly—"come to our arbour." Then leaning on her arm, and turning her lovely face towards her ear, she whispered softly, "What *is* the mystery? for I cannot understand it."

"What mystery?" asked Christine, with surprise.

"The mystery about the veiled lady who sometimes comes here. I have seen her twice when my aunt was ill, or out of the way. She comes in a dark-green carriage, with the blinds all pulled down, and, without saying a word, she passes by the men-servants, runs along the corridor and enters the library where papa is."

"How strange!" murmured Christine. "And what makes you think of it just now, Emmeline?"

"Because I am sure that my aunt and papa were speaking of her when I passed them to go to you, and my father said, 'I tell you, dear Aunt Elinor, that I have seen her twice, and that those two times were enough to convince me that it was in vain. My arguments, like your

own, were useless; she is an infatuated lost creature, from whom, and for whom, there is nothing to hope.' "

"Have you no idea who she is, Emmeline, since your aunt and father both appear to know?"

"I had once a suspicion," replied the young girl, excitedly, raising her eyes upwards with a look of extreme emotion as she spoke. "But no, no, *that* could not be—*that* could not be! Oh, Christine—oh, Christine!"

And she shook the arm she leant on as if in the agony of her spirit.

"Emmeline, dearest—my beloved Emmeline!" said Christine, on entering the harbour and forgetting her own sorrows in witnessing the despair of her favourite, "you must not give way to this agony of grief—it will kill you. You must not even think of any subject that your father and aunt might wish you to forget or keep secret. Let us try to obliterate as much as possible all that is painful from our minds, and enjoy the present moment which permits us to be with each other, and to live in the hope of better times."

"Ah, Christine!" replied Emmeline, weeping bitterly, "nothing better can ever happen to me than to be with you. Since I have been so much in your society, I feel as if I were in another world. I have become so strong, so merry, so light-hearted; I eat, I sleep, I run about in a manner which I could never do before, but I shall soon lose you, and all will become dull, chilly, and uncomfortable."

"But we have got the carnival before us," answered Christine, cheerfully, trying to make her companion smile. "It may bring good luck with it, and your father has already consented to secure us a balcony on the Marina for the three last amusing days."

XLI.

A FEW hours later, Mrs. Mordaunt in her travelling-carriage, with her maid and courier, left the villa for Palermo, to embark in the steam boat about to sail for Naples. She was sad in going away; still more depressed were those who remained behind, and several days elapsed before things resumed their usual cheerful course. Emmeline's old nurse, Mrs. Selby, was directed by Mr. Temple to supply as much as possible the blank left by the absent relative and friend—that is to say, she accompanied the young ladies in the carriage, and generally sat at one of the windows of the saloon quietly pursuing her favourite occupation of knitting when they were not in the *salle à manger* or out of doors. Their active amusements within the grounds continued as free as heretofore, their sole attendants being Turk and Bijou, or the old groom who drove the garden-chair when they went beyond the bounds to which Emmeline's walking exercise was limited. Christine seemed to take the place of an elder sister beside her dear young companion, who quite as naturally fell into that of a younger one, never seeking to do anything contrary to her opinion. In the morning and forenoon they were almost constantly in the air, either driving in the open barouche or sitting reading or working in their favourite seats, the beautiful weather still giving but little indication of winter.

Emmeline, although she had been almost three years in Italy, still had difficulty in speaking Italian, from her governess being an English-woman, and her father and aunt, her only associates, always talking to her in their native language; now, however, she spoke nothing else in conversing with Christine, and quickly attained great fluency. Sometimes they employed themselves in selecting plants from the greenhouses to place in the balcony, in trimming exuberant branches about their favourite arbours, or planning improvements in the flower borders for embellishing their gardens in spring. Christine often started and sighed when her merry companion thoughtlessly anticipated how well such and such things would look when the beautiful season came round again, and thought, "Where then shall I be?" Little, indeed, could she anticipate the great changes that would take place in her destiny before the year again revolved! But it was music in which the luxury of enjoyment lay. They frequently retired with their guitars to some quiet spot, where they would sing for hours together, and Emmeline soon acquired such confidence from the instruction and aid of her gifted companion, that her singing, like her renewed health, often astonished her fond parent when he returned at night to the social circle. Her voice was a contralto of excessive sweetness, and, although she was deficient in power and facility of execution, yet she had a pathos in her notes peculiarly touching, and this gift of melancholy song Christine managed to bring out with wonderful effect. So profound was the science she had acquired, that she contrived to modulate her own full and rich organ in a manner to enhance the beauty of her pupil's pathetic tones, so that when they sang together the combination was delicious. The dinner-hour was now a very late one, in order to give Mr. Temple as much of daylight as possible for his marine amusements, and in the evening the girls always sought to gratify and soothe him with their music as he reclined languidly on the sofa, tired with his sailing or boating excursions. Those delightful family concerts always wound up by some brilliant solo from Christine, generally selected and practised beforehand; and, although she was quite unconscious of the circumstance, yet invariably all the servants in the house, with the workmen employed about the grounds, congregated in the portico to catch the splendid tones pouring from her lips, whose power made them distinctly reach the ear from the saloon above, though at this advanced season an open window rarely facilitated their being heard. On such occasions Mr. Temple would avert his face or withdraw himself into the shade; to behold and hear Christine at the same time was too much for his self-command. From the moment she had appeared before him at the concert he received an impression never to be effaced, and her exquisite singing had thrown an enchantment around him that disturbed his reflective powers and calmer feelings, and awoke to intensity all the burning emotions of his naturally impetuous character. Mr. Temple had lived in high life; he consequently knew what public singers generally are, and although, like most men of his age and station, his moral code on those points was none of the strictest, yet nature had gifted him with a heart that in this instance proved his safety; for the man may be reckoned saved who escapes committing an act which would steep all

his after-years in the bitterness of remorse. He had heard of the innocent and lovely girl to whom Ernest Arnheim had applied in his distress; the dying youth had depicted her angelic tenderness of nature in words of gratitude as glowing as the tints of his pencil had been bright in delineating the fair form of the gentle Emmeline. Mr. Temple listened with admiration and deep interest; a powerful sympathy attracted him towards the beautiful youthful creature who, without hesitation, had flown to comfort and soothe the poor and friendless artist on his death-bed. Like her, he had gone to St. Domenico to pay a last tribute of respect to the remains of the young man whom he had so much esteemed; in an instant he had recognised her kneeling before the chapel, and from that moment there seemed to arise between them a mysterious magnetism. When her name appeared in the programme of the charity concert, he decided to take a box near the stage, where he could note her unseen by any one, for he felt hurried forward by an impulse which he could not control. At last she appeared in all the witchery of her loveliness; she sang, and the world and its observances seemed to fade into nothingness when opposed to the charms of that face and voice. Mrs. Mordaunt at last roused him from the entranced state into which he had fallen.

"Cecil!" she exclaimed, "can it be possible? Gracious Heavens! can this beautiful, this wonderful creature be indeed the dear little lonely Christine whom I have so often told you of having left, eleven years ago, running wild on the banks of the Tay? But it is the same; it must indeed be herself. There can only be one such voice in the world, and one soul of power and tenderness to modulate it to tones such as we have heard to-night."

Christine was curtsying low to the frantic applauders while Mrs. Mordaunt spoke, and a moment after her eyes met those of Mr. Temple fixed upon her with a look that seemed to penetrate every emotion of her guileless bosom.

"That beautiful creature!" thought the fascinated observer; "that child of genius, whose every movement is regulated by the grace emanating from the refinement of her nature, the young object of my aunt's anxious interest, whose early sensibility displayed itself in tending her helpless animals in the wilds of Scotland! This combination of talent, beauty, and heart, to become the hireling of the multitude! to be subjected to the coarse addresses of the sensual and the hardened! to be bought and sold! to be taken up and thrown aside by the brutal and corrupt, alike incapable of appreciating the surpassing superiority of her person, mind, or character! Oh no! oh no!" he continued, mentally; "that fair brow is formed to wear a coronet, that beauteous face and form to shine at courts, that delicious voice to enchant or soothe the ear of devoted love in those moments of joy and sorrow so inevitably woven into the tissue of human events. But she likes not this vulgar applause; she shrinks from the clamour of those noisy triflers. See! she appears again like a flash of lightning only to disappear!"

The following was a night of fever to Mr. Temple. He could not rest; he kept walking backwards and forwards in his apartments, with that bright fair image ever flitting before his eyes, that rich, full voice

ringing in his ears, and causing every pulse to throb. The morning, however, awakened him to other thoughts; for it found his Emmeline confined to bed with a violent attack of fever in consequence of cold. Any illness of hers that threatened the least reduction of strength alarmed him. He took his station beside her, and for three days scarcely quitted her room; yet even here he could not escape the fate that followed him. Emmeline talked of nothing else than her aunt's early favourite, the beautiful young prima donna; she only wished to be well again in order to go to see her, and in the mean time kept asking every particular of her infancy which Mrs. Mordaunt could remember. Thus her songs, her bower, dolls, flowers, and leaping-pole were vividly recalled, and delineated with dramatic effect, in company with Donald, Oscar, and Cripple Liltie, until Christine's childish character and pursuits became as familiar to Mr. Temple and his daughter as they were to Mrs. Mordaunt herself. It seemed as if nothing more was required to make this passion truly what the French term a "grande passion;" and yet something else did occur to increase its already overwhelming force. This was the letter from Madame Arnheim, enclosing the money-order sent by Christine. The generosity of the poor girl, who had so scanty a purse from which to draw, the delicacy and sense with which she had managed her little business transaction, set the seal to the impression already so deeply made on Mr. Temple. If he had loved her before, he now began to adore her.

The night of the opera found him in a state of immense nervous excitement; the appearance of Tadeo in the character of a lover—so evidently one in the reality as well as the fiction—filled him with agitation, and he regarded the beautiful creature before him as an exquisite vision that must soon fade for ever from his sight; yet when their eyes again met, an incomprehensible impression of a powerful sympathy existing between them gained possession of his mind, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse, he followed the procession to the palazzo, and watched the descent of the idol from her triumphal car. He heard San Isidora and Tadeo loudly congratulate each other on the glorious career so surely awaiting her, in becoming the star of the musical world, the favourite prima donna of the day; and, stationing himself beside the pillar, he involuntarily uttered, à propos to the certainty that agonised his mind, the words:

"Che peccato!"

Nevertheless, the bright, comprehensive look of those large, glorious eyes when she turned them on him, the expression of candour on the beautiful brow, and the melancholy smile that wreathed for a moment the curved lips, told as plainly as words could have done:

"I yield only to the force of necessity, and will escape if I can from the threatened degradation."

"I must see this bewitching creature more closely," he said to himself, as he hastened to rejoin his aunt and daughter, who waited in the carriage for him at the theatre. "What signifies a little more suffering, if I can but rescue her from the destruction which otherwise most certainly awaits her! But how can I deliver her? For what would even my large fortune become, if in any way placed in the power of a confirmed gambler? There is but *one* sure means of

saving her; but, alas! of that I dare not think. My Emmeline—my child! Oh no! My daughter's interests take precedence of everything else. I must not think of *that*."

Christine was brought to the villa by his own express desire, but the web woven by destiny for him threatened to close him in on every side. A nearer approach only heightened her varied charms; she was like a beautiful and finely cut diamond, that flashed a new and brilliant ray in every different light in which it was turned; while the tender interest felt for her by Mrs. Mordaunt, and the enthusiastic admiration and affection she elicited from his Emmeline, strengthened the spell and left him completely enthralled. His health—always in some degree dependent on his tranquillity—became vacillating, his spirits uncertain, and, as far as circumstances permitted, he sought relief in absenting himself; but there were necessarily occasions when he could not escape from quaffing the intoxicating cup held to his lips by fate.

At those dangerous moments, when he revelled in the radiance of her presence, he would sometimes forget the prudence which prompted him to conceal his feelings, and, casting aside all reserve, become witty, brilliant, and fascinating to a degree that astonished the inexperienced girl, whose heart had never sustained any siege but the transient and whimsical one of Tadeo. At another time his manner was so tender, mournful, and devoted, as to leave no doubt as to his sentiments on her innocent mind; but, although convinced that she was deeply beloved, yet, had she been obliged to confess her secret thoughts, she would have said, "I feel that I cannot be his wife; it would be too great felicity for this world." Not that she thought herself unworthy of it; no, the intensity of her love enhanced her self-respect; there was something that exalted and refined the spirit in the deep, calm, fixed devotion felt towards an earthly object, in a remote degree resembling that which inspires the saint, and sustains the martyr in preparation for eternity. She reasoned with the humility arising from depression, that to be the chosen partner of this matchless man—whose every look was feeling, whose every word was intellect—to be associated tenderly with Emmeline, to stand in the position of a niece to Mrs. Mordaunt, would make her too happy in this lower sphere—it might make her forget Heaven. But, in one respect, this trying epoch of her life was a source of consolation; she had no longer any doubts of herself in the career in which she was about to embark; she was beloved by Mr. Temple, and *that* was her security in all future variations of fortune. After him, who of the sex would be dangerous to her peace? Her father might plot and plan; all the world might be at her feet; but she was secure from every weakness of heart by her affections being placed on an object so superior to other men, as to make them in comparison sink into insignificance. Did his wealth, his splendour, tell for nothing in this enthusiastic worship? Nothing—absolutely nothing; had he been but a subordinate in the terrestrial paradise of which he was the master, still her sentiments and feelings would have been the same; it was the individual whom she purely, devotedly loved; it was the generous, intellectual, educated man. The very period at which he

had arrived in life served to rivet the impression stamped equally deep on her affections and her judgment; for seven-and-thirty is an age which brings masculine beauty to its highest perfection, and the intellectual powers of the superior sex to the fullest force. In Mr. Temple, striking personal advantages were refined by the air and expression which arise from strength and elevation of character, softened and polished by contact with the world—where the footing of the possessor is secure—and his mental energies were condensed to those firm determinations of purpose which are formed from the knowledge of mankind, only to be acquired by experience, when the passions become concentrated on the points where the mind is fixed. But it was seeing him constantly in the tender relation of a father that deepened Christine's admiration to a species of idolatry; here was touched the master spring of her mind and heart. She thought of her own lonely infancy, of her unparticipated joys and sorrows, of her crushed affections in girlhood, until the welling fountain of love in her heart was met by the generous sympathy of Guy, and the austere but sure friendship of her great-aunt. Even this scant measure of love and security, how quickly had it been succeeded by separation and death! and then came *her* father! She would bury her face in her hands when the cruel contrast forced itself upon her, and, shuddering, try to shut it out from her mind. She was never long permitted, however, to indulge in such painful ideas, for the dark eye of Mr. Temple was always upon her; on perceiving her emotion, he would hasten to chase it away with melting words embodying tender thoughts, or with brilliant remarks and poignant witticisms strive to rouse her from her sorrowful preoccupations, until the gloomy images her busy imagination had conjured up, melted before the enchantment of the present hour; and everything became tinted by the roseate hues of happiness. She literally lived in love, as it might be truly said "love lived in her;" she illumined the scene around her; her beauty, her genius, her goodness, and her music, rendered the enclosure of the Villa Zernini an earthly elysium. All smiled when she appeared—the master of the scene alone excepted, for he more frequently sighed.

GOLD AND SILVER PLACERS OF THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA.

WE have already had occasion to make mention of Mr. Jules Marcon as a good practical French geologist, who accompanied one of the United States expeditions in search of a railway route from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and who was thus enabled to add the positive results of competent observation to the desultory pioneering of military adventurers. The same gentleman has since been engaged by the United States government in drawing up a Report upon the Mineral Resources of the States and Territories West of the Rocky Mountains, and this, added to other materials, has enabled the same writer to generalise upon the geographical distribution of gold and silver in the United States and in British North America in the "*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie*" for November, 1867.

The question is so intimately connected with that of the probable future centres of population in British America as well as in the United States, and with the future opening of lines of communication that will result from these, that we have been induced to sketch some of the principal results of the inquiry for the benefit of our readers.

Mr. Marcon premises that there are three distinct auriferous regions in North America where gold is met with in the state of powder or of nuggets (*pépites*), or in veins or leads in quartz; and these are the region on the borders of the Atlantic, the region of the Rocky Mountains, and the region of the Pacific.

In the region on the borders of the Atlantic the auriferous deposits occupy especially a very considerable extent of surface in the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. It was in these districts that gold was first discovered in the United States by a poor deserter from a Hessian regiment in the British service. This runaway, whose name was John Reid, had a nugget brought to him by his children, who picked it up in a rivulet that flowed past close by his hut. He was, however, utterly unaware of its value, and it was used for four long years as a "curious stone" to keep the door to, for it had neither clasp nor hasp. So that one of the most miserable log-houses, it is recorded, that was ever built in the solitudes of the New World had a gold lock of some fifteen pounds in weight!

The spot where this first discovery of gold was made is called the "Bull of Gold Mines," and it is in the county of Cabarrus, near Fayetteville, in North Carolina, and the discovery dates back to the year 1799. It was not, however, until the year 1825 that gold coins were struck with United States gold at the mint of Philadelphia. Discoveries of gold successively extended over a considerable extent of North Carolina, then of South Carolina, and lastly, in 1829, it was discovered in Georgia. Mints for the coinage exclusively of gold coins were established in 1838 at Dahlonega, in Georgia, and at Charlotte, in North Carolina. Lastly, gold was discovered in Virginia, where it occurs over a small extent of surface in the neighbourhood of Frederickburg, Spottsylvania, and Louisa,

as also in Maryland, and in some points of the states of Tennessee and Alabama which approximate to Georgia.

On ascending the great chains of the Alleghanies more to the north, traces of gold are met with in the alluvia and in the quartz of the western portion of Massachusetts, and especially in Vermont, where they are met with over a considerable extent of surface, without, however, presenting any rich placers; and, lastly, gold has been obtained with profitable results within the last few years in Canada, on the borders of the rivers Chaudière, Famine, and Loup or Wolf river, not far from Quebec, to the right of the St. Lawrence, and on the line of the proposed Halifax and Montreal Railway. Veins of auriferous quartz of most promising aspect have also been discovered on the very coast of the Atlantic, in Nova Scotia, not far from Halifax itself, and near the lakes of Bras d'Or, or the "Golden Arm," in the island of Cape Breton. These discoveries, when put together on the map, make two inner continuous lines—one from above Montgomery, in Alabama, to Baltimore, the other from Albany to Quebec—and an outer line all along the Atlantic side of Nova Scotia to the farther extremity of Cape Breton. This last line of auriferous deposit is said to be prolonged in the same direction as the inner lines, that is to say from south-west to north-east, into Newfoundland.

In all these regions, however, the placers are nowhere of great productiveness, and they are generally abandoned after more or less toil, labour, and expense. Gold in these deposits belongs to what Marcon terms the Taconic epoch; that is to say that it made its appearance there in the most remote periods of the history of the globe. The most distinguished geologist of America, the late Dr. Emmonds, however, found gold sand and fragments of auriferous quartz in beds of sandstone in North Carolina which belong to the Penaeon epoch.

The region of the Rocky Mountains possesses several auriferous districts, which are met with from the frontiers of the Mexican Republic as far as to the Hudson's Bay territory and Arctic America. Placers have been found in New Mexico, but only of limited extent, and in but three places. First, to the north of Copper Mines, and in the Sierra Madre, near the sources of the river Gila, renowned for its *casas grandes* and hieroglyphs—monuments of an olden civilisation; secondly, on the Rio Bonito, between Fort Stanton and the ruins of the great Quivira, east of the Rocky Mountains; and lastly, near the villages of Tuerto and San Pedro, not far from Galisteo, and ten leagues from Santa Fé, at the eastern foot of the Sierra de Sandia, an account of the ascent and exploration of which was recently published in our pages.

In this last placer, which was visited and examined by Marcon in the year 1853, gold occurs with copper in veins which traverse the granites of the two isolated groups of the Rocky Mountains strictly speaking, which are known as the "Old and New Placers," or "Gold Mountains." These isolated mountains, at the foot of which placers have now been worked for a considerable period of time, do not, however, in any way belong to the system of dislocation of the Rocky Mountains, with which they are not in a continuous line; they are surrounded by horizontal beds of carboniferous and new red sandstones (Dyas and Trias), formations which,

on the contrary, are powerfully tilted up by the upraising of the Sierra Sandia.

The new state of Colorado is indebted for its existence to the discovery of placers on the borders of Cherry Creek and of Vermilion Creek, near Pike's Peak. The auriferous region of this state, although not very extensive, is very important, for it extends to the very centre of the Rocky Mountains, and occurs on both flanks of the same system of mountains, from the sources of Grand River, the principal affluent of the Rio Colorado, in California, to the south of North Park and Central City, passing a little west of Denver City to Cherry Creek, and by Middle Park and South Park as far as to the sources of the Arkansas and Eagle Trail rivers. The nature of these so-called North, Middle, and South Parks, situated in the centre of the Rocky Mountains, or between its two parallel and longitudinal chains, has been described when treating of the Inter-oceanic or Atlantic and Pacific Railway.

Two new auriferous regions have become centres of an industrious population since 1862 in the most northerly regions of the United States, on the confines of the Hudson Bay territories. These are the regions known as Idaho, or "the Star of the Mountains," and Montana, in which the sources and principal affluents of the Missouri and Columbia rivers have their origin, and of the aspect of which territories we have given some account in the narrative of Mr. Hindes's ascent of Mount Hood and Mr. Brown's journey across the Cascade Mountains into Eastern Oregon. The placers in Idaho occur more particularly near Fort Boisé, and they stretch from this old fort of the fur company, which has now become a considerable town under the name of Boisé City, to the Great Fall of the Snake River, comprising the townships or "cities" of Bannock, Centreville, and Placerville. Placers have also been worked at Fort Hall and at the "Trois Tettons," but they do not appear to possess much importance. On the other hand, gold occurs in large quantities throughout all the regions situated between Salmon River and the Mission of Cœurs d'Alènes, and a number of centres of population have sprung up within the last two or three years in this district, the principal of which are Fort Lemhi, Elk City, Florence, and Oro City. The produce of gold in Idaho is very considerable, and the results obtained almost rival the early days of California.

As to the territory of Montana, which comprises the sources of the Missouri River, and of Clark Fork of the Columbia, gold is met with in all its western portion beyond Fort Benton. Towns of some importance have already sprung up in this region with that magical rapidity to which the race of American pioneers have accustomed us, and the exportation of gold rose the year before last to four millions of pounds sterling, where the year previous to that there were none but Blackfeet and Bannock Indians, and a few traders of the fur companies. The chief of these towns are Bannock City, Virginia City, Gallatin City, Montana City, Barge City, Hangtown, Hell Gate, Fort Owen, Fort Colin, and Mullan Pass.

The auriferous regions of the Rocky Mountains terminate, according to Marcon, with the placers of Montana. He, however, believes that farther explorations in the Hudson's Bay territory will show that the deposits of Idaho and Montana have a farther extension northwards. Up to the period of the discovery of placers in Montana and Idaho, the

region of the Rocky Mountains had produced very little gold. The discovery of placers in the neighbourhood of Pike's Peak, in Colorado, gave rise to the temporary excitement of a gold fever, and a considerable movement of emigration ensued; but at the lapse of a couple of years the excitement waned, to be again awakened in 1862 upon the first arrival of gold at St. Louis from the territory of the Bannocks and Flat-heads.

The gold of the Rocky Mountains is not of so remote a date (geologically speaking) as that of the auriferous districts on the borders of the Atlantic; it dates about the later Jurassic or Oolitic epoch—the epoch at which the Rocky Mountains themselves first made their appearance.

The third region, which is by far the most important, from its great productiveness, as well as from the celebrity which it has acquired all over the world, is that of the Pacific. Taking its rise in British Columbia, where the placers on Frazer River rivalled for a time in importance with those of the Sacramento, auriferous regions are met with in the territory of Washington; first in the environs of Fort Colville and of Piukneyville, on the Columbia, then near Fort Okinakane, at Mount Stuart, and close to Fort Simcoe. The borders of Snake River, between Lewiston and Columbia, to the north of Fort Wallah-Wallah, also present several placers; and lastly, gold has been found between Port Townsend and Olympia, in the eastern portion of the same region, near Vancouver Straits.

Oregon appears to possess a vast auriferous region, which occupies the whole of the north-west corner of the state, more especially around Powder River and between Forts Boisé and Wallah-Wallah. The borders of Rogue River, in the south-west, towards California and the Pacific, have also been wrought for some years with profit. But up to the present time it must be admitted that neither the state of Oregon nor the territory of Washington have given great results as gold regions. It is otherwise with regard to California, which has been ever since 1848 the country of gold par excellence, the El Dorado of the nineteenth century, and the Eureka of the Americans.

Beginning in the north at the sources of Klamath river, in the region of Mount Shasta, we have an uninterrupted band of from twenty to thirty leagues in width, stretching from the forty-second degree of north latitude to the thirty-fifth, and bordering both flanks of the Sierra Nevada, in which gold exists in veins in quartz, and which is likewise imbedded in the granite of the loftiest heights of that magnificent chain of mountains.

For the first eight years that followed upon the discovery of gold, only the placers or alluvial deposits were wrought, and which of themselves brought in from twelve to sixteen millions of pounds sterling (three hundred to four hundred millions of francs) a year. Since that epoch the placers have been abandoned to the Chinese, and, in the present day, the veins or beds of auriferous quartz are alone worked by the Americans. In 1866, California still produced gold to the value of a hundred and thirty millions of francs, or over five millions of pounds sterling.

The great auriferous band of the Sierra Nevada ends near Walker's Pass and San Fernando. What is called the Coast Range, and which is prolonged into Lower California, stretching from San Diego to Cape Mendocino, appears not to contain any gold. The only place at which

that mineral has been discovered in the region in question is in a little chain known as the Mountains of Inez, north of Santa-Barbara, where some placers of little extent or productiveness have been wrought and since abandoned.

Traces of gold have been signalled in the Californian Desert, from Dry Lake to San Bernardino and Tacon's Pass, as also around Soda Lake and to the north of Fort Yuma, opposite Castle Dome Mountain ; but Marcou says that, from his own experience, and he examined this region among the very first in 1854, he does not think that gold will ever be found in it in a very considerable, or a very remunerative quantity.

What Fremont called the "Great Basin," but which is now known as the State of Nevada, does not possess any real mines of gold, although gold has been found there: first, at Shell Valley, west of Pleasant Valley Creek ; next, at Muddy River, the western branch of the Rio Virgin ; and lastly, between Colville and Los Vegas, at the head of the navigation of the Rio Colorado. A certain proportion of gold is, however, always found mixed with silver in the rich silver mines of Nevada. This occurs in that part of the veins which lies nearest to the surface.

The new territory of Arizona, which has been created at the expense of New Mexico and Sonora, and which we have already treated of in detail when describing the provinces of North Mexico in their relations to the United States, and which, with the exception of a few well-watered valleys in the mountains, is little better than a desert, little populated, and scarcely inhabitable, is now made to furnish its contingent of placers to the auriferous wealth of the immense and powerful American Republic. Several placers are wrought between Bill William Fork and Fort Mohavia, but, unfortunately, the absence of water, of wood, and of forage, so enhances the expense of labour, that it is scarcely possible, to work them with profit. Veins of auriferous quartz and placers are also met with on the borders of the Rio San Francisco, and of its different affluents, especially round Fort Whipple, so named after General Whipple, who commanded the particular expedition which Marcou accompanied, and the history of which has been so pleasantly narrated by Mölhausen.

Placers and veins of auriferous quartz are also met with near where the river Gila joins the Rio Colorado, around Gila city, Tucson and Tubac, on the Santa Cruz ; and lastly, to the north of Fort Godwin, between the Gila and the Sierra de Mogoyon. But all these placers of Arizona are either little productive, or the difficulties of working them are so much increased by the aridity of the country and the hostility of the natives, that they are still much neglected, and two-thirds of the whole extent of country is uninhabited. We have before pointed out the analogy of the remarkable buildings call Casas Grandes, in Arizona (which is in reality the valley of the Gila), with the towns of Pueblo Indians, attesting the common origin of the New Mexicans, who made this district their last stronghold, and of the Aztecs ; and it is a curious fact, that we have in the present day not only existing towns of civilised Pueblos, but the predatory Apaches and Comanches have also made this region and the countries around, including the valleys of the Rio Grande and Colorado river, their last head-quarters.

The age of the gold in all this region of the Pacific, is, according to Marcou, geologically speaking, recent. The stratified rocks of the Sierra

Nevada belong especially to the epoch of the trias and of the jurassic limestones, and cretaceous and tertiary or supra-cretaceous deposits are met with at the western foot of the sierra. Up to the present moment, however, not a single trace of gold has been detected in these cretaceous and tertiary deposits; such are only found in the ancient or quaternary, and in the modern alluvial; so that its appearance can only be referred to an epoch between the tertiary and the quaternary, that is to say, that its age corresponds with that of the gold-placers in the Ural and in Australia. A point of this kind, as thus established with regard to three gold-producing districts, as so great a distance from one another, assumes great importance when taken as a guide for those explorations for gold placers which will inevitably take place in the long ranges of mountains which occupy the whole extent of the eastern side of Africa—and which already contain well-known gold deposits near Faz-Oghlu, in Sennaar, at one end, and near Sofala (ancient Ophir) at the other—when those countries shall (as they probably now soon will) have been opened to civilisation.

Our little paper would be incomplete without some notice of the geographical and geological distribution of silver in the same regions. It is in the ancient provinces of Mexico, as we have before had occasion to point out, and which were ceded to the United States by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo on the 2nd of February, 1848, that the most productive argentiferous mines are met with. The now celebrated silver mines of the valley of Washoe were discovered in 1859, on the eastern slopes of the Sierra Nevada, in the territory of the same name. Their productiveness was so great, that the discovery put the almost incredible finds of the early Californian pioneers altogether in the shade; and the mine of Comstock ledge—so called after its lucky owner, Mr. Comstock, of Virginia city—produced by itself, in the brief space of six years, silver to the enormous value of three hundred and fifty millions of francs, or fourteen millions of pounds sterling.

The discovery of silver mines rapidly extended from the valley of Washoe to the regions of Esmeralda, of the Humboldt river, and of the Reese river, and still more recently to that of Silver Bend, or the Valley of Death. These discoveries put together constitute a vast mass of rocks containing argentiferous veins, and which comprise the two-thirds of the state of Nevada, and penetrate even into California and the region of Lake Owen. Nor is it of less importance to know that the Atlantic and Pacific Railway now in progress of being rapidly carried out (at the rate of a mile a day across the prairies), will bring the whole of this rich silver producing district into easy contact with New York on the one hand, and San Francisco on the other. The railway passes right through the argentiferous region of Nevada, as also through the auriferous region of the Sierra Nevada, and it passes also the Rocky Mountains, close by the auriferous and argentiferous deposits of Colorado, with which it will be connected by a branch line; whilst it is also projected to unite the same rich mineral district with the rest of the United States by a direct Kansas line.

The district of Arizona, or of the valley of the Gila, which adjoins Sonora on the one side and Nevada on the other, is likewise rich in silver mines, and it appears in fact to establish a junction between the treasures in silver of the valleys of Washoe, Reese River, and Hot Creek, with the

rich and famous mines of Chihuahua. The existence of very productive veins of argentiferous lead has been signalised some time back in the Sierra de los Organos (so called from its giant cactuses, which rise up like the tubes of an organ), to the north of El Paso, one of the chief cities on the Rio Grande, and around Cooper mines, in New Mexico. Still more recently silver veins, and which appear to be exceedingly rich, have been discovered on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, in the state of Colorado, near the sources of the river of the same name, and of the Blue River, one of the chief tributaries to the Rio Colorado. The most productive silver mines of Colorado state occur, however, on Mount Fletcher, in the district of Ten Miles, Summit county, and that almost amidst perpetual snows and glaciers. The new territory of Idaho, already so rich in gold, also presents its contingent of silver mines; and a magnificent block of silver, brought from that distant region, was exhibited at the Exposition Universelle of the Champ de Mars.

The lead veins of Illinois and Missouri are all more or less argentiferous, but the silver is in too small a proportion to render its extraction profitable. It is, therefore, left incorporated with the lead, and the day may come, as happened with the church-bells of France in the times of the first Revolution, that manufactured objects may be resmelted for the sake of the silver which they contain. What is more remarkable is that in several mines of native copper on Lake Superior, in British North America, as well as in the United States, nuggets of native silver are also met with, which are never amalgamated with the copper, but constitute real silver nests enclosed in masses of the baser metal. These silver nuggets vary in weight from only a few grains to several pounds and the mine at Copper Falls, at Point Keewenaw, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, is especially celebrated for the masses of native silver that are found in it, although the number has not yet proved sufficient to render them a source of especial working.

To resume, gold and silver abound both in the United States and in British North America, and even in what is now "American Arctic America," but which was a short time ago Russian America. If the different extents of surface which contain these precious metals were all put together in one, they would comprise an area which would exceed that of France and Great Britain united. Thanks also to the working of these prodigious riches, enormous sums of coin have been put into circulation throughout the world, and Marcou expresses his firm belief that one-half of the labours accomplished during the past fifteen years in the civilised world, have been paid for by gold and silver extracted from American mines.

FORTUNE-TELLING.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

THE firelight dances upon the floor,
 All sounds are hushed, we have closed the door,
 That naught may disturb the secrecy
 Of the wonderful, charming mystery
 Revealed in the cards, which are surely wise,
 Scanned by the truth of her dear, soft eyes.

There's a witching sound in the voice that takes
 Its spell from the music each accent wakes!
 I listen enraptured at each sweet tone,
 And fear my fortune is still unknown,
 Marvelling much if her mystic art
 Has unravelled the secret hid in my heart.

Pursued by distress, which is clubs I know—
 But who heeds clubs, where my love can't go;
 But my real distress is not far away,
 It lies in my suit should her will say nay.
 Does she know my suit? I can hardly guess;
 'Tis all in the hand which my life would bless.

A doubt in a spade—may it sweep the crust
 Of all worldly thought to a silent dust;
 May the dust give birth to a flowering hope,
 That shall hold no blight in its aim or scope,
 Until but a single heart I see,
 Which is always the highest card for me.

A diamond lady she says I'd win,
 Though she knows I hold it a shameful sin
 To look for the sparkle which money buys,
 Compared with the light of her own dear eyes;
 When truer meaning and brighter rays
 Flash out in her smile and speech and ways.

"Now shuffle the cards—divide them again,"
 I ask that no fate may divide us twain.
 "There's the Queen of Hearts, so staunch and true;
 I think she lingers to be with you."
 "For life?" I whisper. "No, no," she says;
 "She only follows your fortune's maze."

"Then muse of a wish and shuffle again."
 "You know my wish," is my answering strain.
 "I dare not know it," she says to me;
 "The cards must evoke the prophecy.
 I think you'll have it, though not quite sure,
 For you must not believe *all* a woman's lore."

"Have, done!" I exclaim, "the hour is late;
 In the cards don't lie my future fate:
 It dwells in a certain tender spell
 A magical presence has woven well;
 In a woman's love shall my fortune be,
 Bestowed as the dearest boon for me."

LAST DAYS OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAHAMES."

PART THE SECOND.

I.

A LOST GAME.

"I WAS in the cheese-room on Saturday night when Susan comes to me:

" 'Moffat's here!'

" 'I don't think Clarice will be pleased,' I said; 'she doesn't care for so much courting.'

" 'I never saw such courtin',' says Susan; 'one's standing at one end of the hearthrug an' the other standing at the other end.' And she laughèd quite heartily.

" Well, he stopped a long time. When I came out of the cheese-room the hall door stood open, and I caught sight of Moffat and Clarice going out of the portico. I wondered to see *her* going with him, and I went along the entrance-hall after them out on to the steps, and saw them walking down the avenue, in the moonlight, talking just as usual, quite friendly and agreeable. When Clarice came in she was a bit pale, but there was something different from usual about her, too. I can't tell what.

" 'It's late for Daniel,' I said, 'he was always so regular in his coming and going.'

" 'It is,' says Clarice.

" 'Did Moffat say how the hay looked?'

" 'He said it promised better than Squire Ray's.'

" 'Does he think I shall have a good crop?'

" 'He didn't say, aunt. Good night.'

" And off she goes to bed without more ado. Next day was Sunday. My niece went to church as usual. We'd pork and apple-sauce for dinner.

" 'Was Moffat at church?' I asked, as we sat over it.

" 'I didn't see him, aunt.'

" Monday came. Tuesday night, Clarice sat hemming kitchen towels.

" 'Moffat will be here soon,' I said, for the clock had struck, and it was his time. Clarice looks up quietly:

" 'No, aunt, I think not,' she says.

" 'Why, it's Tuesday, isn't it?' thinking I might have mistaken the day.

" 'It's all over between Moffat and me, aunt.'

" 'Bless me, Clarice! What d'ye say?'

" 'Nothing, aunt, but that Daniel won't come here to see *me* any more.'

" 'Bless me!' I said, like that." And Mrs. Cutter pushed the

buffet from under her feet, and leaned back in her chair by way of illustration.

"But my niece was not a bit put out. She went on working. Not another word came of it. Not a sound was heard as we sat there in that breakfast-room together, but the click of her needle going in and out of the towelling; that was all—click, click."

"It was very strange," said Mrs. Digby.

"Extraordinary indeed!" added Miss Pastison.

"Poor unfortunate Miss Chelmsford!" sighed tender-hearted Miss Euphemia.

"Did you think Mr. Moffat did it?—broke it off, I mean?" asked Mrs. Digby.

"Susan said she was sure Moffat had broken off the engagement because of the necklace."

"A most lamentable affair altogether," said Miss Green.

"Mrs. Cutter, did Mr. Moffat ever kiss Miss Chelmsford?" asked Miss Euphemia.

"Clarice was not of the kissing sort," said the old lady, gravely (I should much have liked to have heard her definition of what she considered the kissing sort). "No, there was nothing of that sort about Clarice."

"Miss Chelmsford must have loved him——"

"I don't know, my dear."

"Perhaps she fretted secretly."

Miss Euphemia was determined to have something interesting in the affair.

"I really can't say; certainly, she was never the same after; her colour left her; her eyes became sunken and hollow; and she grew more and more reserved and melancholy. She would sit with her hands before her, her sewing lying idle on the table for hours at a time, and never speak or stir, only sigh. She seemed weary of everything, hopeless and spiritless altogether."

"Ma'am," said Miss Euphemia, again, suddenly looking up as if a great idea had occurred to her; "could it have been blighted affection for the painter, Mr. What-d'ye-call him?"

"Certainly not," was the decided rejoinder; "Clarice was too cold, too proud to care for anybody; most certainly not." There was a pause, during which the old lady turned her head from side to side meditatively. "I can't make it out, because I never thought she cared much for Moffat. He was a deal older than Clarice, and she used to seem glad when he went away always. I can't tell why she should change so, when it was broken off between them. Once or twice, sitting in the twilight, Clarice has started at some passing shadow, and looked round her as if some strange dread was on her, but when I remarked it, it was always 'Nothing; oh, nothing, aunt.' I think her illness must have been gradually coming over her, though at the last it did take her so suddenly."

"Ah," groaned Miss Euphemia, "but she must have loved him. Disappointed affection was at the bottom of it, I do believe, ma'am."

"She never made any complaint, yet I wish now that at the first I had taken her off somewhere to the seaside, as Moffat once proposed.

I wish I had; she was Cutter's only sister's only child, and now there's no one left on either his side or mine." So always do regrets after what might have been, harrow and agitate the minds of the living. "The day before Clarice was taken ill, she and Susan had one of their squabbles. Clarice was constantly rummaging and ransacking cupboards and drawers for the missing necklace. That day she found a portion of a letter of Moffat's to herself, containing a history of the amulet, in an old press used by Susan. Susan says Bridget might have put it there. Clarice said it had been in the box with the necklace when it was stolen. Susan said she knew nothing of it. Clarice was very angry—I never saw her so angry. She said she'd never rest, either in her grave or out of it, till she brought the theft home to Susan. She burst into a torrent of tears, the only tears I ever knew her shed. She tore her really beautiful hair from its fastenings—it fell in a rich mass on her shoulders, I think I see it now—she wrung her hands, and clasped them over her head. Susan was angry, too. Her face was very white—oh, so white!—and then a quiet smile—only think of it—actually came across her cheek as of resignation. I wonder how Susan could keep so quiet."

Mrs. Cutter gave a sigh and shook nervously.

"Clarice seemed much as usual next day—only dull and brooding. She looked wretchedly ill; but then I didn't wonder that she should. I don't think she had slept since the necklace went.

"She always had her own little teapot to herself at breakfast. She used to sit sopping her toast in her teacup. I saw nothing different that morning from any other. She did say that the toast tasted of yeast, but I did not perceive it myself, and Susan said the bread was right enough. After breakfast, Clarice went into the kitchen to see after the preserves. Suddenly she cried out with a great cry that her inside was on fire—nearly doubling herself up in the force of her agony. Susan was dusting about, and ran to her, finding her writhing and twisting, her face all drawn, and her eyes starting. She screamed, and tried to dash her head against the wall. Oh, dear! dear! This first attack lasted about five minutes, and then she fainted, and, in her insensibility, Susan stood over her and dashed cold water at her livid face."

"Then Susan was sorry."

"Sorry! Oh, my dear, Susan is the most feeling!—the tenderest-hearted creature! She was most attentive to Clarice. She made poultices, and procured hot flannels—doing her very best before the doctor came. But Clarice seemed to have the notion that Susan must be glad to see her suffer, and she turned from her with the wildest abhorrence every time the good, kind soul went near her."

"Quite a case of unaccountable prejudice," said Mrs. Digby.

"When Dickenson arrived, he called it acute inflammation, and all that Susan had done (that is, all she *would* have done) was quite right—quite right. He looked grave, asked many questions, and confessed himself puzzled to account for the excessive severity of the symptoms, for Clarice could only look from one to the other of us, and roll about her bed, and cry out that she should die!—she should die!

"That afternoon, looking round the room, she saw me standing alone beside her. She seized my hand, lifted her face in an agony of terror, and whispered: 'Oh, aunt! aunt! For the love of God don't leave me with

Susan!" I said, 'Clarice! you're not yourself to speak so.' But she sobbed and entreated, and became so excited, that I was convinced her mind was affected. She said she would go away, and leave the Grange free to Susan. She would never come back any more if I would but keep Susan away from her now. She would never say a word about the necklace again, or blame Susan in any way, if she would but leave her alone, and let her live her life out, without that horrible—horrible pain; and then, the attack coming on, she struggled so, that I had to call Susan to hold her, and administer the draught that was to soothe and compose her. Susan lifted her in her arms, as carefully and gently as one would lift an infant, placed the pillow under her head, and propped her up; and Clarice struggled all the while, and, worn out, positively shuddered with repugnance, when she was mastered, and helpless."

"It was pitiful, indeed," said Miss Brown: "And did Susan sit up with her?"

"We all sat up with her. She connected her illness in some way with the amber necklet, and no wonder, for I consider that the constant excitement she had undergone was alone sufficient to cause it, though we little thought it would have terminated so soon."

"Did she ever mention Mr. Moffat?"

"Only as connected with the necklet. A few minutes before she died (whether wandering or not, I do not know), but she murmured the name of 'Cyril Duncombe.' She said it several times, and I wondered exceedingly, because I had never heard that this young man's name was 'Cyril.' That Clarice should think of it at such a time impressed me. Still, very likely she might be dozing, or dreaming. Not long afterwards, she lifted herself with a spasmodic effort upon the pillow, and looked me full in the face. 'Aunt! do you know who it is?' she asked, strangely. 'No, my dear,' I said, just to humour her; 'who is it?' 'Aunt, it's Susan! It's Susan, aunt!' Her words went through me with such a chill, I shall never forget it—never! She never said another word, but became insensible. And to think," the old lady gasped, "that Clarice's very last words should be hard upon poor Susan! Only to think of that, now!"

"It was the day before Clarice was buried—such a bright lovely day. It seemed as if the sunshine was really mocking her as she lay there so still. It would peer in through the corners of the blinds—it would!—and glide right over her poor face. I couldn't bear to see it. Once, when Susan came to bring me something as I stood by the bedside, she nearly fell with the sudden fright it gave her, thinking poor Clarice had come back to life. She's strong enough—Susan is; but she didn't soon get over it, for all that. Where was I? oh, yes. It was that last morning when Ann, the kitchenmaid, came to say Mr. Duncombe was below. I thought there must be some mistake; but there wasn't. 'He had come up from London purposely,' he said, 'to see Clarice once more.' It was strange—was it not?" Mrs. Cutter said, looking up at us in the fast gathering dimness, with an excited twinkle in her eyes. "It was very kind of him. Perhaps, you know, he felt a little grateful because I had doubled the amount of the cheque—Susan was sure of it."

"Yes, ma'am, doubtless that would be the cause of his visit, just to condole with you," observed Mrs. Digby.

"He spoke very feelingly. He had heard of my loss; and when I lifted the cambric handkerchief off her face, he went so white, I thought he would have fallen. Some persons are very much affected, you know, at the sight of death. I must say Clarice did look beautiful—more loveable, gentler, happier, somehow, than I often saw her look in life. She lay, like one of those recumbent figures one sees on the top of ancient tombstones, but far more beautiful than any effigy. There's one of Lady Elfrida Whittingham in Burrell church, with the ruff round her throat. Her nose was broken off before ever I came to the Grange, and her hands and feet too. Clarice had quite a smile on her lips. Mr. Duncombe said it seemed quite a pity anything so fair should be hidden away in darkness. Heh?" Mrs. Cutter gave a little cry, in the earnest burst of vitality with which she uttered these words: "How we mortals do cling to mortality!"

"It was strange about the blossoms," she went on again. "It might have been that the wind was high; only looking down the avenue not a leaf stirred that day. Certainly the window was open. At any rate, I went to speak to Susan on the landing, leaving Mr. Duncombe standing beside the coffin, and, when I returned, the bed was scattered over with withered blossoms."

"It seemed typical," quoth Miss Euphemia.

"Well, before he left, I took the opportunity of asking Mr. Duncombe his christian name. He said it was 'Cyril.' Now, how could Clarice have known that? I did not."

The reasoning that connected the knowledge of the two on such a point did not seem to me very conclusive.

"And you're satisfied there was nothing between them?"

"Quite satisfied, my dear."

"Oh, ma'am! why did you not ask Mr. Duncombe about the necklace?"

"My dear, it would have been casting a doubt upon the circumspection of my niece—a doubt that I never felt. Even if such a thing should have chanced, it was too late then to be of any service; the amulet must have been beyond our reach."

"So she's gone! Poor Clarice! Cutter's only sister's only child, and it grieves me to think that she died, as you may say, with hard words on her lips against my good, true, faithful Susan."

"Did Susan often go and look at Miss Chelmsford when she was dead?" Miss Green asked.

"My dear, when Clarice was dead, Susan regretted many a hot impatient word. Let our conduct have been as perfect as it may, when death comes we never fail to see something that might have been better done; some hasty word we would fain never have spoken, or wicked thought that is bitterness in our recollection. It is so easy to misunderstand our fellow-creatures—so difficult always to withhold the judgment that is forbidden us of our Father—that surely there is not one among us, erring creatures that we are, that have not harshly misjudged our neighbour."

One thing at least was clear: the deceased lady had failed to engage the sympathies of her aunt, which were but too plainly enlisted on the other side.

II.

THE SHADOWS OF THE GRANGE.

It was fast getting dark. The great trees waved their sombre branches, through which the moonbeams dimly strayed, casting mysterious figures that moved solemnly to and fro over the carpet, and, gliding along the walls, flickered over the carved faces of the ceiling, that seemed to mouth at us as they died out, while another and another came sweeping by, following fast in a train of ghostly glimmerings.

We sat, a silent, pale-faced group, gazing into the dingy depths of the garden, or glancing aside at each other. From a distant part of the park the song of some lonely bird rose again and again with a clear thrilling cry, and seemed to say, "All lost, lost! all lost, lost!" while the wind went moaning with a dirge-like wail as of an uneasy spirit. As we sat wrapped in the dreary illusion of the time and place, a huge black bough, heavy and massive among the trees, weighed slowly down towards us like a gigantic arm—down, down, slowly down—held as it were by some unseen grasp, seeming to warn us, and, like a funereal plume, swept the window.

Miss Green started, Miss Euphemia gave a little terrified scream, Mrs. Digby clasped her hands, Miss Pastison covered her white face with her fingers, I shivered. It was the old lady spoke; the quietness of her tone and air seemed mildly to rebuke us.

"There are many things one sees and hears, living in the country in an old house like this year after year, one does not quite understand." And she smoothed her hands down her apron. "You know, my dears, it could but be the wind among the branches."

We felt reproved to be called back to realities by one whose faculties might well be supposed to be on the decline.

"Then you could never find any one likely to take the necklace but cook?" said Mrs. Digby, as if to turn the subject back.

"There could be no one else. I had not had Bridget so very long. Dick has been on the land over forty years. Susan advised me to part with Bridget quietly; so I gave her her mourning, and would have sent her home to her relatives without any fuss, for at my age [pathetically] one longs for quiet. But it got into the village. People were quite excited somehow. The butcher and the baker, all the tradespeople, were full of it. But Susan always said, 'Let it pass, ma'am—let it pass. Miss Chelmsford's dead and gone, and what's the use.' I shall always feel grateful to Susan for so supporting me. I heard that the village children hooted—ay, and pelted—the poor woman out of Burrell. I am sorry—I am grieved—that it should have been so."

No one replied. A strange dread had gathered over us—an oppression as on the very beating of our hearts. I felt it chilling every energy; I struggled against it with an impatient scorn, yet could not cast it off. My ears tingled with acute listening, my eyes ached with painful peering through the shadows. I felt as if there was another listener concealed in the gloom that we none of us calculated for. I longed to rouse myself. The horror—for it was nothing less—was more than earthly;

the spell as of another world was on us. Glancing at my companions, I saw them sitting with fixed and ashen faces, like so many creatures under the magic wand of enchantment, all but our hostess, and she was gazing dreamily out of the window.

With a great effort I turned in my chair, and beheld a dark figure drawn up in the doorway. How long it might have been there who can tell! for while I gazed it stood fixed, and seemed to make but one of the shadows of that strange chamber. Moving my head to gaze more keenly, lo! a flickering ray of moonlight flashed upon two eyes that stared into mine, and saw themselves discovered, and forth from the darkness stalked a tall form of unmistakable flesh and blood, while the words came blandly:

"Ma'am! the supper's served!"

"Susan! oh, Susan! is it you? How you frightened us!" exclaimed Mrs. Digby. "You good creature! we'd forgotten all about the supper."

"So I said," added Mrs. Cutter, as we rose from our seats, the abigail having withdrawn, "Susan, you can take poor Clarice's picture down, and hang it in her sitting-room. Our looking at it won't bring her back again, and it's painful to me to recal her sufferings."

"Hah!" sighed romantic Miss Euphemia, with a comfortable sort of sorrow, as we seated ourselves to a dainty supper of hot viands, "poor Miss Chelmsford! Who knows but that it may have been a case of broken heart, after all!"

"I think not, my dear," the old lady replied. "Clarice was not of that sort."

It was a merry supper. The gloom that had weighed us down and oppressed us, so long as the shadows could be seen and their dulness felt, vanished with the six wax candles in the breakfast-room and the blaze of the ruddy fire that leaped and flickered with a joyful glare over the walls, and lit up into lurid life the pictures of knights and ladies of a forgotten era, whose awkward armour and stiff frills must have rendered their own repasts a process of daily torture, and in whose eyes a sort of dim scorn flashed in the mysteries of the firelight, while they blandly watched us.

Mrs. Digby joked and laughed pleasantly, told funny tales about John Junket; she seemed to keep up a running-fire chatter, as if to shut out serious thoughts. Miss Green and Miss Pastison had a little argument about the relative merits and difficulties of tatting and knitting, which ended, of course, in Miss Pastison amiably retracting all she had previously said, and asserting the most contradictory things in the most perfect good faith. Miss Euphemia and I had a sentimental and friendly chat upon the various aspects of marrying for love, and for money; Miss Euphemia advocating the most rash and imprudent proceedings in her devotion to the blind god, and I, doubtless to her disgust, recommending the most cautious and matter-of-fact views. It is agreeable, rather than otherwise, to hear a woman laud and extol the beauties of disinterested affection. I was amused on hearing Miss Euphemia enter on her wild flights of imagination, for a certain generosity clothed them, and I said a vast deal more than I meant, or was likely to mean, just that she might contradict and argue with me.

And watching us all, her bright black eyes glancing everywhere at once, joining in first with one then with another, sat our hostess Mrs. Cutter; while gliding softly in and out, noiselessly intent upon our requirements, went Susan, the faithful domestic.

It was past ten o'clock when we came laughing merrily out of that dreary porch; and the dismal trees, now matted together in their shady gloom, were wrapped meditatively, relieved here and there by a stray moonbeam toying with the straggling leaves, when a bend or a break let it through, or the glisten of a trickling stream of water, that gurgled softly at the roots of the trees. Gaily overhead the glorious moon went mounting higher and higher, up imaginary mountains in the heavens, that gradually closed over it and left the earth in shadow, until she suddenly emerged, looking down from the summit of a gigantic ridge, surrounded with a halo of glittering haze, with gossamer scrolls and ripples of molten silver, through which the radiant stars peeped lovingly, dancing on the glassy waters of Whitingham Mere, while the dark trees, banded together along the banks, looked chidingly down, as in stern rebuke, at the unseemly frivolity of nature.

We reached the gates at the end of the avenue, when Miss Pastison gave a little scream of consternation.

"Sophronia, dear, I have actually left my wool-basket on the table up-stairs!"

There was nothing for it, but that I should at once return; but a difficulty arose with Mrs. Digby, that lady being convinced she had seen it in Matilda's hands on leaving the Grange. So all the ladies searched their pockets and flapped about their shawls, and Miss Pastison ventured again mildly to assert what there was not the slightest reason to doubt. At length it was decided that Miss Pastison should return with me to the Grange, and the rest of the party were to walk leisurely on, for us to overtake.

III.

AN OLD LETTER.

MRS. CUTTER was passing along the hall, lamp in hand, probably on her way to bed, as Miss Pastison tapped hesitatingly at the door, or we might have had to repeat our afternoon experience, so far as delay went.

I sat down on a fallen stone outside the steps, smoking out my cigar while my companion entered the mansion, and went in quest of her wool-basket.

Listening to the stillness of the summer night, watching the mysterious shades and shadows, and the curious freaks and illusions of the moonlight, I seemed to see Miss Chelmsford going down the avenue with Moffat, as Mrs. Cutter had said, returning alone, passing the stone whereon I sat, her very dress, perhaps, brushing the grass that grew rankly about it, a quiet pallor on her face, as of heart-sick disappointment. I do not know why, for the description we had had of this Clarice Chelmsford was strongly tintured, and her character had not been drawn in the most attractive light, but somehow I pitied this lonely woman, shut out from all sympathy in that isolated place. So I sat

thinking, watching the flicker and flutter of the leaves reflected in the moonlit grass at my feet, when a hand was laid familiarly on my shoulder.

I started up, thinking at once of Miss Pastison; but it was Susan, a little white handkerchief tied loosely round her head.

"She's been tellin' about *her*," she said, in a confidential sort of whisper, as if she were my bosom friend, and was imparting to me a piece of information.

I gently disengaged myself, and went on smoking.

"Did she say who stole the necklace?" as if ignorant of my taciturnity.

"Why do you ask me?" I said, vexed at being disturbed in my reverie.

"Folks come, and folks go, and missus talks an' talks, an' tells th' same long moidering tale over and over again, that's why," she said, drearily.

"What business is it of yours?" I asked, snappishly.

"Lauk, man!" staring blankly in my face, "you don't know. Why it's *me* as could tell, not missus."

"Then why don't you tell?"

"Why should I? Folks come, and missus 'moiders 'em. Everybody as comes to th' Grange must hear talk on *her*. I say what's th' use. Can't they let her be quiet?"

"It shows, at least, that Mrs. Cutter regrets her niece."

She gave a strange wild laugh.

"Does it! A deal you know, or are like to know. I say it sets folks thinking; and what's th' use? Who cares about th' amber necklace?"

"Then why should *you* trouble yourself?"

"Why? because I *know*, and missus doesn't, that's why. Didn't I see her give it herself to Duncombe—eh?"

"What, Mrs. Cutter?"

"Lauk a mercy, no, Miss Chelmsford. Why, Mr. Duncombe—him as painted her picture—and her met under th' apple-tree—the third from th' gates, near th' Avenue. They talked there all th' afternoon. Didn't I see them? makin' fun o' Moffat, shameful. Ask Dick Gibbs, if you'll not believe *me*."

She spoke by jerks; then she paused, and searchingly scanned my face.

"You don't believe it—not you. Lauk! how queer folks are. Well, then, will you believe your own eyes, if you won't mine? See here!" And fumbling in an inner pocket she carefully drew forth the fragment of a letter that had been torn hastily across, probably in the act of being thrown away.

At a glance I saw that it was the writing of an educated man.

"Could you meet me
apple-tree. I ask it of you
yet once again. Bring with you
gracious disposition in this matter
the amber necklace go with me in my

"CYRIL DU

"But this proves nothing," I said, looking lingeringly at the torn signature, and remembering how Mrs. Cutter had marvelled at her niece's knowing the artist's christian name. "What do you make of it?"

"Didn't I tell you they met under th' apple-tree? And isn't it down there?"

"It certainly seems to propose some such meeting."

"Didn't I tell you she give him th' necklace? And isn't it down there? Doesn't the letter tell her to bring it with her for him to take away with him? And then for her to come and make the fuss she did, rummaging, and rammaging, and ransacking th' old house out o' th' windows, when she'd give it away her own self! Oh, fie for shame!—for shame! Lor! what some folks can do!" And Susan lifted her eyes and hands simultaneously, as if in mute protestation against the wickedness of the world.

I rose, turned round, and confronted her.

"Do you mean to say Miss Chelmsford gave Mr. Duncombe that necklace?"

"Of course I do." And she glared back at me.

"Then why did you not tell this openly? If it be so, there are ways of tracking it even yet."

"You're just like the rest of 'em," she said, impatiently. "Wasn't it missus' niece, and am not I a poor servant? They were none so fond, not they, but blood's thicker than water. Bless me! when I did hint it once to missus, for all she looks so quiet, she was right angry."

"But you allowed Bridget to be falsely accused—wrongfully discharged. In justice to her——"

"Lauk, you're just like the rest of 'em. Justice be hanged! What harm did it do Bridget? Anyways, let the matter rest. What business is it o' mine or yours? Th' necklace is gone. Moffat's gone nobody knows where. *She's* dead; let her lie, and leave her alone. But when I hear missus maundering over it, lau, I've no patience! It sets folks a-thinking, an' stirring up things as might as well be let lie. That all."

"But what harm does it do you, Susan?"

"I tell you I hate to think of her," said the woman, with a sudden burst of passion. "That's the harm it does. Goin' right across th' room wi' her head up, I think I see her now"—and Susan stalked a few steps over the grass, as in exulting mockery—"never so much as looking at you, as if you was dirt under her feet—never givin' you a word, say what you would to vex or plague her—a stuck-up, purse-proud madam as hadn't a penny of her own! Which is th' best o' us two, now, I ask you—her or me, as she thought so little on? Ay, I tell you, when I think of it, I'm fair ready to go and jump on her grave, I am!"

The passion of the woman was so revolting that I turned away, a cold repugnance creeping over me.

Then she began to cry and whine.

"They say we're to give good for evil; th' minister said so last Sunday. I thought as I sat in th' pew, and him bobbin' over at me, 'if she'd set herself up at *you*, would *you* a liked it any better than I did? Tell me that. It's easy to preach, but it's hard to hold your tongue

when you're put on.' So am not I doin' what th' minister says when I tell missus, 'Let her alone?' No, I'm but a poor servant, but I'll never be put on. There's law for me as well as *her*. I'll not be trod on—I'll not be put on—by nobody—nobody." And her voice going higher and shriller, ended in a sort of shriek.

Glancing over the lonely garden and the shadowy trees so hushed and silent, I wondered at her self-complacency in so dreary and ghostly a desolation. I felt that I was not competent to judge this woman. From what I had heard that night, Susan might, indeed, have had much to bear, much to make the best of, which to a person of her strong feelings would yield strong results. Popular opinion reported her as truly devoted to her aged mistress, possessed of many and varied virtues in the conscientious discharge of her duties as a reliable and thoroughly confidential servant. She had influential and disinterested friends, ready to observe and take advantage of the slightest dereliction of duty on her part, and—I turned from her with a shudder.

"Good night," I said, civilly, as Miss Pastison rejoined me, and I pretended not to observe the hand that Susan somewhat forwardly thrust towards me.

We reached the gates, and then I turned round to look back. I saw Susan standing where I had left her in the moonlight, the ghostly radiance falling with a silvery sheen upon her face, the great trees and the old house forming the dismal surroundings.

"How fortunate Mrs. Cutter is in the possession of such a treasure!" said Miss Pastison, with her usual amiability, seeing me look back at her. "Very!"

"But what was that?"

Ay, what was it. It sounded like a low laugh, wafted distinctly to us in the still night air.

"It must be Mrs. Digby. Your dear sister has such a laugh, Mr. Symperton!"

Not half a mile farther on, by Whittingham Mere, we found Mrs. Digby and her companions sitting quietly on the little bridge, listening to the water softly lapping the banks, the transitory merriment of the evening all over.

"We could hear you laugh, Sophronia, as we left the Grange avenue," said Miss Pastison; "and positively, in that dreary place, do you know, it sounded like an absolute mockery."

"It was not I laughed," said Mrs. Digby, sadly. "I think if I lived at Whittingham Grange I should never laugh any more, Matilda."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROJECTED EXPEDITIONS TO THE NORTH POLE.

ENGLISH—GERMAN—FRENCH.

HITHERTO, with the exception of a few adventurous and successful expeditions of research carried out by the Russians and Americans, Arctic and Polar discovery has been almost peculiarly the province of British enterprise. The two Rosses, Parry, Franklin, Beechey, Back, Moore, Kellett, Belcher, Collinson, Austin, McClure, McClintock, Inglefield, Ommanney, and Sherard Osborn have more particularly rendered their names illustrious by their brilliant and daring achievements.

The almost special object of these expeditions has, however, hitherto been the discovery of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean—a problem solved at last by the perseverance of Collinson, McClure, Austin, and Ommanney, but destined to be carried out, in as far as actual communication is concerned, by an American, and, it is to be hoped, an Anglo-American—Interoceanic Railway. The melancholy and disastrous result of Sir John Franklin's last expedition has been the cause, that since the return of the various expeditions sent out in search of the remains of our gallant countrymen all new projects have for a time been utterly abandoned.

In 1865, however, Captain Sherard Osborn, encouraged by the discovery of a supposed Polynia or open sea, said to abound in animal life, north of Greenland, revived the old project of a journey to the North Pole. This project, at first favourably received, was opposed by the German geographer Petermann, who advocated the old line of navigation adopted by Barentz between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. And still more recently a French navigator—Captain Gustave Lambert—has advocated an attempt to reach the North Pole by Behring's Straits, beyond which it is supposed, from the researches of Wrangel, Anjou, Kellett, Moore, and others, there exists land to the northward, and an open sea to an unknown extent westwards. A subscription-list to raise 600,000 francs (25,000*l.*), the minimum which is deemed necessary to carry out the proposed object, has been now opened for some time; and, supported as the project is by the imperial government and the Geographical Society of France, there are reasons to hope that an expedition which cannot but be productive of welcome additions to our geographical and scientific acquaintance with a very interesting portion of the Arctic Ocean—that which extends between Herald and Plover's land and islands, recently claimed as a new discovery by the captain of an American whaler, and Liaknow Islands or New Siberia, supposing even

that the actual North Pole be neither reached nor crossed—will be successfully carried out. It is in our memory that the discovery of the North Magnetic Pole, on the shores of Boothia, was celebrated at Vauxhall by scenic effects lit up by fireworks, in which a British sailor, after the transpontine idea of what that admirable character is supposed to be, planted the British flag upon the real pole, to the plaudits of a vast assemblage of ignorant Cockneys. It would be passing strange if, after all that has been accomplished by British perseverance, endurance, and skill, we should have to assist at some still more brilliant ceremony in the Champ de Mars in commemoration of the positive passage of a French ship over the North Pole, or the planting of the tricolor flag on the earth's axis!

Captain Sherard Osborn first called the attention of the Royal Geographical Society to what he termed the perfect practicability of an exploration of the blank space around our Northern Pole on the 23rd of January, 1865. The arguments for this practicability were founded upon the presumed existence of an open sea in the extreme north; Captain Osborn ranking the discovery of a supposed Polynia, and the fact that Providence has peopled the Arctic regions to the extreme latitude yet reached, and that the animals upon which they subsist are there likewise, in winter as well as summer, as one, with the Magnetic Pole and the course of the gulf and ice streams, of the great results of the labours and researches of Arctic explorers, and which have been sneered at by some as merely adding so many miles of unprofitable coast-line to our charts.

The existence of an open Polar sea has been ably combated by Dr Rink in the Royal Geographical Society's Journal, xxviii. p. 272 *et seq.*; but Mr. Markham has, on the other hand, collated a table (Proceed. R.G.S., vol. ix. No. ii.) showing that many navigators have at various times been between five or six hundred miles of the Pole. It appears, indeed, from this table that stout old Dutch and English skippers vowed they had been as far north as the 88th deg., some to 83 deg. north (Sir Edward Parry's extreme in the boats *Enterprise* and *Endeavour* in 1827 was 82 deg. 45 min. north), and many into the 82nd parallel; indeed, one old sailor declared to Master Moxon, "hydrographer to Charles II. of glorious memory, that he had sailed two degrees beyond the Pole! But it is only fair to add that this was said in dreamy Amsterdam, over strong Dutch beer."

The whole gist of the comparative value of Captain Sherard Osborn's English, Augustus Petermann's German, and Gustave Lambert's French projects, lays in the question of the direction in which a Polar expedition should be undertaken with the least risk and expense, and the greatest probability of success, and in the mode in which such an exploration should be carried out. Sir Edward Parry in his boat expedition from Spitzbergen in 1827 stood upon a floating sea of ice on the night of July 22nd, being then in latitude 82 deg. 45 min. north, exactly four hundred and thirty-five geographical miles from the Pole. He was constrained to give up the attempt, simply, it is said, because the ice was being swept faster to the south than his men could drag their boats to the north. Captain Osborn says "simply," but if we can conceive difficulties in the way of an approach to the North Pole, the first would be an impenetrable barrier of land or ice, which could be triumphed over by sledges or other

means, and if on terra firma possibly with success; but if on ice, and the ice travels south faster than a sledge can proceed northwards, it is impossible to imagine a more insuperable difficulty to progress in the latter direction. The fact is, however, that sledge expeditions should be undertaken in winter—"winter black as danger, and terrible as night"—for past experience tells us that, instead of starting on such a journey in June, Parry ought to have wintered in Spitzbergen, and started for the north in February; and such is the perfection to which Arctic sledge equipment has been brought, that the weights would be infinitely less for the men to drag, whilst the provisions would last for months instead of weeks.

Captain Sherard Osborn, however, disapproves of efforts being made to reach the polar area by sledges from Spitzbergen, on the ground that there are no known lands north of the island, and consequently no fixed points for depôts of provisions; whereas, in Smith Sound, we have a starting-point one hundred and twenty miles nearer to the Pole, and there is good ground for believing in a further extension of continents or islands to the north. The floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no icebergs proper in their embrace. This tells us that no extensive lands lie upon that meridian; for the iceberg is a creation of the land, born of a glacier, and not of the sea; whereas these icebergs abound in Smith Sound; and the glaciers, as Kane advanced northward, appeared to increase rather than diminish in extent, which would not be the case if the land ended abruptly near the Humboldt Glacier, in 80 deg. north latitude. Those vast accumulations of snow and fresh-water ice, designated by the latter term, and their beautiful creations the iceberg, tell us of great lands with lofty mountains and deep valleys, retaining the moisture and snow-drifts of ages, and promise that continuity of coast-line, and that frozen seaboard, which it is declared is alone needed to enable our explorers to reach the Pole in safety. Greenland, therefore, and not Spitzbergen, is the direction Captain Sherard Osborn advocates.

It is not, at the same time, the gallant captain observes, that there is nothing to reward the explorer in the direction of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla, for there is much yet to be seen and done there in scientific research. The bugbear of Arctic navigation is being gradually dispelled. "A Cruise in High Latitudes," and "A Season among the Walruses," encourage us to hope, that where yachtsmen have not hesitated to go for pleasure, and where poor Norwegian fishermen yearly sail in almost open boats for hides, ivory, and the more precious livers of Arctic sharks, which produce the article known in commerce and at the bedside of the sick, as "pure cod-liver oil," it is possible others will yet wend their way for love of science, and add to our knowledge of the laws of electricity, light, magnetism, temperature, and winds. If this applies to the Nova Zemblan Sea, so it does also with additional strength to the Siberian Polynia, or open sea, the navigation of which to the North Pole is advocated by the French geographers.

Captain Osborn argues that apart from mere proximity to the Pole, there are other conditions which recommend the route *viâ* Smith Sound. A considerable extent of water was found to exist at Cape Constitution in the early summer. Recent Arctic explorations have shown that this

is no great novelty. Dr. Kane believes this water to be very extensive, but Captain Osborn is sceptical upon that point, and he says as the Pole is within reach, whether Kane's Polynia be great or small, he will not urge the facilities which open water offers to boat-navigation. The future explorer might hail open water if it were found to exist along the shores of Grinnell Land; but, if not, he would be well satisfied with plenty of ice, and merely pray that the mainland, or off-lying islands, should be found to exist as far as the 87th parallel. And there is, he holds, more chance—far more chance—of that being the case, than of any open sea round the Arctic Pole.

Kane's Polynia, it is admitted, exists, where there is a far greater abundance of animal and vegetable life than was found to exist round the "water-holes" of Regent's Inlet, Wellington Channel, or Lancaster Sound. The possibility, therefore, of future explorers of Smith Sound being able to vary their dietary with the flesh of deer, bear, seal, or wild-fowl, is an important recommendation to the route in question.

In this meridian, too, we find human life extending to a higher latitude than in any known direction. A fine tribe of Arctic savages was first discovered by Sir John Ross in latitude 75 deg. 35 min. north, longitude 65 deg. 32 min. west, in his voyage of 1818. Ross christened this isolated section of the great Esquimaux race, "Arctic Highlanders." These Highlanders are a hearty, healthy race, who slay bear, seal, and walrus, with bone spears and harpoons, but they have no boats, and they believe it is all ice to the south of them! A beneficent providence has so arranged it that, from the action of oceanic currents, and the destruction of the ice-fields by the large icebergs thrown off from the glaciers constantly sailing through them, there is always, even in the depth of a polar winter, some open water to be found in the regions inhabited by these highlanders, and in it walrus, bear, and seal. Without this open water they would all perish in a single winter.

Captain Osborn lays stress upon the preference to be given to this route over any other, not only upon the existence of these Arctic Highlanders in high latitudes, and who could aid as hunters and sledge-drivers, but also upon the fact that the Danish settlements extend along the coast of Greenland as high as 72 deg. north. Kane, in open boats, carried off his men in safety to Upernavik, when it became imperative to do so; other navigators could do likewise, if any accidents occurred to their ships in Smith Sound.

Dr. Petermann argues against the route by Smith Sound that the seas east and west of Spitzbergen offer the shortest route to the North Pole from Great Britain, and that these seas form by far the widest, indeed, the only oceanic opening into the chief, the central polar regions, and to the North Pole. They offer, for that reason alone, the easiest and most practicable and navigable of all openings for vessels into the Polar regions.

The Spitzbergen seas are, according to the German geographer, more free from ice than any other part of the Arctic or Antarctic seas in the same latitude, the parallel of 80 deg. north being every year accessible, even to small craft, with certainty and safety. In Smith Sound the combined efforts of British and American expeditions have only reached

to 78 deg. 45 min. north latitude in vessels, and to about 81 deg. in sledges.

English and American hydrographers, it is to be remarked upon this statement, are at variance as to the latitude to be assigned to Cape Constitution and Cape Parry, the two extremes discovered by Kane. If the American computation is correct, Cape Constitution is in 81 deg. 22 min. north, and the point seen on the west land would be in about 82 deg. 30 min. north, or just four hundred and fifty miles from the Pole. But Admiral Collinson, Captain George, and Mr. Arrowsmith, place Cape Constitution in latitude 80 deg. 56 min. north, and crediting Morton's vision with a range of sixty miles, fixing Cape Parry in latitude 81 deg. 56 min. only, a distance of four hundred and eighty-four miles from the Pole. Captain Osborn very properly accepts this last estimate as the distance to be dealt with, and declares Cape Parry and Grinnell Land as his assurance of the perfect possibility of reaching the Pole.

Despite these most determined efforts, Petermann, however, goes on to argue, very little progress has been made in that direction since the days of Baffin, two hundred and forty-nine years ago, who, in 1616, attained about 78 deg. north latitude, nearly as far as the recent expeditions of Inglefield, Kane, and Hayes, though the two latter went with the avowed purpose to reach the North Pole.

From Spitzbergen to the northward the sea is encumbered more or less with drift-ice, which offers just as much or as little impediment to navigation as other seas of the like nature, for example, Baffin's Bay. From the concurrent testimony of the most recent, as well as former navigators, according to Petermann, much less ice is met with in the Spitzbergen seas during the spring and autumn than in the height of summer, and at certain times the seas are entirely free of ice.

A sea of the extent and depth as the one north of Spitzbergen (Sir E. Parry found no bottom with five hundred fathoms), swept by mighty currents, and exposed to the swell of the whole Atlantic, will never, according to the same writer, not even in winter, be entirely frozen over, or covered with solid ice fit to travel on with sledges, but will be more free of ice, and more open, than the ice-bound, choked-up labyrinth of the chief scene of the Franklin search, 20 deg. south of the Pole. On the supposition that Captain Phipps's main or heavy ice extended to the North Pole, Sir E. Parry's expedition in 1827 was founded. Instead, however, of finding any solid ice upon which to reach the North Pole in sledge-boats, he found no heavy ice at all, but only loose drift-ice, half the thickness of that at Melville Island; so that he came to the conclusion "a ship might have sailed to the latitude of 82 deg. almost without touching a piece of ice."

Petermann (as does also Captain Jansen, a distinguished officer in the Dutch navy) attaches far more importance to the testimony of the old Dutch and English skippers than Captain Osborn. He believes that from Sir E. Parry's farthest point in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude a navigable sea extends far away to the north, even to beyond the Pole; and he says the general correctness of the old Dutch navigators, and the non-discovery of any land, speak in their favour, as it is well known that navigators and maritime explorers are in general much more predisposed to discover land than to have to report upon the continuation of the sea.

But rejecting these old accounts altogether, Sir E. Parry's position in 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in a perfectly navigable sea, remains, he observes, an unassailable fact, from which point to the North Pole, a distance of only four hundred and thirty-five miles, cannot be more difficult to navigate than a like distance in Baffin's Bay, or in any other Polar sea of similar extent.

All facts connected with the geography of the Arctic regions, whether as regards the extent of actual exploration or the observations on the currents, climate, drift-ice, and drift-wood, lead, he says, to the conclusion that the regions under the Pole, and as far as Spitzbergen, consist of an expanse of sea, and not land. But even if land should be found under the Pole, an expedition by way of Spitzbergen reaching it could extend the exploration by means of sledges; whereas sledge expeditions finding open water like that of Parry, or as in the case of the repeated attempts of Wrangell and Anjou in the Siberian Sea, would be defeated, and must inevitably fail, and return.

But it might be said in case of a sledge-party meeting open water, as in the case of Parry, and of Wrangell, and Anjou's expeditions in the Spitzbergen and Siberian Seas, would there not be much greater chance for their safe return with land in their proximity than in an open sea, where they might be carried by the movement of the floe out of the direction of the ship? To this Petermann answers that from the total absence of drift-wood north of Smith Sound, he concludes that those inlets can have no connexion with the Polar Sea on the Asiatic side and off the continental coast of North America, and that a neck of land not far to the north of Cape Parry, as seen by Morton in 82 deg. north latitude, turns those waters into a bay. The supposition of land stretching from Cape Parry as far as the North Pole is, he says, a mere speculation, founded on nothing but the wish that such should be the case. It would be a matter of regret if the success of an expedition should be staked on such a speculation.

But it may be said in reply to this that the prolongation northwards of the land seen at Cape Parry is no more a speculation than Petermann's conclusion, that a neck of land, which no one has seen, not far to the north of the said cape, turns the waters at the head of Smith Sound into a bay. And even granting that such were the case, the said neck of land must have a north coast-line as well as a south or south-westerly one, and, however narrow the presumed neck of land might be, that coast-line would constitute a nearer starting-point for the North Pole than any other known land, and would constitute the safest means of retreat in case of failure or disaster. Spitzbergen and the continental land of Siberia, prolonged by Capes Taïmyr and Tcheliousskin, present the next nearest territorial places of refuge to the North Pole; but there can be little doubt that Captain Osborn is correct in surmising that the north end of Greenland, or islets beyond, stretch nearest of all other land to the Pole. This has been satisfactorily shown to be the case to an extent of many miles; how far farther is truly a matter of conjecture. There is no room for conjecture with regard to Spitzbergen and Siberia, and the configuration of the known portions of Greenland and Grinnell Lands make it more than a speculation that they extend still farther north, even accord-

ing to Petermann's views of the subject, although how far to the north becomes, as before said, a mere matter of conjecture.

We are arguing this only in connexion with the safety of the expedition; for we are not prepared to say that a sea of limited extent, like Smith Sound, encumbered with ice and icebergs, can present the same facilities for navigation as a more open sea under favourable circumstances. All that we venture to propound is that, keeping to the western or weather-shore in preference to the eastern or lee-shore, in accordance with a well-known Arctic canon, there would be greater safety for a ship in Smith Sound than in an open sea; and with land approaching nearer to the North Pole than at any other known point of the globe, so also there would be greater chances of reaching that Pole.

But this does not affect the question as to whether there are greater probabilities of reaching the North Pole by water than by land. Captain Osborn, we have seen, argues that the floes which drift down upon Spitzbergen from the north contain no icebergs proper in their embrace, and that the presence of such (and they abound in Smith Sound) is essential to the breaking up and destruction of the ice-fields. Petermann, on the other hand, quotes Dr. Whitworth, surgeon of the *Truelove* of Hull, who reached, in 1837, the latitude of 82 deg. 30 min. north, in 12 deg. to 15 deg. east longitude, and who says: "I am satisfied that the probability of reaching the Pole by water is much greater than by land, for we had in 82½ deg. an open sea to the north-east quite free from ice; no apparent obstruction presented itself to our progress; we might have reached the Pole with the same ease and safety that we reached the latitude we were then in. A screw steamer properly constructed, well manned, and efficiently commanded, would prove the practicability of the attempt in a voyage of three months, and might, in addition to its main object, discover new fishing-grounds to the east of Spitzbergen for our whalers. The months should be April, May, and June. In July the navigation of the Arctic Ocean becomes dangerous from the dense fogs which prevail."

There is a very important argument in favour of the Spitzbergen route, which is that, in addition to being the shortest and most direct, and that the practicability of the attempt would be shown in the space of a few months, such an expedition might be got up at an expense of less than 10,000*l.*; whereas the French estimate theirs at 20,000*l.*, and an expedition by Smith Sound would be little less costly. Sir E. Parry's expedition, as far as 82 deg. 45 min. north latitude, in the Spitzbergen Sea, the highest point yet reached by any well-authenticated expedition, only took six months from the river Thames and back, and only cost 9977*l.*

Petermann's views of the ice formations of the Polar seas are very plausible. They are to the effect, that the ice formed on the coasts and in the ocean every winter is, towards the end of that season, set in motion to lower latitudes, where it rapidly melts away. Vessels proceeding towards the Pole in the spring and summer—and hitherto only these seasons have been selected for Polar voyages—encounter those ice-streams generally in their furthest limits towards the equator, in latitudes where the ice is entirely absent in winter, and where little is found in the

spring and autumn. This is the case in every Polar sea of any extent, and with a ready access and egress. All the ice, indeed, whether in the form of drifting icebergs or floes, of field ice or barriers, forms a movable band of two degrees to six degrees of latitude in width, beyond which the sea is more or less free of ice, and not filled up with it, as is popularly supposed. According to this view of the subject there would be a winter Polynia and a summer Polynia. Vessels pushing through the summer belt or barrier of ice, as Captain Lambert proposes to do in the Siberian Sea, will find a navigable sea in the highest latitudes, and no doubt to the Pole itself, if an extensive sea reaches that point. So Petermann argues in like manner: vessels penetrating through the floating ice, at or near Spitzbergen, will find a clear and navigable sea before them as far as the North Pole.

A sledge expedition, starting from Smith Sound, Petermann argues, would at the best be only able to follow the sinuosities of some small intricate channels like those to the south-west; whereas a vessel from the Spitzbergen Sea would have access to the whole Polar area as far as the sea extends. An expedition like that of Sir James C. Ross to the Antarctic Ocean, would open to our knowledge the whole central area from Spitzbergen to Behring's Strait, and from the Siberian coast to the Western, the American boundary of the Arctic basin!

An efficient screw-vessel might, in the proper season of the year, accomplish a voyage from the River Thames to the North Pole and back—or to any land beyond the North Pole trending in the direction of Behring's Strait, the Siberian or American coast lines—in two or three months, and at a cost perfectly insignificant as compared with that of any Arctic expedition hitherto despatched through Baffin's Bay.

The supposition that there exists in the sea between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla (*Novaia Zemlia*) an ice barrier, preventing well-appointed vessels from proceeding in that direction northwards, Petermann holds to be a mere fiction and prejudice. There is, indeed, in no Polar sea of any extent, even right under the Pole itself, any such thing as an ice barrier that may not be successfully overcome by an expedition such as would be sent out in the present day. A new expedition to the North Pole by way of Spitzbergen might leave port about the 1st of March, before the drifting masses of ice from the Siberian shores encumber the Spitzbergen seas; it would then have the chance of sailing under favourable circumstances, in one stretch to the North Pole, perhaps in three or four weeks, and arriving there at the beginning of the Polar dawn and summer.

Admiral Sir George Back remarks upon this theory that no man can pretend to say or foretell how far the best equipped steamer, commanded by the most able Arctic officer, could penetrate into the sea north of Spitzbergen through such occasional openings as the current or the winds might produce. The gallant admiral notices the failure of an attempt made by the *Trent* and *Dorothea* in 1818 to force their way to the north-west of Spitzbergen, as also the experience of Dr. Scoresby; but as to the expanse of sea eastward of Spitzbergen, which has not yet been tried with steamers, that route might present greater advantages. Admiral Sir Edward Belcher also expressed his opinion that if Scoresby had pursued a course to the eastward of Spitzbergen, he would have drifted round the Pole! Sir Edward is not in favour of sledge travelling, but if vessels, he

argues, were sent to Spitzbergen, they would be able to finish and report, if not successful, in one season; recruit and start afresh, as Ross did, in the second; and eventually, he had no doubt, they would be able to go to the Pole and back, and return to England within six weeks.

Admiral Collinson, on the other hand, does not believe in Polynias or open seas. It is the drifting of the ice, he says, that leads to the belief in the existence of an open space behind it. Ice occupies a larger space than the water from which it is made; and immediately it is set free from the shore, the wind drives it up, and forces it to the south, and therefore we have that remarkable phenomenon, a downward drift, without any open sea left behind it. Admiral Collinson adheres to the principle which Parry enunciated, that if you want progress in the Polar Sea, you must hold by the land. If Sir James Ross, he says, broke through the icy barrier, it was because there was land beyond it, and that land was the limit of the expanse of the ice.

Admiral Ommanney argues that Smith Sound is very difficult of access, and the sound itself a most dangerous point in Arctic navigation. There is, on the contrary, he says, an open sea round Spitzbergen, and it presents a safe basis from whence the opportunity could be watched for penetrating the ice at a more northerly point than could be reached in any other quarter. Scoresby found an open sea beyond Spitzbergen, and he (Admiral Ommanney) believed that the influence of the Gulf Stream probably extends past Spitzbergen into the Polar Sea. He had picked up a cask of claret off Cape North in the White Sea covered with barnacles and weeds. Admiral Fitzroy, who was also in favour of the Spitzbergen route, believed that the old Dutch navigator sailed close to the North Pole, if not over it in an open sea. The lamented navigator cleverly illustrated the impinging force of the rotatory motion of the earth, which would drive the ice from the Pole to the south by the twirling of a mop.

Captain Maury is in favour of the route proposed by Captain Osborn, upon the sailor-like principle that an expedition by that route could "hold on by what it got." By the Spitzbergen route, he says, "we cannot hold on to what we get." The same distinguished hydrographer believes in an open Polar Sea; yet deductions, he argues, cannot be drawn from the success of Sir James Ross in the Antarctic seas, for there the climate is eminently marine. In the Arctic seas it is continental. The winds which reach the Arctic Ocean arrive dessicated; they are dry winds; it is cold weather there. On the contrary, the winds which reach the Antarctic regions are moist winds. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, expresses his belief that one sledge out of ten might reach the Pole by way of Smith Sound; but no sane man, he added, would in the present day think of going up Baffin's Bay, through Barrow's Strait, or through Smith Sound with ships, in order to get into the Polar Sea. If Arctic discovery by ships is the object, there is only one route to go by, and that is between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. Captain Inglefield, on the other hand, believes in the practicability of the route by Smith Sound. He had been there, and had seen open water as far as the eye could reach.

It is manifest amidst this divergence of opinion among Arctic navigators, and those who have particularly devoted their attention to Arctic

exploration, that the great preponderance of opinions is in favour of an attempt by Spitzbergen. A ship can certainly hold, as the eminent hydrographer Captain Maury has it, by its own, *viâ* Smith Sound, but there is the perplexity as to whether the journey beyond would have to be performed on sledges or in boats, and both would be dangerous—the majority of opinions being in favour of an open sea at the Pole. The route by Spitzbergen presents the advantages of being safer and less costly. The ice barrier in that direction has evidently been passed at previous times, and might therefore be passed again, especially with a point of repair at Spitzbergen, from whence to watch for an opportunity. The feeling that the explorers were safely housed in trustworthy ships when once they got beyond the barrier, would be one of infinite comfort, compared with the idea of M'Clintock and Young, launched with boats and sledges into the unknown regions beyond Smith Sound.

Petermann actually succeeded in obtaining a ship from the Prussian government, with which to carry out the Spitzbergen route, but unfortunately it came to grief before getting clear of the Elbe. It is said that a Mr. Rosenthal, a wealthy merchant of Bremen, is going to supply the means of exploration, and, like our Sir Felix Booth, defray the expenses of this most desirable investigation. The Swedish government are also at this very moment carrying out the measurement of an arc of the meridian, as advocated by General Sabine, and will take the opportunity of watching for an opening by which to slip to the North Pole; so whether the British government, wrapped up, unfortunately, like those of France and Prussia in political and diplomatic jealousies, and struggles for power between peoples, parties, and factions, shall or shall not lend their support to any purely scientific object, there is every probability of something being done and that at a very early date.

We cannot help feeling upon this subject, however (admitting as we do frankly with Captain Gustave Lambert, that science should know no country, that nationalities in such matters are praiseworthy, not objectionable rivalries, like the vast armaments upheld for no purpose but to keep the whole able-bodied men of a country from industrious and wealth-creating labours), with General Sabine, who, in a letter to Captain Osborn, says: "To reach the Pole is the greatest geographical achievement which can be attempted, and I own I should grieve if it should be first accomplished by any other than an Englishman; it will be the crowning enterprise of those Arctic researches in which our country has hitherto had the pre-eminence." Petermann himself also admits that, when some twenty-five years ago, the great French and American expeditions, under Captain D'Urville and Lieutenant Wilkes, were out in the Antarctic Seas, together with Sir James Ross, it was clearly seen that only the English were quite at home in the Polar element; they fearlessly went on with their important explorations for three consecutive years, whereas the other squadrons were always beaten back in their attempts to penetrate towards the South Pole, after a comparatively short time. And surely, the Gotha geographer adds, where the wealth of the nation is so largely indebted to geographical discovery and knowledge, as is the case with England, some little return ought to be made to science. Captain Richards, the hydrographer, also admits that with a great area like the Polar regions at our very threshold, we ought

to find out all about it. He looked, indeed, upon reaching the North Pole as mere child's play in comparison with what had been already achieved, and he did not know why the British nation should not have the honour of completing the discovery. "We are all desirous," said Admiral Collinson, "that this expedition should take place, and look upon it as one that will add to the honour of the country." And Admiral Ommanney expressed his hopes that this country would never allow another nation to anticipate us in this great discovery, after all we have done in expeditions to the Arctic regions. Lady Franklin, whose gallant husband lies buried in the ices of the north, still insists, like a true Englishwoman, that "for the credit and honour of England, the exploration of the North Pole should not be left to any other country. It is the birthright and just inheritance of those who have gone through fifteen years of toil and risk in Arctic seas. The glory that yet remains to be gathered should be theirs; and can there be any moment so fitting as the present? Those accomplished Arctic navigators who have done so much already, are still young in years and ardour, though old and wise as patriarchs, by dint of observation and experience. What future generation will see the like?" Sir R. I. Murchison also says that it specially pertains to our nation, which, by the conduct of its bold and skilful voyagers, has delineated on the Map of the World the outlines of land and water over so large an area of the Arctic regions, to complete this grand survey, by an endeavour to hoist the union jack at the North Pole itself.

Captain Gustave Lambert, the projector of the French expedition, on the other hand, declares that, as a sailor, he would be wanting in a kind of duty of competence, if he did not express his fear of failure of an attempt made by way of Nova Zembla. "If I was to be given a vessel," he says, "with orders to follow that direction, I would go, but I would not go till September, and on leaving Spitzbergen to the right, and for no reason, I should also not dare to be responsible for anything!" The expression is not very clear, for if the gallant captain is alluding to Petermann's projected line between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, the latter would lie to the left, not to the right.

According to the same distinguished navigator, Captain Osborn's scheme is open to the objection that leaving a ship at the entrance of Smith Sound, or at the wintering places of Kane and Hayes, as a basis for rallying and a point of refuge in case of accident, he would make his way in another vessel to the extremity of the sound, into Kane's open sea, a sea which he imagines to be a simple break in the great glacier which is by him supposed to envelop the Polar cap; he would proceed across this in sledges, which would necessitate going and returning, forty-five days' travel at the least, at the rate of ten leagues per diem, with a heavy load of provisions and scientific instruments; and the explorers would have to make their way back to the first vessel before reaching the second.

Petermann, on the contrary, as we have seen, believes in an open Polar sea, and consequently in the breaking up of the ices at a favourable season; according to him, the Pole cannot be reached in sledges; such would be arrested by the same difficulties that Parry had to encounter in 1827; therefore the direction of the Gulf Stream, a vast current of

warm water which sweeps round the north of Europe, should be followed, and which direction lies between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

It is to be observed in connexion with this supposed Polar prolongation of the Gulf Stream, that General Sabine, president of the Royal Society, called the attention of that learned body in November, 1864, to certain recent discoveries which attest the continuation of the tropical Gulf Stream to the shores of Nova Zembla, and to a communication from Professor Forchhammer of Copenhagen, "a valuable contribution to a great subject—the History of the Sea"—in which by careful analysis it is shown that in the Atlantic Ocean the saline ingredients in the sea-water decrease with increasing depth. This is found to hold good even to extreme depths; and the existence of a Polar current in the depths of the Atlantic is hence inferred, since it is a well-established fact that the Equatorial seas are richer and the Polar seas poorer in saline ingredients.

Again, by analysis it has been proved that the current flowing down the east coast of Greenland has an equatorial and not a Polar origin—a mere recurring of the Gulf Stream after rounding Spitzbergen; and General Sabine goes on to suggest, "May it not be possible that the iceless sea teeming with animal life, described by Kane as viewed from the northern limit of his research, is, as he himself surmised, but an extension of the same equatorial stream which produces corresponding abnormal effects at every point to which its course has been traced?" and the worthy president of the Royal Society adds, "When physical researches shall be resumed within the circle which surrounds the Pole, this, perhaps, will be one of the earliest problems to receive solution."

Captain Gustave Lambert combats this supposed northerly extension of the Gulf Stream. It is not, he says, known what becomes of it beyond the coast of Norway, and it certainly does not destroy the great ice barrier between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, to which the French navigator gives a width of two hundred leagues. Captain Jansen of the Dutch navy, however, attributes the comparative mildness of the Spitzbergen climate to the Gulf Stream, but which, he says, does not reach Nova Zembla. Captain Lambert again, having in mind that a current flows from the north, bearing the ice to the south, as shown in Parry's expedition, and that it must have an origin somewhere, deems that it must be derived from one of the southerly currents which flow through Behring's Straits or the Spitzbergen Sea, turning back cold upon itself!

The French project relies, however, like the German one, upon the presumed existence of an open Polar sea, and that in a region which is untouched by the Gulf Stream, although it may have its Pacific equivalent. The existence of a vast extent of free Polar sea, it is argued, is affirmed by considerations relative to the currents and flows of the sea. The circumpolar ocean, it is argued, is probably entirely frozen over during the winter season; but the amount of heat poured over the Pole by the summer sun would also lead us to believe, according to the laws of insolation, that a general break up takes place in the months of June and July. After effectuating the passage of Behring's Straits not earlier than in July, the route to be taken must be to the west, past Cape Serdze, and North Cape of Cook, the extreme point attained by that great navigator. Arrived at this point, it is presumed that the expedition will

find itself engaged amidst loose floating ice, through which the vessel must be carried even if the most continuous ice-fields had to be cut with saws or blown up with gunpowder. The expedition will then find itself in the Polynia, a free and open sea discovered by Hedenström in 1810, and since visited by Wrangel and Anjou from 1823 to 1825. V. A. Maltebrun, in a work recently published—"Les Trois Projets, Anglais, Allemand, Français, d'Exploration au Pôle Nord"—has, it appears from a notice in the *Revue Bibliographique Universelle*, adduced the further testimony of Baron von Schilling, of the Russian navy, in favour of the existence of this Siberian Polynia. Further testimony in favour of its existence may be derived from the paragraph which has had the run of the papers, coming from one of the Pacific Islands, and which related the voyage of an American whaler in the same open sea, when the coast of a very extensive and high land was followed to a considerable distance. This is possibly the northern prolongation of the land discovered north of Behring's Straits by Captain Kellett of the *Herald* and Captain Moore of the *Plover* in 1848. The point at which Captain Kellett landed rose to an elevation of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and the gallant captain says he felt certain that they had discovered an extensive land, and he deemed it more than probable that the peaks they saw were a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan, and mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his Polar voyages.

The French expedition having then, according to Captain Gustave Lambert, reached the Siberian Polynia at the very point where Wrangel's sledge was stopped by open water, "which separated the thin and flat fragments of ice," it will have nothing to do but to sail to the North Pole, with all the resources accumulated in the ship not only in regard to instruments of observation, but also to provisions, and even to comfort.

If we admit, says Captain Gustave Lambert, the existence of an open sea frozen over in the winter months, but broken up in summer, Captain Osborn's project would be only practicable in winter. Human energy might overcome the difficulties presented in carrying it out even amid the rigorous cold which exists at that time, but if human curiosity can be gratified by such an expedition in as far as the Pole is concerned, a very small harvest of scientific observations can be gathered.

The route advocated by Petermann has, again, according to the French navigator, opposed to it the enormous barrier of ice, of great thickness, and which, resting upon Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, stretches to the Siberian Polynia. The want of success which has attended upon the numerous attempts made by that route, not less than "the mountains of ice" accumulated in those seas in the midst of flat floes of marine origin, must lead us to apprehend a new failure. According to the adage which Captain Lambert has formulated for himself, "Fuir les terres"—"Avoid the neighbourhood of land"—ought to be the device of Polar navigators. So also English navigators, Admiral Ommanney among others, who participate in the general opinion of Petermann, would still rather hold by the route taken by Parry in 1827, but without abandoning the ship, and with the establishment of an important centre for revictualling on the north of Spitzbergen. But it might be remarked upon these objections that, granting an open sea north of the eastern extremity of Siberia, we do not know how soon it

may be limited to the westward by a barrier of ice resting upon Capes Tcheliouskin and Liakov, or New Siberia, or how far it may be limited by ice resting upon Plover and Herald lands, the extent of which appears to be so much greater than was at first supposed, and which may render the approach to the Pole in that direction, except in sledges, more difficult than even from Greenland or Grinnell Land. Should an open sea present itself beyond these latter points, there would be no reason for an expedition as projected by Captain Osborn abandoning its ship. It would, in fact, be as near the Pole and as far advanced in the open sea, supposed to wash the Polar cap, as Captain Lambert would be long after he had forced his way by saw and gunpowder through the outer ice-belt, and with less chance of meeting further unknown obstacles. It is curious to find two experienced navigators like Captains Osborn and Lambert, from contemplating the difficulties to be encountered in a different point of view, the one heralding the prolongation of land to the north as a most desirable thing, the other proclaiming that to avoid the neighbourhood of land should be the axiom of every Polar navigator.

Mr. Lamont, who has passed two summers in Spitzbergen, says that the Norwegian walrus-hunters scouted the very idea of the existence of an open Polar sea. On the other hand, Captain Jansen believes, from a careful digest of the records of early Dutch navigators, that there is open water at the Pole in summer, but not in winter, and that the disruption of the ice, and its movements induced by currents and gales of wind, make sledge expeditions less practicable and more dangerous, in case there is no land from 82 deg. to the Pole. Mr. Markham—a strong supporter of Captain Osborn's scheme—believes that the so-called "Polynias," or "open seas" of the Russians, are nothing more than what are called "water-holes" by English Arctic explorers. The theory of an open Polar sea had its origin in the remarkable journey of Baron Wrangel from the coast of Asia. It received confirmation in the exploration that was undertaken by Sir Edward Belcher to the northward of Parry Islands; and further, again, in the open water that was seen by Morton, in Kane's voyage, beyond the northernmost point that had yet been reached in Greenland. Admiral Collinson seems like Captain Osborn and Mr. Markham, to doubt if these are not simply open holes, rather than extensive seas.

Captain Lambert remarks that only one attempt has been made to navigate the route which he advocates, and that was by Captain Cook. This great Englishman, he says, deemed it prudent, on account of the fogs and storms of September, to return and winter in the Sandwich Islands, from whence to renew his efforts the next year. Unfortunately he fell a victim to the treachery of the natives, and this sad disaster alone prevented him, according to Captain Lambert, reaching the North Pole, although his object was directed to reaching the Atlantic by the north of Siberia and Europe. The explorations of Wrangel and Anjou have, according to the same writer, determined some of the limits of the Polynia—a constantly or permanently open sea, according to some, and the presumed existence of which serves as the basis to his project. These explorations have not, however, unfortunately, he admits, determined its limits.

An objection, it appears, has also been made to the French project, on the ground of the long preliminary distance which has to be traversed between France and Behring's Straits; but Captain Lambert pronounces it to be a mere "promenade maritime," the only inconveniences of which lie in loss of time and increase of expense. In the special point of view of the proposed campaign, he indeed argues that this inconvenience would be more than compensated for by the opportunity it would present of becoming well acquainted with the crew, "and of disembarking at the Sandwich Islands all such as should not feel themselves equal to struggling against greater obstacles." Starting in February, 1869, Captain Lambert expects, proceeding by Cape Horn, to be in the Polynia in July, and at the North Pole in August of the same year.

It has been further asked, What is there to be done at the North Pole? What object of interest or utility is there to be gained by reaching that point of the globe? The reply to such a question is far more difficult and comprehensive than appears on the surface. It requires, indeed, some preliminary acquaintance with the physical sciences to be able to appreciate the nature, value, and importance of these objects.

The first point is to determine the position of the ideal axis round which the earth moves in a sidereal day, and which has never undergone any known mutation. That is to say, that supposing the poles to vary in their sidereal position, as advocated by some scientific men, in order to account for certain climactic and geological phenomena, still the position of the poles themselves with regard to the terrestrial globe cannot vary. The axis of rotation cannot but be as a rigid bar or straight line, extending from one pole to the other. Debarred of the use of the great and costly instruments of a fixed observatory, an expedition arriving at the North Pole would deem itself fortunate if—the point being on land—it could determine the position within three hundred yards or five hundred yards of its true situation. But Captain Lambert believes that if on land a bar of iron bearing the French flag could, after some corrections for possible errors, be planted in the line of the actual prolongation of the terrestrial axis. If the North Pole should be capped with solid ice, an almost equal precision might be arrived at; but if open water, and the expedition shall be able to place itself within one or two thousand yards of the point sought for, it may be deemed to have attained a great success.

The stars neither rising nor setting, but describing circles above the horizon which are parallel to the Boreal Celestial Pole, there would be no time but that of place—no term of longitude—and if the chronometers were left unwound, their absolute state could be easily recovered. A vertical line becomes at such a spot an equatorial gnomon or dial, upon which the movement of the solar or lunar shadows marks the progress of time. The planets would appear according to their declensions or distances from the equator, the sun would remain six months above the horizon, six months below it, whilst the moon would be visible for fifteen days in the month, and invisible for the other fifteen. Such would be the spectacle presented to a person stationed at the Pole, where a common theodolite might be made to serve all the purposes of an equatorial.

Dr. Hayes, it is well known, swung a pendulum and noted its vibrations in Smith Sound, where he determined an amount of flattening

equal to 1.372, different to the generally received opinion. Captain Lambert is having constructed a pendulum of invariable length, by a pupil of Bréguet's, which he hopes to swing at the North Pole, and if the celebrated experiment of M. Foucault is repeated at that point, the pendulum will be observed to traverse the entire circle of the horizon in the course of a single day. From what experience we have had of the fatigue attendant upon noting the vibrations of a pendulum in a temperate climate, our zeal for science scarcely goes so far as to envy an observer at the North Pole.

Meteorology, only recently placed on a scientific footing by the researches of Humboldt, Sabine, Maury, Fitzroy, and others, would have much to gain by an expedition to the North Pole. The more so as in the present day the general aspect of physical science is undergoing a transformation, from the tendency now general among observers to study the co-relation of forces, formerly looked upon as independent. Every new inquiry, indeed, tends more and more to establish the great fact that all these forces are only manifestations of one and the same cause—motion; this motion being produced under heterogeneous conditions, which engender the divergence of the apparent results.

The late Sir David Brewster, by examining the inflexions of the isothermal lines, found that two series united at certain points; and he was thus enabled to establish the existence of two poles of extreme cold, one situated north of the American continent, the other north of Siberia. Captain Lambert, who uses the term *insolation* to express the quantity of heat cast by the sun in different places, at different seasons, and different hours—the expression corresponding, in fact, to our term radiation—thinks that he has discovered, not only the cause of the constant temperature under the equator, and the variable temperature at the Poles, but also a zone of minimum cold below the 80th degree of latitude. There is much still to be done in this direction.

The magnetic or electro-magnetic axis, poles, and equator, and all its attendant meridians and parallels, do not, it is well known, correspond to the terrestrial axis, poles, and equator. The dip is nil at the equator, and attains an angle of 90 deg. at the two magnetic poles. The direction of the parallels is only to be determined by following out the lines of equal dip—a labour in which much has been done, but in which much still remains to be accomplished. It is the same with regard to the intensity of the electro-magnetic force, as measured by the number of vibrations of a needle in a given time. If the magnetic pole was stationary, like the terrestrial pole, the meridian furnished by an imaginary line carried from one pole to the other might be made to constitute a natural meridian, which could be made to supersede the absurdity of maps being constructed as they are at present, with the longitudes marked in degrees instead of time, as they should be, from Greenwich and Paris. But the electro-magnetic pole, having to depend for its existence upon the co-relation of forces, is a variable point, and therefore unsuited for such a common meridian. The magnetic equator itself presents abrupt breaks or solutions of continuity, the intensities vary to a still more remarkable degree, and the variation, or the angle formed by the needle with the magnetic meridian, presents two extreme points—one in Siberia, the other in the Pacific—between the Sandwich Islands and

Tahiti. This is no more than is to be expected of phenomena dependent on the motion of forces influenced by heat and nature of soil, and not of a fixed character, like the terrestrial axis. Recent researches tend more and more to establish a relationship, always believed in, although not at first corroborated by actual observation, between the aurora borealis, mostly seen in regions of extreme cold between the 70th and 80th parallels, and electro-magnetic forces. Captain Lambert also hopes to do much towards determining the relations of terrestrial magnetism and terrestrial heat, or *insolation*, as he terms it. So enthusiastic, indeed, is the French projector of an expedition to the North Pole, that he avers that a complete observatory established at the Pole would give an impetus to physical science equal to what can only be expected in the course of a century under less advantageous circumstances.

General Sabine, the senior living officer of those who accompanied Ross and Parry in their early explorations of the Arctic zone, and who collected in Spitzbergen, Melville Island, and East Greenland those valuable data in terrestrial magnetism which have subsequently led to the construction of the beautiful charts which exhibit the declination, inclination, and intensity of the magnetic force over the globe's surface (a wonderful reduction of scientific data to good useful purposes, as Captain Osborn declares, which every sailor can appreciate and be thankful for), is little less sanguine of valuable results to be obtained to science by Polar expeditions. His interest attaches itself, however, more particularly to the Spitzbergen Seas, in which the Swedish government are carrying out that measurement of an arc of the meridian, the value and importance of which the learned general had urged forty years ago upon the attention of the British public, which he had planned the means of executing, and which he ardently desired to be permitted to carry out personally.

General Sabine's original interesting paper upon the measurement of this arc was addressed to Mr. Gilbert, M.P., vice-president of the Royal Society in 1826. In it he pointed out the facility offered by Spitzbergen for a measurement of an arc of the meridian extending over nearly four and a half degrees of latitude, stating that the value of this measurement, in the latitude of Spitzbergen, towards deducing the proportion of the polar and equatorial diameters by its combination with an arc near the equator, "was most important;" and he added that its value would be equivalent to an arc in Lapland of six times the extent of the arc measured by the French Academicians. Captain Osborn urges, in favour of his project, that every arrangement might be made for a measurement of four degrees of the meridian upon the shores of Smith Sound. One of the ships being left about Cape Isabella and the other pushed on to Cape Parry, the intervening space would comprise rather more than four degrees; and during the summer season, whilst the Polar Expedition was absent, there could be no more profitable way of occupying those left in charge of the ships, than in doing such a work as measuring an arc; the ice of the strait, affording considerable facilities for such an undertaking; and especial provision in the expedition might be made for such persons as were well qualified to execute it.

Icebergs being a creation of land, subject to the same laws which have been so ably developed in modern times with regard to the glaciers of Switzerland and Norway, and abounding most in the Antarctic Ocean,

Captain Lambert argues that there is land at the South Pole, water at the North Pole. But as there are mountains in the Himalaya which rise to an elevation exceeding that to which vapours rise, and which must consequently have bare rocky summits void of snow, so it might be questioned if there is not an amount of cold at the poles which might be unfavourable to the formation of glaciers, and consequently of icebergs, whose true country appears rather to be between the parallels of 75 deg. and 85 deg. north or south latitudes.

It has been supposed by some that the accumulation of ice at the poles, and sudden changes occurring in its accumulation, distribution, and breaking up, may affect the position of the axis of rotation, and consequently the climate of the terrestrial globe. Mr. Hamilton, for example, pointed out the well known fact that the flora and fauna of the buried worlds indicate a much warmer climate in the Arctic and Temperate zones, than anything we are acquainted with in the present day, and that therefore it would be a matter of great interest to see these northern regions geologically explored! This is about as childish as Mr. Lubbock's support granted to the same undertaking, upon the ground that recent researches having shown that man, in the earlier times of which we have any relics, appears to have been not only a savage, but a savage living under Arctic conditions. Therefore, the native tribes who might be observed on the projected expedition were precisely those who would have the greatest interest for us at the present moment. Savages living under Arctic conditions could be studied, as Admiral Fitzroy once pointed out, but without a correct sense of what constitutes geologico-archæological progression, at Terra del Fuego, without the difficulties of a Polar expedition. Mr. Markham traces the Esquimaux races, or Skraelings (dwarfs) of the Northmen, to Asiatics expelled by Zenghiz Khan, and who in their turn drove out the Northmen. Mr. Lubbock believes that they are races driven north by the Red Indians, for they were found in Labrador a hundred and fifty years before the time of Zenghiz Khan. Mr. Crawford, the president of the Ethnological Society, does not believe in the settlement of Northmen on the coast of Greenland in the ninth century; and, he argues, the ancient Runic inscriptions and church bells found in the country came from sea-rovers, adventurers, and pirates, who only settled there occasionally! Interesting as such questions unquestionably are in an ethnological point of view, they have little to do with the main objects of a Polar expedition, and can only be considered as subjects of collateral inquiry. It is possible, indeed, to so swamp the great objects of an expedition with preliminary, collateral, and subsidiary inquiries, as to delay, embarrass, and even endanger the success of the main objects. This has occurred in more than one instance.

Captain Lambert spiritedly contests the geological theory of a change of climate induced by a supposed mutation in the position of the axis of the earth. He looks upon the additional weight of glaciers as totally inadequate to produce the phenomenon in question. Nor does he attach much more importance to the theory of deluges, ice-marks, and buried mammoths induced by lunar perturbations. It is certain, however, that there has been a change of climate—a change which, according to some, has been slow, steady, and progressive; but the laws of which can scarcely be expected to be materially developed by an expedition to the North Pole.

It is different in regard to natural history. Real and important results might be brought about by the projected Polar expeditions, and the exploration of the Polynias or open seas of Siberia and Greenland, by discovering new and extensive fields for whale fishery. Bow-heads, and devil fish, as the Americans call them, are probably to be met with all around the Polar circle.* The food of the Arctic whales, like that of the walrus, a partly herbivorous mammal, is supposed to consist mainly of small red crustaceans, which abound in these seas. This is a point worth examining; but be that as it may, it is a well-established fact that the Polar seas are peculiarly rich in the lower organisms of life. Professor Owen has also pointed out a more curious than important fact, that a rare and solitary form of the manatee, a warm-blooded animal allied to the whale tribe, but very different in form, and having something human in its physiognomy and in its habit of swimming—mermaid-like—with its young clasped to its breast, named by Russian naturalists the rhytina, inhabited the icy sea of Siberia within the last century, and he deems it within the bounds of probability that this animal, or some allied form, might be found within the retired waters of the Pole. The small number of these river cows, as they have been called, that are known still to live on the earth are now met with only in tropical latitudes; but in Europe these strange creatures have been found only in a fossil state in middle tertiary strata. But in other respects, as the learned professor justly remarked, pure zoological science had little to expect in comparison with the general scientific results that we might hope to attain from the proposed explorations.

There can be no question, taken in any point of view, that it is desirable that the projected expeditions to the North Pole should be carried out. Two English, at least—one by Smith Sound, the other by Spitzbergen; one German, by Spitzbergen; and one French, by Behring's Straits. Captain Gustave Lambert, appealing to his countrymen, dwells upon the sad contrast presented by the millions wasted in those great national duels—which have not, he says, even the excuse of ordinary duels—with the miserably small sums devoted to the pursuit of science. It is, indeed, this mistaken opposition placed by the spirit of war to the spirit of peace which alone leads him to apprehend that he may not be allowed "to assist at the grandiose spectacle of such a scientific steeplechase."

England, adds the Frenchman, eloquent and enthusiastic in a noble cause, would (at such a steeplechase) enrich the golden book of its maritime glories by one more name. The stars of the American union, the country of Maury, would once more be lit up by those long days respected by the night. Dr. Hayes is, he feels certain, ready to begin again. Holland, once the queen of the seas; the three Scandinavian kingdoms; Russia, whose icy shores are bathed by the Polynia, would give worthy successors to the Barenzes, the Behrings, the Krusensterns, the Wrangels, and Anjous. Learned Germany would take its rank under the impulse of Augustus Petermann. Already, thanks to Rosenthal of Bremen, that fiction has assumed a body, become a reality. The country of Barthélemy Diaz, of Vasco de Gama, and of Magellan would

* The American whale fisheries in Behring's Straits amounted in two years to the enormous value of 8,000,000 dollars.

take its place in the race, and there would be no reason to dread that the giant Adamastor should bar the passage seated on a rock. Young Italy would remember that illustrious Genoese who under the Spanish flag inscribed the immortal date of October 14, 1492, in the records of humanity. "And for us, gentlemen," he says, in conclusion, "if I do not enumerate the brilliant stars of our naval crown, it is because I wish to leave to the German Petermann the honour of having brought to light the riches of the French maritime scroll."

"Ah! if such a tournament was to be really inaugurated, although science knows no country, what Frenchman would not formulate ardent vows and join in the most energetic efforts to ensure that the French expedition to the North Pole should arrive first, distancing its competitors in the race, were it only by a ship's length?"

A CORNISH VILLAGE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

THE sun just peeps above the ferny hills,
Blushing and bashful as a hind in love;
Shooting his rays oblique on misty rills;
But soon more bold, he springs the woods above,
And gazes with broad face, and eyes of mirth,
Upon his bride—the peaceful, modest earth.

The village clock strikes five; more bright the skies;
And now the humble tenants are astir;
Thin smoke-wreaths o'er each cottage blueely rise,
Where housewives kindle fires of peat or fir,
Sprinkle o'er rude clay floors the yellow sand,
And spread the frugal board with active hand.

Now Labour carries out God's first intent,
That each in labour's tasks a part should bear;
The strong-necked oxen to the plough are bent,
The rustic whistles o'er the shining share,
The mower whets his scythe upon the hill,
And clatter, clatter works the busy mill.

But see, who comes from yon low cottage-door,
In spreading hat, with sun-tanned arms all bare?
Light as her heart, her foot the grass trips o'er;
She looks to eyes of peasants passing fair;
Her form is softly rounded, cheeks are roses,
And quiet archness on her lip reposes.

She treads the meadow, and the cattle know her,
The calf frisks round her with its sides of silk;
Love e'en the timid lambs, by bleating, show her;
Hark! in the shining pail, the splashing milk:
The kingcups, looking on her, seem to smile,
The happy maid blithe singing all the while.

The thresher in the neighbouring barn throws down
The ringing flail; he stands beside her now;
Rustic coquette, she turns from him, a frown
Striving to darken her young, pretty brow:
And then she blushes, while she lets him bear
Her milk-pail home, and thanks him laughing there.

The sun is near mid-heaven; luxurious heat
Faints o'er the landscape; flowers their heads bend low;
The birds, close-bower'd, have ceased their descant sweet;
Delicious 'tis to hear the cool stream flow,
Faint gurgling, twining through the trembling reeds,
Where the fish darts, the green-necked mallard feeds.

The lazy cart-wheels turn more slowly round,
And where the village sage his school doth keep,
You hear a buzzing and uncertain sound
From master tired, and urchins half asleep;
The old dog panting in the doorway sits,
The dame her needle plies, and nods by fits.

But in the hay-field all is busy life;
They toss and toss the flakes of clover sweet;
How rich it smells, with Nature's odours rife,
Refreshing sense beneath the withering heat!
Bare are men's arms, tucked short the maiden's dresses,
Kerchiefs untied, while loosely fall their tresses.

They toss the hay, and oft the jocund hind
Indulges some bold jest, and laughter rings
Lightly from rosy lips, and where they find
Hay heaped more high, the daring peasant springs—
The season's privilege—love's harmless bliss—
Making the hay more sweet with many a kiss.

Go down, go down, thou hot-faced summer sun!
Let freshness bless again the fainting earth;
Come out, ye hiding birds, from coverts dun,
And pipe your evening songs of joy and mirth!
Lift your bowed heads, ye flowers! by brake and pool,
And drink the nectarous dew, enjoy the cool.

Released from toil, the village folk are meeting;
Some saunter slowly, some on benches lean,
Wives telling tales, old men the old men greeting,
While noisy children gambol on the green;
The late quick mill-wheel flashes round no more,
The flail is silent on the threshing-floor.

Now down the elm-walk happy lovers rove,
Plighting their vows, but nought the lusty hind
Regards love's star pale rising o'er the grove;
Gentle romance ne'er warmed his stolid mind;
He tells his honest tale in plainest style,
And she can blush acceptance, sigh, and smile.

Thus in that Cornish village life goes round,
Toil and repose—the hills, the vales their home;
Their simple joys to narrowest circle bound,
Here were they born, here live, nor ask to roam;
Heroes may fight, or thrones in dust be hurled,
Calm pass their years, this, this their little world.

BLACKLOCK FOREST.

I.

—But their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady boughs
Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger.

MILTON.

ONLY the daring and adventurous few who, fearless, or in spite of their fears, have explored the Forest of Blacklock, are acquainted with its gloomy recesses, its deep and sullen caverns, its ever sunless paths, its sadly murmuring streams, its angry torrents, and the "hell of waters" in the rock basins which have been worn into form by the whirling eddies at the feet of its cascades. Of the most courageous, none are so devoid of imagination as to pass through the "darkness visible" of its winding and branching avenues without apprehension, or to hear its mysterious noises without dread. As they look onwards, or right and left, into the dim perspectives of its high o'er-arching and wildly entangled woods, the growl, as of all things savage, at times enters "the fearful hollow of their ears," while the screams of strange birds, mingling with the moaning of the winds, maintain a hideous discord, only less appalling than the myriad-spectred silence which, at other times, throws its spell around the explorer, who then moves on with stealthy pace, as though he were passing by the hushed abode of some sleeping monster, watched by the attendant demons of the place! As the Dead Sea sepulchres the submerged city of sin, so this dark forest seems to have been destined to unimpeded growth in rank luxuriance, as the imprisoning abode of all the erratic imps of melancholy and terror, gathered from the world wherein they formerly ranged at large, to the disturbance or distress of the constitutionally cheerful and fearless. On the dank dead timber of fallen boughs, on the stream-washed stones and mossy banks of its roaring torrents and hissing rapids, huge toads are seen reposing, as if petrified in sleep, and countless other reptiles, including the abhorred newt, are seen lying in malignant satisfaction, as if glutted with the mischief they have accomplished in the destruction of every living thing agreeable to the sight, making shrinking disgust participate with admiring dread! Where the sunbeams *can* penetrate to give any duration to partial brightness and warmth, the adder "craves wary walking," and the common snake, so rarely awakened from its slumber, is trodden upon before it uncoils to glide through the long grasses that fringe its inner bed. Strangely uncouth shapes, as of the baboon tribe, seem to present themselves in the gnarled and knotted trunks of the primeval trees, starting erect in wonder that man should dare to intrude on their doomed privacy; while winged harpies of the owl kind, aroused by the stranger's approach, fly screeching off, like alarmed sentinels, to evoke the more powerful

spirits of the forest. Were the expanse within the forest boundary denuded of its trees and foliage, it would appear as a compact miniature region of valleys profound and of rocky heights of mountain form, fantastic in their clustering varieties and jagged profiles as those we see in South Spain, though in the absence of real magnitude rather *expressing* than truly presenting the sublime of scenic effect; but as there are no levels except in the lower parts, every elevation and precipice has the requisite foil to give it majesty. On the highest mound, rising from the largest of these levels with still lower depths around, is observed what seems at first to be a castle-like crown of rock, picturesque in its irregular outline, murally vertical, and bare as if by the lightning's blast, except where the ivy has maintained its growth, like the element of life "which murder cannot kill." But, on nearer inspection, the remains of veritable turrets, buttresses, battlements, and windows appear, and when the great body of the abrupt mound is ascended, the climber finds himself in the brier-clothed court of the once impregnable Blacklock Castle. Here the antiquarian contemplates with interest the various details of the old Gothic baronial fortress, enabling him to declare the period of its construction, while he discovers sufficient remains of foundation masonry to warrant the perfect restoration (upon paper) of its plan and general form. In this day of mediæval mania, which is so injuriously confounding art with archæology, and making antiquated precedent supersede the principles which should govern modern design, it might please many of my readers (should I be fortunate in their number) were I to forget the romance of my subject in a dissertation on the tenth to twelfth century progress of Saxon and Norman architecture in Great Britain; but it must suffice to state that the denotements of Blacklock's ruined castle signify that extended period when great beauty or pictorial characteristic in minute detail was studied to the exclusion of all regard for uniformity or general propriety of design, and with a carelessness as to social comfort which would be incredible if almost every old baronial residence in Europe did not exemplify the fact. Thus the castle of Blacklock even in its day of perfectness must have exhibited a most irregular combination of regular features in defiant confusion, with scarcely one window over or corresponding with another, and not a single quadrilateral room or court having four right angles, if it had so much as one. It would seem too, from the absence of passages, that the scullery-maid must have gone either across the open court or through the banqueting-hall to find the fish-kettle for the cook in the kitchen, and that the young ladies had no other way of getting to their bedrooms except through the guard-room filled with roystering soldiers when the inner court was being deluged with rain. What remains of the building, however, poetised by the artistic operations of time and tempest and by the growth of brier and ivy—assimilating it, in short, to the accidental graces of nature around—is doubtless advantaged by its original defects; and a more striking union of the natural of rock with the artificial of masonry, harmonised by decay, could not be desired by the most romantic of picturesque painters.

But the most impressive feature of Blacklock Forest remains yet to be described. The explorer, having ascended from the lowest depth of the woods, emerges on to an elevated level, whence rises the highest reach

of rock, already described as crowned by the castle ruins. From this level, before he makes his final ascent, he looks down upon, or rather into, the awfully still and dark profound of a small lake, or rather tarn, in the form of four-fifths of a circle, the remaining fifth being cut off by the straight and level causeway, on whose narrow surface he walks from one end to the other of the opening between the converging precipices which bound the opening in the natural theatre, of which the tarn is, as it were, the pit. The superficies of the latter may not exceed two acres, while the surrounding precipices, rising immediately from the water, average some two hundred feet in vertical altitude, the irregular outline of their summits (except where the castle ruins are seen on the spectator's left) being fringed with overhanging shrubs. The beholder is the more struck by coming at once and unexpectedly upon the dam, which separates this very "pit of Acheron" from the umbrageous and rapid descent of the forest, and which is itself so elevated above the waters, without any beach below, that there is only one spot, at the right hand extremity of its extent, where access to or from a boat is attainable. At this point a narrow channel allows the silent escape of superflux from the lake, which follows a gentle decline into the woods below, concealed till it reappears at a distance in the form of angry torrent or cascade. The channel at the point alluded to is crossed by a small bridge, connected with which is a step-formed incline of masonry forming access between the dam-level and the tarn. The imagination must be left to supply the sombre colouring of the rocks and ruins, the gloomy shade and shadow of the bounding precipices, with the green of their summits, and the still blackness of the water, on which the sun never shines, and which suggests the idea of unfathomable depth, whose fascination is *said* to be so fearful, that even the wildest birds of the forest dare not fly across, lest it should act like a magnet, defying the strongest winged volition, and converting horizontal or upward movement into a fall irresistible! Byron's "*Manfred*" speaks of the Alpine heights he delighted to climb,

Where the birds dare not build,
Nor insect wing flit o'er the herbless granite;

and the gloomy habit of his soul might have equally luxuriated in the locality now described.

Such then is the lock, or loch, which gives name to the forest including it, and which bears some resemblance (though in miniature) to the famous Lyn Idwal of North Wales, so far at least as regards the theatrical form of its rocky enclosure, and the dam-ridge which crosses its opening on the north. In the great Welsh example, however, the surrounding precipices do not rise abruptly out of the water, but are divided therefrom by a shelving beach, which, extending with a slight incline into the lake, leave no impression of the depth that constitutes the horror of the forest tarn. On the other hand, we may not compare the shrubs which overhang the Blacklock precipices with the clouds that often obscure the mountainous summits of the Lyn. Still the latter, when the sun is bright during noon, assumes so cheerful an aspect, that the bather will wade into its waters and strike across them, and pic-nic parties will make merry on its shores, to say nothing of the birds which skim over its surface, in disproof of the Welshman's belief that no such

flight was ever made since Idwal, the infant heir of Prince Gwynedd, was drowned there, and

No human ear, but Dunawt's, heard
Young Idwal's dying scream.

The gloomy little crater of Blacklock, on the brightest day, is only the gloomier because of the rock-screen which ever precludes the sunbeams from reaching its waters, and which leaves only the castle summits and the surface of the dam-embankment to present their contrasting touches of light. Though water so clear will take no shadow, that of our tarn has no more than space enough to reflect the shadowed cliffs that close it in; and it may be that its darkly shaded bed (the darker because of its vast depth), or some quality of the water itself, gives to it the peculiar blackness which is its characteristic. It is to be suspected, however, that the commonly believed assertion, that no bird has ever flown across the lake, has been contradicted by wheeling hawks and skimming swallows; and there are provokingly plain speaking and common-sense thinking sceptics who maintain that wherever there are swimming fishes in the waters of a *land-lake*, at least there will be flying birds *above* it. Now the fish of this loch are unquestioned facts, as we may have proved to us in the course of this story.

The reader may, however, anticipate such traditional legends with truthful records of modern incident as might be expected in relation to so romantic a locality, for there has ever appeared to be, in such scenic fitness, a suggestive power occasioning dread events to match. "The very place puts toys of desperation, without more motive, into every brain, that looks so many fathoms" into its mysterious depths! Among the legends is that of a moonlight murder, accompanied by instant judgment; and a projecting rock is pointed to, on the highest part of the castle boundary, from which one of the early barons of Blacklock sought to hurl a rival of ambition into the lake below. He was, however, only in part successful, *i.e.*, he occasioned more than he sought to accomplish. He was potent enough to take the struggling victim into his arms, but not sufficiently so to disengage himself from the hold of the other, as the latter hung irrecoverably suspended over the abyss. The hurler would willingly have restored his enemy to safety, with the promise of no further hostility, but the latter was now more resolved on vengeance, at the cost of his own life, than desirous of living still under any sense of obligation; and it is said to have been horribly charming to see the expression of terror in the face of the assailant as compared with the ecstatic grin of satisfied delight in the countenance of the first assailed! The supplications of the former were answered by the movements of the latter, rendering his own position utterly hopeless, as he clung the more to the baron, who was now in truth the victim of his revenge. It need scarcely be said that, after a spasmodic argument on the folly of mutual destruction *versus* the sweets of revenge at any price, they both fell headlong and embracing into the lake. Nor, if tradition be sooth, did the matter stop here; since it remains asserted that, if the day and hour of the anniversary of the act were known, the spectator at such time might behold the phantom of the baron rising to the water's surface and striving to emerge from it, pursued and drawn back by the implacable and insatiate ghost of his enemy,

and, finally, with ghastly gazes at the moon, as it placidly illumined the terrified features of the one and the exulting expression of the other, both might be seen together disappearing like a huge snow-flake into watery blackness.

Among the more remarkable incidents of modern date that now add to the sensational interest of our forest, are those to be detailed in the progress of the ensuing narrative. The guide, who conducts visitors to the loch, points to an old tree on the dam-ridge, which is monumental of the saddest of deaths and of the most stirring of dangers. He then leads the way up to the castle, showing the spot where a mysterious figure rose out of the earth to greet a solitary rambler, and conducting the visitor to subterraneous vaults, wherein the ghost of a long deceased lord of the castle relieved curiosity of its desire for information, and points to the window through which the apparition made its exit to be seen no more. In another part of the forest he shows the scene of a mortal struggle between a man of dire vengeance and another of exemplary virtue; then leads on to the cave of spirits, where long-concealed mischiefs were ultimately developed; speaks of strange sounds seeming to issue on still days from brier-veiled clefts in rocks, something resembling the bark of a small dog mingled with bleat of a sheep, but evidently neither of one nor the other, as it sometimes resembled as decided a laugh as ever came from human lungs. The story of the mortal struggle, just alluded to, involved not the death of both parties, as in the case of the ancient baron and his rival; but it is more interesting, in being exempt from all suspicion of fiction, and the scene where the facts occurred is only second in impressive aspect to the Black Loch. It is termed "The Waters-Meet," because, into a miniature loch resembling the great one—being, in truth, a mere rock-basin—fall two cascades, the larger, in its body of water and depth of fall being of the torrent from the Black Loch, and the smaller being that of a stream, having its rise in a distant locality northward and out of the forest, and being within the vault of a lofty natural tunnel or cavernous passage opening above the basin. The meeting of the two falls in a solitude almost closed in by rocks, and entirely veiled from the sky by overhanging trees, with the never-ceasing roar of their waters, produces an effect on the sight and hearing which even a dull imagination may conceive, though it be beyond a painter's art to present, for the whole is too concentrated and too closely proximate within the confined and embowered space that contains it, to allow of the receded position necessary to the artist; and, after all, there is no painting water in furious motion, there is no painting noise. "Here," says the guide, bawling into the listener's ear, "sat the slayer, and there lay the slain," and so on, the spectator feeling that never was there more fitting scene for tragedy's fulfilment.

The so-called Forest of Blacklock is but a portion of the great chase, which centuries ago formed one of the royal hunting grounds, especially noted for its wolves, and being, it is said, the last hold of those voracious animals in England. A considerable extent of the now cultivated open land, stretching away westward from the present boundary, was included within the old one. The remaining part now exhibits, perhaps, more than its original wildness, from its having been ever unconvertible to the

purposes of husbandry ; and other causes of impediment or neglect, including such as operated upon superstitious terror, have left it to increase in savageness rather than to "improve," in the unromantic sense of the term. Though now surrounded by lands rich in pasture and in grain, the castle and loch portion continued defiant of the plough and spade, while Nature, unaided and uncontrolled, threw her seeds about, to find nourishment wherever there might be bed or hollow for soil to receive them. So the great and decayed great-grandsire trees saw their progeny, old and young, rising above and around them, till the wood-cutter alone could make his way where the successive owners of the forest had not preserved the few necessary roads for transit through and for reaching the loch, &c. Though abundant in quarries for building a hundred castles, the gnarled timber of the forest afforded little material for the carpenter, however there might be firewood enough for all the hearths in the kingdom. There were too many foxes to allow of any increase of rabbits and hares, and too many owls and hawks to permit the thriving supply of winged game, but the loch and its outflowing stream afforded abundance of fish, notwithstanding the voracity of a "giant pike," which was believed to be the undying tyrant of its depths, and which it would seem had devoured all the "one-eyed trout" that, according to tradition, were once plentiful in its waters.

The general description of the forest already given may be deemed by many all-sufficient, but where the interest of a narrative is enhanced by a correct knowledge of localities frequently referred to, and as description unaided by graphic illustration never produces the same impression on any two readers, the following particulars are added. A public road passes round the east end of the forest from Blackleigh village on the north to the small sea-town of Blackport on the south, the circuit being about eight miles. Directly through the forest is a road, reducing the distance between the village and seaport to about six miles. From the latter road a branch westward leads to the loch and castle, and a divergent path, branching to the Waters-Meet, reunites with the main road. The Waters-Meet is the confluence of the torrent from the Black Loch, and of the stream from a lake in the grounds of Blackleigh Hall, and the united waters flow thence, united in the river which enters the sea at Blackport. The road through the forest has a lodge at the northern, and another at the southern extremity.

The villagers of the north rarely venture, singly, further than the point where the branch-path, leading to the Waters-Meet, diverges from the thoroughfare, and where they obtain their first glimpse into the perspective that is lost in the "Cimmerian darkness" of the inner part of the forest ; while the southerners of the seaport mostly confine their incursions to the first bridge ; some penetrate to the second, but it is only in company that any of the simpler folk will dare to traverse the entire thoroughfare between the north and south lodges ; and few are they, even among the more enlightened, who, without one of the forest guides, will leave the main road to explore the dark quarters right or left. At the same time, as will appear, there are certain dare-devils who, unprotected, have penetrated where there is not so much as a path to suggest their advances ; and, of course, these have not hesitated to follow the branching paths which lead to the Black Loch and the Waters-Meet ;

fearlessly progressing into the horror of horrors, as rash scepticism might pry into the holy of holies in an Egyptian temple or Indian pagoda; and the hardy multitude of the village and seaport, who would be undaunted by the antagonism of a savage bull, or the most infuriated and robust of their own kind, are candid in confessing that the most delicate of the gentry, around are far more prompt than themselves to dare the demons of the forest. Beardless young squires, and their fairer-faced young lady-loves, have been seen to enter at either lodge in the morning and reappear at eve with a basket of the particular fish, which afford undeniable evidence that they have not only traced the wood streams in their gloomy meanderings, but that they have angled in the basin of Waters-Meet, and in the fathomless depths of the haunted Black Loch.

But, in sober truth, irrespective of all that is below the serious estimate of educated intelligence, the scenes we have described might stimulate the imaginations of the most philosophical to "thick coming fancies" of fearful incident; and the writer is only apprehensive that the current tone of his narrative may not, in the expected degree, be accordant with the deep dispassion of its opening chord. He will have much to do with the common events of ordinary life, and with localities no way connected with that which it has been his aim to depict so minutely. At the same time, much of the story is so closely associated with it, that its accurate presentment will be allowed to have been justly prefatory, as an enlistment of the reader's interest in respect to the romantic character of the narrative generally. The letter of Pope's *Eloisa* to *Abelard* need have contained no allusion to any more than convent gloom, "long sounding aisles and intermingled graves;" yet she is made to depict a scene much more suiting our purpose than her own, when she says:

In twilight groves and dusky caves
Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry rock, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods!

II.

He is a man who makes his will the law
To rule the wills of others. To that end,
He deems his wealth, position, and the pow'r
Of riches and high place, conferr'd by Heav'n;
Though they were giv'n by Fortune (ever deaf
To Merit's claims), who follows Accident
And oft empow'rs the meritless.

THE TYRANT FATHER.

SIR EDMUND BLACKLEIGH, Baronet, by right of succession, inherited his title, together with Blacklock Forest, which was inseparable from it: but the Castle of Blacklock, once an Anglo-Norman stronghold of no less domestic than of martial character, had long been little other than "a name," signifying no "local habitation;" and he therefore resided in Blackleigh Hall, the palatial centre of a pleasant domain, divided from

the forest by only the turnpike road. The Hall estate had become the baronet's by bequest, and he was left to bequeath it as he might please.

Marked, indeed, was the contrast between the gloomy surroundings of the old castle ruin and the cheerful beauties of the pleasure-grounds encircling the residence, though the ominous adjective "black" still gave a sable tone and corresponding sentiment to everything connected with Sir Edmund's family name. The dark waters of the forest loch seemed to have left a baptismal stain on the whole of the places in the neighbourhood, excepting only the pleasant mansion on the rising grounds of an adjoining property belonging to a Mr. Goldrich, and justly distinguished by the fitting name of Belmont. Saving this alone, every place within the manor, whether town, village, or private dwelling was of the "black" community. There were Blackleigh, which, having a market, was dignified by the title of town; Blackleigh Hamlet, a kind of suburb, having local elevation in its including the residences of the rector of the parish, the doctor, the lawyers, and others of the second-class aristocracy—to say nothing of the parish church, which held itself apart from the conventicles in the town; Blackport, being, as its name implies, a small seaport on the coast, not without its district chapel and zealous curate, but within the rectorial jurisdiction of the Blackleigh dignitary; Blackleigh Court, an old manorial residence of the mediæval period; Blackleigh Cottage; Blackleigh Grange; and in both port and market-town, inns, each bearing the sign of the Blackleigh Arms.

Blackleigh Hall had long belonged to a branch of the family bearing its name before it was conveyed to Sir Edmund, and had been for some time, under lease, the residing home of the preceding baronets; nor, when he first came into positive possession, before his marriage, had he any thought of retaining the estate apart from the titular property. His only purpose now was to make it worthy of a son worthy to succeed him, and to this end he, of course, contemplated marriage with a lady deserving as should be the mother of such a son; his final measure being, (should all the rest be satisfactory) to attach the Hall estate to that of the castle.

It came to him a substantial mansion of "the old English gentleman" kind, rather picturesque than elegant, and with more of nature than of art in its park-like surroundings. To be sure, there was the formal avenue of trees in three straight rows, and the garden of abundant box cut into all sorts of queer forms; but, otherwise, the character of the grounds was such as might rather be improved by tasteful appliances than by any material alteration. They included a fine sheet of water, encompassed by shady wood and sunny glade, and exhibited the perfection of landscape-gardening in the concealment of boundary, with the suggestion of extent far exceeding the veritable amount. The outlying fields were rich in harvest plenty; and the whole estate, isle of Prospero, was prodigal in the supply of "everything advantageous to life, and of means to live;" while "the air was of most subtle, tender, and delicate temperance." But Sir Edmund had a taste; and leaving the useful to his steward and bailiff, he gave his care to the ornamental. He had visited the pine-clad heights of the Villa Pamfili at Rome, and other palace-gardens in Italy; and, though he returned not with any loss of his feeling for English landscape, he brought his foreign experiences

very happily to bear on his native prepossessions. Blackleigh Hall, therefore, soon became an admired example of Anglo-Italian beauty. The Palladian style of the altered mansion does not now more strongly contrast with the Gothic character of Blacklock Castle, than the Hall lake with the black loch of the forest. The expanse of the former "piece of water" is as far greater than that of the tarn, as it is less profound; and, instead of overhanging precipices, rising out of a seeming fathomless pool, the smoothly cut and rolled grass bank of the wide-spreading lake shelves gently into its waters, which glitter in the breeze, or brighten with sunshine, save when, on its clear calm surface is mirrored the dark underside of an impending cloud. The stately swan traverses its space, or coasts near its margin—now making the overhanging willow its bower; now stemming its way with potent strokes through the water-lilies; now sailing into the creek bordered with flowering shrubs; now "reposing on its shadow" under an arch of the Palladian bridge. The latter crosses an outlet of some breadth, or rather a natural river, which, with curious interest, connects the Hall lake with the Black Loch; the two streams, from each respectively, meeting at the "Waters-Meet," already mentioned in our description of the forest as a scene of dread associations. Never surely may be seen a more startling junction than that at the spot where the wild river of the meadow, tortured into fury, rushes to mingle with the savage torrent of the forest!

But we have now to speak of a commingling, extraordinary as that of a meadow rivulet with the mountain torrent, viz. that involved in the marriage of a soft-hearted and gentle-minded woman with a man of no gentleness, and no heart at all, unless the stolid quiet of perfect self-satisfaction in every sense, and impenetrable self-will, may indicate the virtues we have assumed to be wanting. Sir Edmund had romantic theories of the lordly importance of baronial sway, and (as we have seen) a keen perception of artistic and natural beauty; but these intellectual gifts did not operate upon any natural suavity of temper, or upon any sense of the beautiful in moral goodness, except, indeed, as they rendered him the more careless of any regard for the feelings or fancies of others who possessed them. We hear of the humanising effects of an educated taste for the refined in art, and the mansion and grounds of Blackleigh Hall evinced it in every phase; but how may we look for verification of the asserted results in the amateur, when the artist himself gives proof to the contrary? The great French painter, David, has left his name pre-eminent in renown, yet he was the friend of Robespierre, the war-ranter of Louis XVI.'s execution, and a Terrorist of the bloodiest die. "Let us grind enough of the red," was his art-phrase for the sanguinary work of the Revolution; and, without resting on any such extreme case, as justly in point, we may be disbelievers in education and intellectual accomplishment, as having corrective influence on any constitutional evil in the heart. Therefore it was that the worthy girl who became Lady Blackleigh soon discovered she had been falsely "congratulated" on the occasion of her elevation to that title. The baronet speedily evinced such a tyrannical intolerance and contempt for the practical domestic virtues as made his wife supremely unhappy; the more so when she came to be looked upon by him as the mere bearer and nourisher of *his* chil-

dren, rather than as having equal parental authority over them and care for them as her *own*. She also had her own opinions on things in general, and her independent notions as to the proper management of the two sons she duly presented to him; nor had she gone dowerless to the marriage altar, having previously become possessed of some thousands, which had been fortunately secured to her for her own distinct use and appropriation as she might thereafter be minded; the baronet never conceiving, at the time of settlement, that she would ever act independently of his sovereign decision, or that any of his children would be won by her maternal tenderness to give decisive evidence of being "his mother's boy." The two were, however, respectively influenced by their very differing parents, from whom, in fact, they derived their equally varying and natural dispositions. The elder, when advanced in youth, turned out to be exemplary of what, in the language of nursery advertisement, is termed "a real blessing to mothers;" but the younger, "tetchy and wayward" from his babyhood, became (under the encouragement of Sir Edmund) little other than his mother's bane. Lady Blackleigh was assured by her husband, that her favoured boy had ever been to his father what she averred the younger had been to her; and that nothing more of the Blackleigh property, than was inseparable from the baronetcy, should be left to the first-born, Edmund, should he live to become the heir.

"Truly," said the lady, "a grand inheritance; an old forest of firewood, and the remains of its ruined castle!"

This was perhaps not strictly the case, as a certain portion of the cultivated land, which was once included in the forest, was still attached to the title.

"He will, at all events," added she, "in all probability be possessed of that, and it is simply my duty to leave him what means I can command towards its support."

The world around, however, remained ignorant of the discord which existed among the apparently happy occupants of a place that was of paradisaical beauty. The baronet, with his Anglo-Italian taste, was ever active in the addition of "temples of virtue and honour," and "flowering gardens of pleasure," to make the domain of Blacklock Hall a rival of the Buckinghamshire Stowe, and all for the dutiful son Richard, who was to have, in the elegancies of wealth, what might be denied to him in titular distinction. Never was woman less deserving of the penalty that should attach to marriage for title or money than Lady Blackleigh. She might have wedded a better man, of higher position and larger means than Sir Edmund, who, fearing the probability of being accepted for other than himself merely, had, until after his marriage, concealed the fact of his being the assured possessor of the Hall and its appended property, and who was aware that he was the successful wooer of a lady who had been vainly solicited by a lover more eligible in a worldly sense, to say nothing of her being possessed of a fortune equivalent to what he was supposed to own when she accepted him. It is certainly well that every man of wealth should beware of the high-flying "penniless lass," whose only care is to sell herself to the abstract husband, able to afford her an equipage and the unquestioning payment of her milliner's bills, careless of the especial lover to whom, under any

circumstances, she could devote herself; and perhaps the happiness of marriage is, upon the whole, more secured by the alliance of equal means, or by other equalising circumstances, than by a union which elevates the woman above her family, and encumbers the husband with a batch of her poor relations. But, between the girl's heartless acceptance of a proposing lover, and the heartless proposal of a mercenary man, there is the difference of *her* passive submission of herself to a solicitor (not meaning of law), and *his* active self-appropriation of her and her belongings in the sense expressed (rather than felt) by Shakspeare's Petruchio:

I will be master of what is mine own;
She's my goods, my chattels; she's my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My ox, my ass, my anything!

May every Katherine, "the shrew," meet with no worse a "tamer" than Petruchio; but Lady Blackleigh was no shrew, while her husband was a tyrant that Petruchio would have whipped—the law allowing. She herself was indeed one well entitled to be regarded by her husband as the very sum and substance of his "goods," in the optimal sense of the word; as his "chattels," in her all comprehensiveness; as his "house," without which he were comparatively without a home, for she was the "very stuff" of it; its productive, conservative, and laborious blessing. We have shortly to lose sight of this admirable woman, and therefore cannot but dwell a moment on her virtues while she is yet before us. The excuse for her marriage was the mistake of regarding the baronet's personal handsomeness, agreeable manners, refined taste, and earnest courtship, as truly expressive of corresponding moral qualities and the sincerity of his professed love as reciprocating the reality of her own. Sad was the discovery of his having falsely played his part too well; but sadder still was the perception that he soon disregarded the elder son because the latter retained, with unfailing culture, the feelings and principles his mother had given to him; and that her husband's chief parental care was to wean the younger boy from the maternal influence. So completely did she conceal her mortification that not even her own family were aware of anything less than the usual amount of happiness in her wedded life; and, as we have already seen, the neighbours around considered the baronet and his lady as equally blessed in each other and in their children.

Among the neighbours of the Blackleigh locality, the most distinguished by wealth and social standing, were Mr. and Mrs. Goldrich, married some few years after the union of the baronet and his lady, and who had

One fair daughter, and no more,
The which they loved passing well.

Mr. Goldrich had inherited the adjoining estate of Belmont, together with two or three merchant ships, which gave its chief importance to the little sea-town of Blackport. Mrs. Goldrich had been solely elevated into position by her husband; but it was soon observed that she did not bear her dignities with quite so meek a spirit as might be looked for in one of her lowly origin.

The two young men of Blackleigh Hall, though joint inhabitants of the same home during their boyhood, divided to complete their academical education ; Edmund becoming an industrious student amid the groves of Cam, and Richard playing the "faster" man in the boat-racings of Isis. And thus the years passed on till the college days of the two were concluded, when, what with her decayed health, the baronet's unkindness, and the heartless conduct of her youngest boy, poor Lady Blacklock lay down to die, having secured all she could to make happy the life of her loving and beloved son Edmund.

It need scarcely be said that Edmund was the only real mourner at his mother's funeral, nor will it be expected that any domestic cordiality existed on the part of the two others and himself. There was less active quarrel than before, because the especial cause of their disagreement was buried, and not to be spoken of; but as there was no likelihood of their now or hereafter acquiring that household harmony that had never existed, the elder son, soon after his mother's funeral, when he became possessed of sufficient, or indeed abundant independent means, bade his father and brother farewell, and departed for the Continent, relieving the baronet, at least, of all further care or responsibility as to provision for his "undutiful" son. We will not say there was no care otherwise ; for, should Edmund die on his travels, both father and brother would care to know it immediately. Should he marry, then would Richard have still more care in his prospective fears of an heir-at-law to the title he hoped for, however unreasonably. An exchange of letters, therefore, took place from time to time ; those of the traveller being easy and contented in their tone, while the replies of Sir Edmund and his other son were rather strained and anxiously-inquiring—the baronet's on his pet boy's part, the other's on the pet's part only. Blackleigh Hall was a sumptuous residence, with its gallery of paintings by the old masters, and sculptures by the new, its grounds of earthly beauty, and its heaven-reflecting waters ; but the title of "Sir Richard Blackleigh of Blackleigh and Blacklock, Bart.," was still necessary to the ambitious aspirant ; and the delicate state of his brother's health, inherited from his mother, was a chance in favour of his own flattering imaginings. As to the old baronet, he felt at liberty only to express his hopes that the inheritor of the title, with its "forest of firewood and ruined castle," would be worthy of all that of his ancestral line—and something more.

The traveller had not been long absent before a letter arrived intimating that the "ancestral line" of the Blacklocks was likely to have another line knotted to it, or rather twisted with it ; the combined continuation diverging from the course which had hitherto been confined within the sea-bounded extent of Great Britain. If the father had coquetted with Italian art in painting, statuary, architecture, and ornamental gardening, the son had found pleasure in the society of Italy's sons and daughters ; and the delicate state of his health had claimed the especial interest of an Italian gentleman, who had invited him to his house, and whose daughter had been his best physician. The cure of his more immediate malady—a *disease of the heart*, occasioned by the loss of his mother—had been homœopathically effected by the inoculation of another variety of the same disease, producing a desire for the gain of a wife. Not that he distinctly stated these particulars in his letter to

the baronet, but that the statement of them was unnecessary to his father, who, with the jealous apprehension of his family and national pride, immediately concluded that "some artful Italian wench had conspired with her designing parents to hook a stray English gudgeon who had been fool enough to talk of his present means and future prospects." The letter of Edmund seemed studiously non-explicit, and the irate baronet penned a reply, the explicitness of which was emphatic. "So," he wrote, "you have got yourself into the toils of some singing girl, or opera dancer, or possibly worse, and who may prove—if you are careless of our family dignity—its lasting disgrace! I have had reason enough to lament your unfilial conduct to me, and the selfish use you made of your influence over a weak and too partial mother, but I could not have thought you would have degraded her memory and my name," and so on.

In the rejoinder to this, the insulted Edmund calmly acknowledged that, since his former letter, "he *had* been 'hooked,' but not by the inducement of so mean a bait as supposed. The conclusion that he was in love with his fair physician was perfectly true, but the supposition of her social status was extravagantly false; and he had now merely to say that his love—approved by the young lady's father—was reciprocated by herself, and that he was irrevocably engaged to one who was worthy to succeed his mother, should the former ever become Lady Blackleigh: that nothing could advance his present happiness except the concurrence of his father in the marriage he had resolved upon; but that nothing would impede his determination, sanctioned as it was by the father of his lady-love, in whose concession he had as much to wonder at as in the opposition of his own father, after the latter had expressly left him disinherited of all but what was not estrangeable, and that, too, by no more than the same moral right which he now himself exercised, in following up the example of independent self-will afforded him by his surviving parent."

To the foregoing letter there was no reply, the baronet's impression being that, in his own words, "he had done his duty, as said 'surviving parent,' in rationally arguing the culpable imprudence of an engagement which would acquit him of anything harsh in whatever he might do, or not do, in respect to so incorrigibly obstinate a young man." The reader may, however, refer the non-reply to the unanswerable statements in the son's letter.

A third letter from Edmund Blackleigh arrived some time after, announcing his marriage, mildly and respectfully worded, regretting deeply the refusal of the approbation that would have left him nothing more to wish for, but not with any further attempt to justify a proceeding to which his father, by declining to answer the preceding letter, seemed to be determinately opposed. This was, of course, only "pish'd" and "pshaw'd" by the baronet, who was "only too glad to be rid of all claims even upon his parental mercy."

No answer, as indeed might be expected. But, in truth, Sir Edmund was not without cautionary sense; and the policy of his silence will the more appear when the difficulty is considered of replying to arguments such as the following: "You should consider, my dear father, that you replied to my first letter in terms of the most unkindly abuse, not only of my folly, on which" (from your knowledge of me) "you might be at

liberty to speak, but of my beloved girl's character, when you knew no more of it than she now does of yours, of our 'family dignity,' of your offence with me, or of anything more than my trusted truth in representing myself as a homeless Englishman, in the position of an orphan, with no future prospects of augmented importance or fortune, and with no more than the just sufficient means, afforded by my deceased mother, to support a wife in the quietest way of respectable gentility. That you should have spoken of my 'degrading my too partial mother's memory' is an indication—pardon my thinking it—that she does not live as she ought to do in *yours*. I cannot help being the heir to your title and its belongings; nor is the father of my bride more aware that I am so, than is she herself. It is not for me, in my desire for your protracted life, and in the sense of my weakly constitution, to think of what might be mine as your survivor; and be it as it may, I earnestly wish that my brother may advantage by all you can bequeath him by will, being much more than satisfied with what I already have, including one, 'the riches of whose self alone' far transcends all your love might have left me, had I been blessed in its retention."

The cold-blooded recipient of this communication soliloquised to his spleen's satisfaction, saying, "he did not think" (which he did) "that the desire for his brother's 'advantage' was other than in the 'sour-grape' sense, and 'he only hoped' " (which he did not) "that Master Edmund's means, with the added 'riches of his wife's self alone,' would be available to the provision of enough macaroni and garlick for two. He had no distressing feeling in respect to their beggary" (which was true), "because to relieve those who had, in their determinate self-will, volunteered into the ranks of romantic starvation, would be to rob them of their votarist glory in 'the army of martyrs.'" An expression he emphasised in his reverence for the liturgical language of his church. The fact is, the baronet had little to exempt him from the appellation of "a bad man." He had hated his wife because, with all her gentle amiability, she had a will of her own, leaving her to be convinced by reason, but not commanded by martial authority. He equally disliked his eldest born, because "he was all the mother from the top to toe." He was attached to the younger, because the latter in part resembled him, submitted to him, and seemed to be accordant even when he was not so entirely; for, as we shall see hereafter, Richard Blackleigh was ultimately capable of better feelings than such as were developed under his father's training.

The anathematised Edmund was, however, not yet to be driven from "all filial decency," as his father denominated his manly self-respect. Other letters followed occasionally, in proof of the "decency" yet existant. They were ever respectful, but never suppliant; though, by inference, rather corrective than conciliatory. The fourth letter announced the birth of a son.

"Brat, number one," said the grandfather to Richard.

"Yes," replied the latter, with a bitter grin. "*Sir Bambino Blacklock, Bart.*"

This was too much. The angry baronet threw the letter into the fire, the pet burning his fingers in the attempt to rescue it.

"Let alone, dullard!" exclaimed the sire; "the less you know of him, from himself, the better. Know nothing, Dick."

No answer. Another twelvemonth, and another letter.

"Brat number two," said the baronet.

"A boy?" asked Richard.

"Yes," replied the grandfather, "*Sir Ricciardo Blackleigh—Sir Bambino* failing. Bad chance for you, Dick."

"Not so bad," said the uncle, "as macaroni half rations."

They were walking by the lake when the servant delivered the letter, and as there was no fire at hand, the baronet, tearing up the letter, threw the pieces on to the water. The swans, breasting the ruffled surge, tried the taste of the scattered fragments, but they could make nothing of them, and paddled away in contemptuous disgust.

Only a week more, and another letter. Richard was alone in the library when it was laid on the table to await the baronet's coming, but the young man was quick to observe his brother's hand-writing in the superscription, and more particularly to notice the black seal! "But what can *that* signify, anyhow?" he said to himself; and turn the matter over and over as he might, there was no divivable probability favourable to his hopes. There was his brother's life against them still; and if both children were dead, there might yet be the mother of others to be born, and she dead, there were three lives remaining against him. He continued brooding over the direction, speculating on what act of death would be most encouraging, till he bethought him the letter might announce no more than the demise of "the old signore," when Sir Edmund entered, to join his son in silent contemplation of the black seal as it still remained unopened on the table. "But," said he, as his son had said before him, "what *can* it matter?"

Richard intently watched his father as the latter perused the mysterious epistle with close attention, but with no emotion of any kind beyond a slight expression of displeased suspicion.

"Richard," said the baronet, shivering as with the cold.

"Yes, sir," answered the expectant son, mistaking the shiver for one of disgust.

"Poke the fire; I feel quite chill." A reply chilling to Dick's curiosity. "It is obvious to me," continued Sir Edmund, "that your brother has a correspondent in Blackleigh who can be no other than Mr. Lovell, the lawyer, selected, of course, because he was your late mother's adviser, and because he has ever been engaged in opposition to me. He is obviously informed of more than we have been apprised of concerning Edmund. They were frequently together just before your brother's departure, and, though Lovell has often spoken to me in the ordinary way of out-door greeting, he has never made any mention of Edmund, the conclusion being that he is independent of the necessity of any information from me touching his friend abroad."

"He has been," said Richard, "equally silent to *me* on that subject, or, indeed, on every other, since the day when he supported Hawkins in his objections to bear the cost of those repairs at the Grange, and when, as you, sir, remember, to *your* cost, your own lawyer felt obliged to give way. But, sir, now that I have poked the fire, and your shivering fit is over, may I inquire as to the contents of that letter, which bears Edmund's superscription, and by its black seal denotes a death in our family, of which I am wholly ignorant?"

"Oh," replied the baronet, with admirable composure, "the—a—the woman—your brother's wife, I mean—is—a—is dead. She was of a sickly constitution, and almost immediately after the birth of the second child, died. From what I here read, both children are very delicate, and if what Edmund says be correct, he is himself dying of a broken heart, so that Sir Richard may yet be the successor to Blackleigh Hall as well as to the 'forest of firewood' and the ruined castle. I am happy he acquits *me* of any share in his malady, though not of paternal deficiency in declining to answer letters which were simply demands upon me for the approval of his conduct in holding as nothing my disapprobation of his filial misdoings; and he furthermore intimates 'the improbability of his addressing me any more'—an expression which he would leave me to interpret as meaning the likelihood of his own death before he might have any further communication to make concerning his infants. I entertain, however, no faith in deaths by the breaking of hearts, except, indeed, in such cases as that of old Jobson the Blackport coalheaver, who fell dead on the quay pavement under a sack of coals, and whose heart, on examination, was found literally to have been rent or burst open like a broken threepenny loaf by the over-weight of his loaded sack acting on the—the——In short, the poor fellow (who, by the way, was the happiest fellow that ever bore burden) did unquestionably die of a 'broken heart.' Let me, however, say that I can feel for the sorrow of your brother, and that I would write a few lines of sympathetic condolence, with a postscript of monition, if I knew where to direct to him. He tells me, in prohibition of my inclining, that he is en route on an undecided course of travel; that he has finally left the scene of his wife's death; that his children are with their maternal grandfather, whose address is not forwarded; and, in short, he leaves me without the means of doing as I would do, unless by a course of inquiry to which this letter does not supply the least clue, and which I do not therefore seek to follow. I cannot believe that the grandfather or other members of the deceased wife's family are (as Edmund has said) ignorant of my social position or local address, or that they will suffer us to remain ignorant of the intelligence their duty to themselves would prompt them to afford; therefore, my son, rest content with what I have now imparted to you, and let events work their own progress as they may."

"Will not the progress of events," said Richard, "be aided, or at least affected, by Mr. Lovell?"

"True, boy," said the baronet. "I had forgotten, in the flow of our converse, the theme of my own starting."

They then proceeded to consider the "theme" of Lovell's connexion with their affairs; but as the reader only requires to be possessed of the real facts of the matter, we leave unnoticed the speculations of Sir Edmund and Mr. Richard, and will open our next chapter with an account of Mr. Lovell as the friend of Edmund Blackleigh.

IMPOSSIBLE.

A WORD EXPUNGED FROM SOME VOCABULARIES.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

RIEN *d'impossible* is a French commonplace, alike in literature and war. Napoleon has the credit of enunciating and establishing the proposition with the most distinctive emphasis. But from Corneille and Molière downwards, to go no further back, the phrase has been counted one worthy of all acceptance; and as regards strategy, a royal general of an earlier age and another people, had the start of Napoleon in showing how practicable it might be to strike off the first syllable of the word impossible. Frederick the Great, equally with Bonaparte, was for cancelling the word altogether, when military enterprises were in question.

Pellisson's adulation of Louis the Great, in a certain prologue to one of Molière's Court comedies, contains the line,

Qu'il parle ou qu'il souhaite, il n'est rien d'impossible.*

Molière's own Scapin gaily and complacently avows of himself, "A vous dire la vérité, il y a peu de choses qui me soient impossible, quand je m'en veux mêler."† Corneille's redoubtable Cid had already said, in one of those lines that the playhouse at once voted sublime,

A qui venge son père il n'est rien d'impossible.‡

And in the next scene the Infante assures Chimène,

Et tu sais que mon âme, à tes ennuis sensible,
Pour en tarir la source y fera l'impossible.

So Dorante to Clarice (but then to be sure Dorante is a great liar; in fact the Liar, *Le Menteur*; the original of Foote's Young Wilding):

Clar. Je vous voulais tantôt proposer quelque chose,
Mais il n'est plus besoin que je vous la propose,
Car elle est impossible.

Dor. Impossible! ah! pour vous
Je pourrai tout, madame, en tous lieux, contre tous.§

That once celebrated Chevalier who did not shrink either from snubbing Pascal in mathematics, or from offering his hand in marriage to Madame de Maintenon, shortly before the king took it, sententiously remarks, "Les violents désirs sont industrieux, et c'est ce qu'on dit que, lorsqu'on aime, on ne trouve rien d'impossible."|| Nothing is impossible to the man who can will, Mirabeau declares: "Is that necessary? That shall be," he styles the only law of success. The Cardinal de Retz remarks on the wisdom of observing the distinction between things difficult and things impossible, and, as the Roman poet has it, time, in its revolutions, brings about events which even the Gods themselves durst not promise

* Prologue to *Les Facheux*.

† *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, Acte I. Sc. 2.

‡ *Le Menteur*, Acte III. Sc. 5.

† *Le Cid*, Acte II. Sc. 2.

|| *Le Chevalier de Méré*.

to their votaries.* *Industria nil impossibile*, is the Latinised version of a saw ascribed to one of the seven wise men of Greece, Periander of Corinth. The Earl of Chesterfield never tires of warning his son against the sort of people who either think, or represent, so many things as impossible; whereas few things, he asserts, are so, to industry and activity. "But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness."† In another letter, "None but madmen," he says, "attempt impossibilities; and whatever is possible, is one way or another to be brought about."‡ The noble lord would no doubt have applauded the dictum of the seventh of those Gymnosophists whom Alexander the Great sought to pose with problematical questionings, and who, being asked, "How a man might become a god?" answered, "By doing what is impossible for man to do."§ Sense, argues Chesterfield, must distinguish between what is impossible and what is only difficult; and spirit and perseverance will get the better of the latter. In another epistle he strenuously denounces that "favourite expression" which is the absurd excuse, he says, of all fools and blockheads: "I cannot do such a thing,"—a thing by no means either morally or physically impossible. "I remember a very awkward fellow,"—and a very awkward fellow was always a black beast to his very elegant lordship,—“who did not know what to do with his sword, and who always took it off before dinner, saying, that he could not possibly dine with his sword on; upon which I could not help telling him that I really believed he could without any probable danger either to himself or others.”|| We are apt, it has been said, to confound the potential mood with the optative. What we wish to do, we think we can do: but when we don't wish a thing, it becomes impossible.¶ We are told of the late Sir Fowell Buxton, that, before entering upon an undertaking his habit was to consider, not whether success in it was probable, but whether it was possible; if the latter, he would set about it at once, and never give in till that success was gained.** *Nemo tenetur ad impossibile*, is a maxim in law. But some less determined spirits would have thought Sir Fowell tenacious even of that. Unable to keep pace with him, and such as him, either in his projects, or his perseverance in pursuing them, they would be as conscious of "imperfect sympathy" as the carper at King Arthur's idealities and day-dreams,

In swearing men to vows impossible,
To make them like himself.††

Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity, is Diana Vernon's reply to Frank Osbaldistone's demand, "How is it possible for me to do" what she has proposed. She says it with a look resembling one of those heroines of the age of chivalry, whose encouragement was wont to give champions double valour at the hour of need. "To the timid and hesitating," she adds, "everything is impossible,

* See Fonblanque's *England under Seven Administrations*, iii. 323.

† Chesterfield's *Letters*, July 26, 1748.

‡ *Ibid.*, June 5, 1750.

§ Plutarch, *Life of Alexander*.

|| Chesterfield's *Letters*, May 11, 1752.

¶ *Guesses at Truth*.

** *Life of Sir T. F. Buxton*, ch. xxxii.

†† Tennyson, *Idylls of the King*: Elaine.

because it seems so.”* King James gives a drier rendering of the same implied reproach to George Heriot, when that sober and substantial citizen pronounces a certain course to be impossible. “Difficult, ye mean, Geordie, not impossible,” rejoined the king; “for that whilk is impossible, is either naturally so, *exempli gratiâ* to make two into three; or morally so, as to make what is truth falsehood; but what is only difficult may come to pass, with assistance of wisdom and patience.”† Another illustration from Scott. Louis XI. asks young Quentin Durward if ever he saw so strong a fortress as that of Plessis-Tours, and if he thinks there are men bold enough to storm it. Long and fixedly the youth gazes on that stronghold; and his eye glances, and the colour mounts to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replies, “It is a strong castle, and strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men.”‡ Louis, by the sneering tone of his reply, seems to have rated Quentin much as a Scottish historian of the '45 rates that self-styled Monsieur Mirabelle, by the Highlander called Mr. Admirable,—a French engineer consulted by Prince Charles as to the storming of Stirling Castle. “It is the characteristic of ignorance never to think anything impossible; and this man at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches’ depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the castle overlooked it by at least fifty feet.”§

One is reminded of the comedian’s musings in one of the Caxton novels. If his plan should fail? He will tell you that is impossible. But if it *should* fail, you say. Well, as to that—there runs a story (not that Lord Lytton vouches for its truth, but tells it as it was told to him), that in the last Russian war a British admiral of renown for daring and scientific invention, was examined before some great officials as to the chances of taking Cronstadt. “If you send me,” said the veteran, “with so many ships of the line, and so many gunboats, Cronstadt of course will be taken.” “But,” said a prudent lord, “suppose it should not be taken?” “That is impossible—it must be taken!” “Yes,” persisted my lord, “you think so, no doubt; but still, if it should not be taken—what then?” “What then!—why, there’s an end of the British fleet!” His meaning—misinterpreted by the authorities, who, in alarm, declined to send him—was to prove that one hypothesis was impossible, by the suggestion of a counter-impossibility more self-evident. “It is impossible but what I shall take Cronstadt!” “But if you don’t take it?” “It is impossible but what I shall take it; for if I don’t take it, there’s an end of the British fleet; and as it is impossible that there should be an end of the British fleet, it is impossible that I should not take Cronstadt.—Q. E. D.”|| There is so much power in faith, muses Lionel, in a later chapter of the same work, that let a man but be firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies.¶

Probably the times might be told by hundreds, in which M. Dumas the elder introduces heroes undertaking and cavalierly performing the impos-

* Rob Roy, ch. xvi.

† Fortunes of Nigel, ch. xxxi.

‡ Quentin Durward, ch. iiii.

§ Chambers’s History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, ch. xviii.

|| What will He Do with It? book iii. ch. xi.

¶ Book vi. ch. i.

sible. What though his Gabriel, Comte de Montgomery, in one chapter, pleads with offended royalty, "But your majesty will not insist on the impossible; and is it not impossible at this time to take a city from the English or the Spaniards?"* In the next we have him proposing, as the heading of the chapter runs, "a great idea for a great man." He proposes to the Duke of Guise to take Calais: "I fear you will at first condemn my suggestion as impossible, but in truth it is only difficult and perilous." Then again we have D'Artagnan egging himself on to run great risks, lest he lose ground with the cardinal. "Great men are only gratified when one can perform impossibilities for them. 'If it had been possible,' say they, 'we could have done it ourselves.' And the great are in the right."† Speaking up for his friend Porthos, the Gascon says to Mazarin, at a subsequent interview, "Monseigneur, M. du Vallon is like myself, he loves extraordinary service; that is to say, enterprises that are deemed wild and impossible"‡—a gasconade which did not displease Mazarin. Later on we have this characteristic bit of colloquy between the cardinal and the queen. Anne of Austria has seen M. le Prince, who has undertaken to starve *frondeur* Paris, and force it to surrender at discretion. "The project is not deficient in spirit," observes Mazarin; "I see only one impediment to it."—"And what is that?"—"Impossibility."—"A word totally void of sense: nothing is impossible."—"In project, I grant."—"Oh, or in execution."§ Anon we have Mazarin commissioning D'Artagnan to convey the queen and young king to Saint-Germain. "Yes, monseigneur, and I feel all the responsibility of such a charge."—"You accept it, nevertheless?"—"I always accept such."—"Do you think it possible?"—"Everything is so."|| Soon after we have Mordaunt in the same spirit demanding of Cromwell, "When, sir, you have formed a wish, and have charged me with the accomplishment of it, have I ever replied, 'It is impossible'?"¶ Then again in the still longer sequel of that long story, we have Louis the Fourteenth thus rebuking his minister: "Monsieur Colbert, when you speak to me of public business, exclude more frequently the word 'difficulty' from your reasonings and opinions; as to the word 'impossible,' never let it pass your lips."** A score of chapters later, Louis tells Colbert that Fouquet must be arrested. "That is impossible," replies Colbert.—"I thought I had told you already, monsieur," rejoins the king, "that I suppressed that word in my service."†† After a while—say a century of chapters—we come upon Charles II. and his circle, discussing the notion of Bragelonne setting off for Paris within an hour's time. "But, sire," said the duke, "your majesty knows that is impossible." "That is to say, my dear Buckingham, that it is impossible until the contrary happens."‡‡ Pass on another half century of chapters, and we have D'Artagnan accepting what Colbert demurred to as impracticable,—the arrest of Fouquet. True, he is astounded when Louis gives the order. "To do what, sire?" D'Artagnan fell back a step. "To arrest M. Fouquet?" he burst forth.—"Are you going to tell me that it is impossible?" exclaimed the king, with cold and vindictive passion.—"I never say that

* Les deux Diane, ch. xlii.

† Ibid., ch. xxvi.

** Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. liii.

§ Ibid., ch. li.

† Vingt Ans Après, ch. vii.

|| Ibid., ch. liii.

¶ Ch. lxxv.

¶ Ibid., ch. lix.

‡‡ Ch. clxxviii.

anything is impossible," replied D'Artagnan, wounded to the quick.— "Very well; do it, then."* And how opens the historical romance of *The Queen's Necklace*? With a scene between the old Marshal Richelieu and his maître-d'hôtel, when the latter, in answer to his master's requisition to have dinner (a king among the guests) at four o'clock that day, affirms with the courage of despair that in any event his grace cannot dine before five o'clock. "Why so, sir?" cried the Marshal.— "Because it is utterly impossible." Whereupon the marshal gives the maître-d'hôtel notice to quit his service that very evening, after being more than twenty years in it. "This evening you seek a new master; I do not choose that the word impossible shall be pronounced in my house; I am too old now [eighty-eight] to begin to learn its meaning."† A milder reproach is bestowed on Madame de la Motte by the Cardinal de Rohan, when she affects reluctance to accept his present of a dwelling-house, furnished and complete. "Oh, monseigneur, it is impossible for me to accept this." "Impossible, why? Do not say that word to me, for it is a word I do not believe in."‡ As indeed what Frenchman does—especially in romance?

That Rhadamanthine Marquis, as Mr. Carlyle calls him, the sire of Mirabeau, was proud of his son, as well as wrathful against him, when he styled Gabriel Honoré the Demon of the Impossible, *le démon de la chose impossible*. It was this Gabriel Honoré who, long afterwards, ordered his secretary to do some miracle or other, miraculous within the time,§ and was answered, "Monsieur, it is impossible." "Impossible!" exclaimed Mirabeau; "Ne me dites jamais cette bête de mot!" Lord Chatham said, "I trample on impossibilities." Nelson used to say|| that in sea affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable. Our Nelsons and Wellingtons, wrote Coleridge in their time, inherited that glorious hardihood, which completes the undertaking, ere the contemptuous calculator, who has left nothing omitted in his scheme of probabilities, except the might of the human mind, has finished his pretended proof of its impossibility.¶

Lord Brougham remarks of the great step which Frederick II. made in military science—namely, the connecting together all the operations of an extensive campaign in various quarters, and especially the moving vast bodies of troops rapidly on a given point, so as to fight his adversaries there at a certain advantage,—that it required a brave neglect of the established rule of tactics; a firm determination to despise formidable obstacles; an erasure of the words "difficult and impossible" from the general's vocabulary.** This remark occurs in the course of a comparative estimate of Frederick the Great and Napoleon. In another, of Nelson and St. Vincent, the same noble author affirms, that such a peremptory will as the latter showed—such a fixed resolution to be obeyed—"such an obdurate, inflexible, unteachable ignorance of the word 'impossible,' when any preparation was to be made,—formed no

* Le Vicomte de Bragelonne, ch. ccxxii.

† Le Collier de la Reine; Prologue.

‡ Ch. xxi.

§ Dumont tells the story, and Mr. Carlyle after him, in his Essay on Mirabeau.

|| Southey's Life of Nelson, ch. viii.

¶ See the Sixteenth of Coleridge's Essays in *The Friend*.

** Comparison of Napoleon and Washington.

part of Nelson's character; although he showed his master's profound and crass ignorance of that word—the mother tongue of little souls—when any mighty feat was to be done, such as souls like these cannot rise to comprehend.”* Mrs. Gaskell aptly describes, in her contrasted pictures of North and South, Margaret Hale's liking for that exultation in the sense of power which the Milton men exhibit. “It might be rather rampant in its display, and savour of boasting; but still they seemed to defy the old limits of possibility, in a kind of fine intoxication, caused by the recollection of what had been achieved, and [by a confidence in] what yet should be.”†

The Earl of Peterborough, announcing his fixed determination to raise the siege of Monjuich, urged on by the Archduke and Prince, who, however, suggested no plan, as Macaulay says, by which seven thousand men could be enabled to do the work of thirty thousand,—was blamed by some critics for giving up his own opinion to the childish whims of Charles, and for sacrificing his men in an attempt to perform what was impossible.‡ But he performed it. Frederick the Great is himself blamed by military critics for that disaster which brought disgrace to Finck, “a second Turenne,” who is said to have died of the grief it caused him. Frederick was anxious to force Daun out of Saxony before winter set in, and with this view he placed General Finck in Daun's rear, so as to interrupt his communications with Bohemia. But Finck submitted to the king that he was exposed to attack by Daun's whole army. Frederick answered that he disliked to hear of difficulties. He vetoed Finck's proposal to extend his position, by ordering him to keep his force together. The result was, that after some hard fighting and struggling through frost and snow, fifteen thousand Prussians were compelled to lay down their arms. “Having lost an army by his own recklessness, the king proceeded to punish the unfortunate commander who had failed to perform an impossibility.” Finck was imprisoned and dismissed the service,§ by a master who had expunged “impossible” from his dictionary.

There is a clerical story of an Oxford tutor, who, not many years ago, went down to manage a country parish; and who upon entering on his parochial duties announced that he was going to put down tobacco in the parish. An elder and wiser man told him it was impossible; to which the enthusiastic tutor replied that “impossible” was not a word in his dictionary. “He little knew the agricultural poor. They did not find it necessary to erase the word ‘tobacco’ from their dictionary, and the moral reformer had to retire and leave his parishioners to smoke like a house on fire.”||

John of Ligny, the surrenderer of the Pucelle, had painted on his arms a camel sinking under its burden, with what Michelet calls the sad device, unknown to men of heart, “Nul n'est tenu à l'impossible.”¶ Jacques Cœur, on the other hand, took for his device what Michelet, again, calls the heroic rebus, “*A vaillans (cœurs) rien impossible*”—a

* Statesmen of Time of George III., vol. iii.

† North and South, ch. xx.

‡ Macaulay's Essays, ii.

§ See Sir E. Cust's Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century, vol. iii.

|| Art. “The Dean of Carlisle on Tobacco,” in *Saturday Review*, No. 196.

¶ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, l. xi. ch. iv.

motto bespeaking the man, his daring, his naive pride.* It is an undoubted fact of human nature, observes Coleridge,† that the sense of impossibility quenches all will. And Mr. Carlyle calls it greatly wise to recognise the impossible, the unreasonably difficult, when it presents itself.‡ Let Reason, says the judicious Hooker, “teach impossibility in anything, and the Will of Man doth let it go; a thing impossible it doth not affect, the impossibility thereof being manifest.”§

Dieu vous ordonne-t-il de tenter l'impossible ?||

asks Abner of Joad in Racine's Scripture-play. On the other hand, *the* Christian Poet of these latter days writes,

What cannot be, Love counts it done.¶

Psein, the Hungarian captain, in Mr. Landor's trilogy, being urged by the Princess Maria to undertake a daring enterprise, on behalf of her imperilled sister, Giovanna of Naples, excuses himself from a feat so practically impossible, with the deprecating words, “Devoted as I am to you, O lady! it cannot be.” “Is that the phrase of Psein?” exclaims the princess:

We love the marvellous; we love the man
Who shows how things which cannot be can be.**

The “leading journal,” as becomes its character as such, does its best, from time to time, to discredit the word “impossible,” as a word, and a thing, out of keeping with the spirit of the times. Of such work as the late Colonel Baird Smith, in India, lived for, and died in, many would say at once that the work cannot be done, the task is impossible. “It is indeed impossible,” answers the *Times*, “but, nevertheless, such men as Colonel Baird Smith will undertake it, and do it, and prove it to be indeed impossible, inasmuch as they must make their lives the forfeit for it. Such is, indeed, the chief difference between men. One man calls a thing an impossibility, and wisely will not touch it. Another is equally aware that it is impossible, but undertakes it, and does it, though he die in the work.” Another time the *motif* of the journal's disquisition on the same text is Bismark's adventurous scheme of German unity. Let us hope, it said, while that scheme was as yet only *in posse*, that the mover of the great enterprise may not shrink back from that craven word “impossible”—a word that ought to have been long erased from all dictionaries. History, the *Times* went on to say, is but a string of impossibilities that have come to pass: events are constantly taking the world by surprise: human progress, whether scientific or political, always arrives at unforeseen results, at events beyond the reach not only of the vulgar mind, but even of the very highest intellect. “Napoleon I. [abjure though he might the word impossible] died a sceptic as to the practicability of propelling a ship against wind and tide. Seeing how often the upshot of things turns out contrary to all rational forecast, one is tempted to frame his faith upon the paradox of the old divine, ‘*Credo*

* Michelet, l. xii. ch. iii.

† In The Friend, Essay xiv.

‡ History of Friedrich II., book v. ch. viii.

§ Hooker, Ecclesiastical Polity, book i.

|| *Athalie*, Acte V. Sc. 2.

¶ Keble, Christian Year.

** Giovanna of Naples, Act II. Sc. 3.

quid impossibile.' Why should Bismark at the eleventh hour shrink from German unity as an 'impossible' undertaking? * Was not Italy deemed as unfit as Germany for political unity? . . . Yet the Italians did achieve their unity."† Another time the Atlantic cable is the topic in debate; and the *Times* exults in publishing a three weeks' diary that told the simple tale of a triumph over one of the impossibilities that had become typical in the human mind. For seemed it not utterly out of the question to recover anything once gone to the bottom of the ocean? If to lay a cable along the depth of the Atlantic, and thereby hold a conversation between Osborne and Washington, was not thought impossible a few years ago, it was only because it had not been thought of at all. "One more impossibility has been struck off the old list. What next? Well, a good deal remains to be done. There is work enough for many such expeditions, and openings for many such successes, if people will but perceive that what they choose to call impossibilities are only difficulties, to be encountered by adequate means." Another time the theme is the preservation for this country of the surplus beef and mutton of South America and Australia—a difficult task, confessedly, where there are prejudices as well as natural obstacles to be overcome. But, "no one, we should imagine, will tell us in these days that the design is impossible. That is a word which must be banished at all events from the scientific vocabulary."‡ Three or four days later, however, discussing the feasibility of a proposed invasion of Abyssinia, to release the captives held by King Theodore, the *Times* stated the fact to be, that, "although it would be absurd to pronounce the enterprise 'impossible,' there are yet achievements which are only practicable on certain conditions."§ A statement by no means audacious or paradoxical.

In ordinary circumstances, and with ordinary people, said the same journal on another occasion, life is full of impossibilities, which some surmount or break through; while there are those who, like Napoleon, have erased the word from their vocabularies; and these sometimes make great failures, sometimes great successes. "The failures, of course, are natural, and according to programme. The successes are often plainly ascribable to lucky chances, or special interposition." But the truth is held to be that such people do a little gentle violence to the conditions of the problem. "It is really impossible to make an egg stand on its end;|| so Columbus crushed in the impossible basis, and made it stand, though with some damage to the refractory shell." And among other illustrations that follow, Earl Grey, it is added, found it impossible to get his bill through the existing parliament, so he crushed in the shell; that is, he changed one house, added to his own side in the other, and let it be understood that he would do anything else that he found necessary.¶

Take a lesson from Miss Ophelia closing and locking her trunk. "Why, aunty," cries Eva, "what'll you do now? That trunk is too full to be shut down." "It *must* shut down," said aunty, with the air of a

* This was written at the time of a reported "hitch" in the minister's annexation projects—the action of the government being, so rumour ran, paralysed by the influence of "some illustrious personages at court."

† *The Times*, Aug. 16, 1866.

‡ *Ibid.*, Aug. 7.

§ *Ibid.*, March 10, 1866.

|| *Ibid.*, Aug. 3, 1867.

¶ *Pace* Mr. Craig of Leamington.

general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid. Still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk. "Get up here, Eva," said Miss Ophelia, courageously: "This trunk has *got to be* shut and locked—there are no two ways about it." And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.* No doubt this middle-aged maiden aunty was regarded by her intimates much as Lamartine tells us that Vergniaud was regarded by his—as one of those persons "from whom everything, even impossibilities, are expected."† As good mistress Polish tells Nurse Keep in the play, when her young lady is sick, and Keep professes her will to do her duty,

You must do more than your duty, foolish nurse;
You must do all you can, and more than you can,
More than is possible.‡

It is one of the first principles of Mr. Vivian Grey—and perhaps of his author, whom many assume to *be* Vivian Grey—that everything is possible. Men do fail in life, that author observes, and, after all, very little is done by the generality; but all these failures, and all this inefficiency, Mr. Disraeli would simply trace to a want of physical and mental courage.§ His own success he would probably trace to an exceptionally full supply of that potent quality. In part at least, energy and industry are co-efficients in bringing out the result. Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge|| makes it a characteristic of all true creoles, that what they are too indolent to do, they conveniently declare is impossible to be done at all.

At Rome, the two young French travellers in "*Monte Christo*" are told, things either can or cannot be done: when you are told anything cannot be done, there is an end of it. The method they pursue at Paris, one of the two replies, is much more convenient—when anything cannot be done, you pay double, and it is done directly.¶

Sir Richard Mayne, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on the Traffic Regulation Bill, harped significantly on that jarring string, the impossible. On the question of limiting to certain hours the delivery of coals, beer, &c., he said: "I cannot judge of the amount of inconvenience it may cause, but I have known so many cases in which I was told that things were 'impossible,' and which I have found, when the law was compulsory, were quite possible, that I do not entirely consider that a case is made out by the mere assertion that the thing is 'impossible.' When the Act for the abatement of the smoke nuisance was passed, I was told that it was 'impossible,' and could not be carried out. When the Act for the regulation of cattle passing through the streets was passed, I remember that a deputation of the cattle salesmen and drovers came to me, and represented that it was 'impossible,' and that I should raise the price of meat to 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. per lb." Sir Richard would seem to expect in every man, from cattle-drover to common-councilman, the same

* Uncle Tom's Cabin, ch. xv.

† Histoire des Girondins, l. xlvii. § xvi.

‡ Ben Jonson, The Magnetic Lady, Act II. Sc. 1.

§ Vivian Grey, book i. ch. vii.

|| Six Months in the West Indies, ch. xii.

¶ Monte Christo, ch. xxxiii.

capacity which an old French critic regards as demoniacal in Jodelle :
 " Rien ne sembloit lui être impossible où il employoit son esprit."* Like
 Shakspeare's Richard,

Flattering them with impossibilities†—

or say, in Coriolanus's phrase,

Murd'ring impossibility, to make
 What cannot be, slight work.‡

And as we are in for Shakspearean variations of the theme, or varied
 readings of the text, let us cite his Ligarius, aroused by Brutus to a spirit
 of enterprise which makes him say,

And I will strive with things impossible ;
 Yea, get the better of them.§

And Helena, sanguine of a royal cure, saying :

Impossible be strange attempts, to those
 That weigh their pains in sense ; and do suppose,
 What hath been cannot be.||

And Isabella, praying the Duke to

—make not impossible
 That which but seems unlike.¶

And Sebastian and Antonio deriding honest old Gonzalo in the enchanted
 isle :

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son
 for an apple.**

And Leontes apostrophising imagination :

Thou dost make possible, things not so held.††

Or, lastly, Timon of Athens, in the same vein, apostrophising gold :

Thou visible god,
 That solder'st close impossibilities,
 And mak'st them kiss.‡‡

* Pasquier.

† Coriolanus, Act V. Sc. 3.

‡ All's Well that Ends Well, Act I. Sc. 1.

¶ Measure for Measure, Act V. Sc. 1.

‡‡ Winter's Tale, Act I. Sc. 2.

† King Henry VI., part iii.

§ Julius Cæsar, Act II. Sc. 1.

** The Tempest, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡‡ Timon of Athens, Act IV. Sc. 3.

THE ARLINGTONS:

SKETCHES FROM MODERN LIFE.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

LADY DANBY'S PLANS FRUSTRATED.

LADY DANBY, in pursuance of the little plan she had designed to bring about a marriage between her husband's niece and Sir Adam Loftus—namely, to pique Susan into a pet with Colonel Dean, by parading his attentions to Eleanor Arlington, asked that young lady to spend a few weeks with her and the admiral on their return home to Plymouth. Aurelia and Maria were both sadly disappointed that they had not been asked; they thought that surely one of them might have been taken as well as Eleanor. And Fanny considered herself very ill used because her aunt had not selected her. But Lady Danby cared about nobody's feelings, wishes, or convenience except her own, a fact of which they ought to have been quite well aware.

Immediately after their arrival at Plymouth, Lady Danby wrote to Sir Adam Loftus, giving him the invitation she had proposed. To her surprise and annoyance he declined it. But she was not easily daunted, therefore she made Sir Thomas write to press his friend to come. In a postscript he mentioned that Eleanor had joined her aunt, and was going to stay some little time with them. She did not seem in good spirits, he said, for she felt her brother's misconduct very much, and he rather fancied her brother's friend, to whom she had been engaged, or partly engaged, having married another lady for her money, had been a disappointment to her.

If Eleanor, whom he could not forget, were staying with the Danbys, and her military admirer had given her the go by, Sir Adam felt that there might be a slight hope for him, and at any rate he could not resist the pleasure of seeing her again. So he asked permission to change his mind, and to accept the hospitality offered to him by his Plymouth friends.

In the mean time Colonel Dean had taken the field vigorously, as far as compliments and little attentions went. In his conceit he fancied that Eleanor had gone down to Plymouth on his account; else why, he argued, should she, of the five Miss Arlingtons, be the one, and the only one to go there.

Susan Danby looked very rueful, and hardly found it possible to be at all cordial with Eleanor, who, however, was quite innocent of any design to rival her, and was only bored by the colonel's pertinacity in so often imposing his tiresome conversation upon her.

But Lady Danby was delighted.

"Things are just going on as I wished," she said to herself, for Sir

Thomas was too single-minded and straightforward to enter into or comprehend her schemes. "Poor Susan looks so dreadfully downcast, and sometimes so provoked, that I have great hopes she will pluck up spirit enough to set her cap for the baronet, and leave the little colonel to Eleanor. There's nothing like good management, and I flatter myself I *am* a good manager."

Sir Adam arrived, and he was delighted to see Eleanor again; but it was only his tell-tale countenance that evinced his pleasure, for in his words he was exceedingly guarded. He could not forget that he had been refused, and he was determined to show no particular interest in her unless he found that her sentiments were very much changed, which he hardly expected. His extremely undemonstrative manners towards Eleanor quite misled his hostess, who fairly laid siege to him in favour of Susan. It was a regular game of cross purposes, though, as yet, there had been no crooked answers.

Lady Danby hinted, and more than hinted what an excellent wife Susan would make; Sir Adam listened politely, and replied that the gentleman upon whom Miss Susan might bestow her hand would be a fortunate man.

The speech was repeated to Susan by her aunt, who, at the same time, favoured the damsel with an oration touching the advantages to be gained by marrying Sir Adam, and impressed upon her what would probably be her destitute situation in future if she did not marry, and moreover marry a man who could maintain her.

"I see," continued the monitor, "that you are nursing a foolish fancy for Colonel Dean. But you had better put that out of your head, for he won't marry you; he can't, Susan. People must have something to live on. He has only his pay, and you have absolutely not a penny except the little trifle your papa allows you for your dress. That won't help to pay butchers' and bakers' bills. Now, Eleanor will have some money by-and-by, and her father is able to settle something on her when she marries. So, my good girl, make up your mind that you won't get Colonel Dean, and try to secure the baronet, though he *is* rather elderly."

This was very unpalatable advice to Miss Susan, and she did not feel inclined to follow it, but if she had it would have been of no use. The elderly party, as Colonel Dean would have called him, did not evince the slightest predilection for his friend's portionless niece. He became more and more devoted to Eleanor, though he took care not to show his admiration openly, for he was afraid of alarming her, and also of alarming her aunt, whose designs upon him in favour of Susan Danby had begun to dawn upon him. He was not at all vain, but he could comprehend that his fortune and title would make him a desirable match for the daughter of a poor clergyman. However, he acquitted the young lady of all participation in her aunt's schemes, and could not fail to see what were her sentiments towards Colonel Dean. For Susan, either on purpose to melt that gallant officer's flinty heart, or through inadvertence, scarcely attempted to conceal her preference for him.

Sir Adam saw the said colonel constantly hovering round Eleanor; could she, too, be captivated by him? It was of importance to himself to ascertain this, therefore he ventured one day to ask Eleanor what she,

and the other young ladies who made such a fuss about him, found so fascinating in Colonel Dean.

"I do not know what others may find in him to charm them," replied Eleanor, "but I am not among the number of his admirers. No doubt he is very efficient in his military duties, and he is certainly a good-natured little man; but to confide the truth to you, Sir Adam, I consider him a very wearisome person. He is a complete fribble; with ladies, at least, he never attempts anything like rational conversation. Perhaps he thinks that our sex are all fools; or, at any rate, so inferior in mind, that we cannot take in anything but nonsense. I do not care for gossip anywhere, or at any time, but it is too fatiguing to have it thrust on one here, where I know nobody."

"But you and he are almost inseparable; he is like your shadow wherever he meets you."

"So much the worse for me. He bores me beyond measure; I wish he would bestow his . . . his notice on some one else."

Sir Adam's face brightened.

"Then you are not engaged to him, dear Miss Eleanor?"

"I! Certainly not. How could such an idea have entered into your . . . into any one's head? I would not marry him if he were to inherit a dukedom and a princely fortune."

"You do not value rank and wealth, then?"

"Rank and wealth have their advantages, no doubt; but something more is wanting for happiness."

"What more? There are people who think everything should be sacrificed for money," said Sir Adam.

"Money is desirable," replied Eleanor, "as it gives its possessor the power of doing good, and also because it procures so many comforts, and ensures its owner against so many privations. But it cannot bestow affection, esteem, mutual confidence, and that companionship of mind which is so essential to domestic happiness."

"No; you are right, it cannot. But alas! how few are able to inspire affection, esteem, and confidence—aye, though they may pine to do so! But," he continued, "I gather from what you say, that you do not approve of marrying for money, only for money?"

Eleanor recollected Captain Colville's marriage; she fancied that Sir Adam alluded to that match, and wished to find out what she thought of it, so she answered,

"I would not marry for money myself, but I have no right to disapprove of what others may do. Things are not always what they appear on the surface. People's reasons and feelings may be very different from what we think them, and what the harsh world ascribes to them."

"She has not forgotten that man who threw her off for a girl with more fortune," said Sir Adam to himself; "she has no ill-will to him, and therefore I have no chance with her. I shall leave Plymouth and her."

But he did not leave her and Plymouth; and he was rewarded for his constancy by perceiving that Eleanor began to take much pleasure in his society. The contrast between him and her *bête noir*, Colonel Dean, was much in the baronet's favour.

Colonel Dean, meantime, was progressing towards a proposal, and his

attention to Eleanor was so marked, that every one set him down as her accepted suitor. Lady Danby was in high spirits; poor Susan very much depressed, and she would have been utterly in despair, had she not known that Eleanor was really not engaged to Colonel Dean, nor likely to become so.

A ball was given by the officers of a regiment stationed at Plymouth; of course the Danbys and their party were asked to it. Besides the handsome rooms in which the dancing took place, there were tents erected for refreshments and promenading. In the latter were arranged some snug little alcoves, which the gay younger officers called "flirtation corners." Into one of these flirtation corners, Colonel Dean had succeeded in dragging Eleanor, much against her will; and, probably having drunk too much wine at the mess-table that day, for he was generally very abstemious, in a hurried and flurried manner he then and there made the offer which had been hovering on his lips for several days.

Eleanor very politely, but at the same time decidedly, declined the proposed honour. The little colonel was perfectly amazed; he did not think he could have heard aright, and throwing his arm round her waist, he began to speak in very ardent terms. Eleanor thereupon became colder, and more peremptory in her refusal. But he did not believe she meant what she said. He could not possibly understand that any young lady could be indifferent to *his* attentions.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "this is only mock modesty, dear Eleanor; put it aside, and honestly say that . . . that you will be the future Mrs. Dean."

"Never, Colonel Dean. Let me go, there is no need to prolong this unpleasant scene. And look how people are staring at us."

But he insisted on detaining her until she gave him the answer he expected, and wished. At length she managed to break from him, and hurried out of the alcove to look for her uncle or aunt. But she could see neither of them in the tent, nor did she perceive any one with whom she was acquainted, until near the entrance to the tent she met Sir Adam Loftus.

In the impulse of the moment she put her arm within his, and begged him to escort her to her party. She seemed excited, and he could perceive that she was annoyed.

"You have been with Colonel Dean," he said; "that gentleman has been making himself very conspicuous this evening."

"I fear he has," replied Eleanor; "and making others conspicuous too, who had no wish to be so. How glad I am that I met you, Sir Adam!"

Sir Adam slightly pressed the arm that rested on his; he remained for a few moments as if reflecting on something, and then, instead of taking Eleanor to her aunt in the crowded ball-room, he contrived to get her into one of the side apartments, which were very prettily fitted up, and where a few people were quietly conversing.

He too began to converse, and his subject was the same as Colonel Dean's had been in the alcove in the tent; but it was differently handled. There was no presumptuous certainty of success in Sir Adam's words, but there was abundance of deep feeling, and feeling delicately expressed. He said he would be satisfied with her esteem, and did not

doubt that, in time, he might acquire her confidence if he proved deserving of it.

Eleanor was touched and gratified by the manner in which he spoke; there was now no obstacle to be got over, no Captain Colville to stand in his way, and the baronet's offer, repeated for the second time, was accepted. And very much surprised and chagrined Lady Danby was when she heard of her niece's engagement. Susan Danby, then, would never be Lady Loftus!

II.

PAINFUL SURMISES.

WHAT different scenes are enacted even among near relatives at the same time! If the innumerable gossips of the world but knew all that was really going on in many families, how glib their tongues would become! Marriages are 'always discussed by them, but they are still more eloquent when death and disasters form their themes!

Letitia Arlington's marriage had been amply descanted upon; but now she was to be dragged forward under less fortunate circumstances by these scavengers of society.

She and Mr. Duff Watson had returned to England, but instead of going straight up to London, they had determined to remain a week or two longer at Dover. Letitia liked being by the seaside, and so did Mr. Duff Watson; neither of them cared much for the London season, which was then in full operation.

"But I suppose," said Mr. Watson, "we must take a house in town for three months, and encounter the gaiety, as it is called, which will be going on. I can't say that I care for it myself; but you have been accustomed to it, and it would be unfair to deprive you of it. We shall have an opera-box, and perhaps you would like one of your sisters to come and stay with you. It will be more cheerful for you to have one or two, if they like to come, of your sisters with you, and I am sure I shall make them extremely welcome."

"Thank you very much," replied Letitia. "But really I do not care about London gaieties, or the London season, any more than you do. There is a great deal more toil than pleasure in the London gay season, what with endless balls and dinner-parties, morning visitors, and crawling about the Park amidst hundreds of carriages. I would much rather go to Scotland and see the charming scenery described by one of my favourite authors, Walter Scott. It is your native country, and I should like to visit the town where you lived when you were a boy. I had always a fancy for Scotland, and now that, through you, I am in a manner connected with it, I should be delighted to become acquainted with it."

Mr. Duff Watson's countenance, cheerful before, immediately assumed a gloomy look.

"No doubt the mountain and lake scenery is very fine in Scotland," he said, "but I am sure you would like Switzerland better. Everything there is on a grander scale. To tell you the truth, I do not care for Scotland, though it is my native country; I have no pleasant reminiscences of it, for my boyish, or rather youthful days, were not happy

ones. To be sure, Stirling Castle is a fine object, and the view from it extremely pretty; but the town itself has nothing to recommend it. *I* never wish to see it again."

"What a pity we had not gone to Switzerland when we were at Strasbourg," exclaimed Letitia.

"It was rather too early in the year then," said Mr. Duff Watson; "but we can still go. We can pay a flying visit to your family in London, and then return to the Continent. There is nothing to call me to Scotland, for I have sold the property near Stirling which belonged to my father. The house upon it was a very poor one, not fit for the residence of a gentleman's family, though the land was valuable, and being such an absentee, I was glad to get rid of it."

Letitia, with her usual prudence, or tact, whichever it might have been called, did not press the subject of going to Scotland, but immediately led the conversation to the continental countries in which Mr. Duff Watson had travelled.

He recovered his good spirits, and all was going on well when the post came to mar their comfort. If the post brings joy sometimes, how often does it not bring misery, or at least disquiet and annoyance?

Letters were received by Letitia from her family in Eaton-square, and among these was one from her father, who was not much given to letter-writing. These letters arrived by the earliest postal delivery. Later in the day, Mr. Duff Watson found a letter awaiting him at the hotel, by the second post from London. Letitia had been much startled and shocked by the contents of her letters—indeed, she had felt quite overwhelmed, quite miserable. But with a wonderful exertion of self-command and command of countenance, she had not betrayed her deep distress and dismay to her husband. He always scrupulously abstained from asking any questions about the contents of the letters she received, and she had only been in the habit of mentioning any little matter, written to her, which she fancied might amuse or interest him; therefore her silence in respect to the letters from London that morning was not even remarked by him.

She looked exceedingly pale, and appeared very nervous at breakfast; she could not taste a morsel even of dry toast, and seemed with difficulty to swallow a cup of tea; but she accounted for all this by saying that she had a bad headache, and that these severe headaches generally affected her whole system. Mr. Duff Watson was all for calling in a doctor; but Letitia would not hear of his doing so, merely, to satisfy him, sending to a chemist's for some quinine. They drove over to Folkestone, and lunched there; but the quinine had not given Letitia an appetite, nor did the fresh air seem to relieve the headache of which she still complained. Mr. Duff Watson was most anxious about her, and begged her to go and lie down as soon as they should return to their hotel at Dover.

Arrived there, he found the letter addressed to him, which had come by the afternoon post, lying on a side table in the sitting-room. He took it up, gazed at it as if it had been some terrible spectacle, and then laid it down, while the swelling veins of his forehead, and his trembling hands evinced how powerfully the very sight of the writing of the address had affected him.

"It is from *him*—my bane, my hated enemy—my destroyer!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice. "I thought he would not leave me in peace."

Then he stamped furiously on the floor, as if he were treading some noxious viper under his feet, and began to heap curses on "the wretch;" such bitter curses that Letitia thought he had lost his senses, and she stood leaning on the back of a large chair, without which support she must have fallen to the ground. After a whole volley of imprecations, Mr. Duff Watson sank exhausted on a sofa, and covering his face with his hands, he remained silent for a while. Letitia did not know what to do, whether to leave him until he recovered some composure, or to remain with him and try to soothe him. She thought it might seem unkind to leave him, so she stayed, and in a few minutes, or moments—though they appeared long to her—she went up to him, and asked him if he would allow her to tear up into atoms the letter, the receipt of which had annoyed him so much, and thus save him reading anything rude or disagreeable. She added:

"I do not suppose it is a business letter, and no other can be much worth keeping."

"No, do not tear it up. I *must* read it, for I must know how far his malice has carried him."

He took up his letter, and walked with the unsteady steps of a person in great agitation to his dressing-room; and Letitia retired also to her room, to think and be miserable.

Her letters of the morning had revealed a dreadful tale—a frightful secret to her; and in going through the day, as she had done, she had exercised immense self-command, and shown much courage. The stress on her nervous system had been, and still was, very great. It was wonderful that she was able to bear up, without a creature to whom she could communicate her feelings, perhaps her fears! The letters had told her that her husband was a lunatic—that he had been long confined in an asylum, from whence he had made his escape, and that in the early part of his life he had, while in a state of mental derangement, murdered his own mother!

Mrs. Arlington, her sisters, and even Mr. Arlington, all urged her to leave the unfortunate man, who could not be considered always responsible for his actions, and who might take her life also, in a fit of frenzy. They urged her to come home to them, and not to expose herself to dangers which might at any moment assail her. They reminded her that insane persons are not accountable for their actions, and that when a disordered brain is in a state of feverish activity, it may originate the wildest ideas. She was informed that the relation from India, whom Mr. Duff Watson so much dreaded and hated, was a respectable, sensible man. That he had been much shocked when he heard of his cousin's marriage, knowing what had been, for a long time, the unfortunate state of his mind. He said that he had blamed the agent in Scotland very severely, for not having warned Mr. Arlington of Mr. Duff Watson's malady, for it was terrible to think that his wife might be exposed to some fearful attack, even upon her life, if he were suddenly to have an access of insanity. The cousin farther mentioned that insanity was hereditary in the families of both Mr. Duff Watson's parents, though it had not showed itself in either of themselves.

Mr. Arlington offered to go to Dover for Letitia, who, he hoped, would return with him to London.

Poor Letitia, in consequence of these dreadful communications, was in great distress, and felt somewhat irresolute what she should do. She remembered her husband's conduct on the highest gallery of the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, and also his agitation during a part of the sermon in one of the chapels below; she remembered his dream, in which he vehemently asserted that he was not mad. Could it be possible that he *was* so? Or was his cousin playing the hypocrite, and endeavouring to work on a sensitive temper for his own purposes? Letitia wished that she could have seen this cousin, questioned him herself, and judged for herself of the honesty or dishonesty of his motives.

It was natural, she allowed, that her father and mother and sisters should be alarmed, and anxious for her safety. But was there any real cause for alarm? That was the question which she was endeavouring to solve in her own mind. Mr. Duff Watson was certainly an eccentric man, but eccentricity was not madness.

"If I accept my father's offer to come for me, and I leave the suspected maniac, it may drive him mad. I will not do so. I will only beg him to go to town at once, and take up our abode in Eaton-square, until we can find a house to suit us for the season. In so large a family circle as ours, there cannot be much opportunity for any sudden tragical event to take place. He will be a good deal in society, and not be able to nurse foolish fancies in solitude."

So she determined to write to her family in Eaton-square that she had no fear of any outbreak on the part of Mr. Duff Watson, such as they anticipated, and would not trouble Mr. Arlington to come down to Dover for her. She and Mr. Watson would soon be in London, and if Mrs. Arlington could receive them they would stay a few days in Eaton-square until they could get a furnished house to suit them.

She wrote both to her mother and her father, for she knew very well that Mrs. Arlington seldom showed *her* letters to her husband, though she made a point of reading almost all he received.

In a postscript to the letter to her father, she begged that he would, if possible, prevent Mr. Duff Watson's cousin from India coming to Dover to annoy him.

"There are some dislikes," she added, "which cannot be got over; and there is no use in forcing the appearance of friendship when there is none in reality."

At dinner that day Letitia compelled herself to appear as if nothing had ruffled her equanimity of temper; she was calm, self-possessed, and even cheerful, while poor Mr. Duff Watson seemed to be labouring under the burden of some sudden calamity, and was thoroughly depressed and out of spirits. Letitia saw how much his mind was affected, but would not seem to see it. She observed, however, with vexation that he drank an unusual quantity of wine, and even ordered liqueurs and cognac.

"Try this *curaçoa*, Letitia," he said; "it is uncommonly good, better than one can get at hotels in general."

But Letitia declined the *curaçoa* on the plea that it might increase her headache. She felt quite relieved when the waiter was in the room, and asked him several questions about Dover, the Castle, &c. &c., to detain him; but the dinner was at length over, wine and dessert were placed on

the table, and Letitia had no longer the protection even of the waiter's presence.

Mr. Duff Watson became by fits gay and gloomy. He laughed at nothing, and then fell into a state of absence of mind with his eyes fixed on vacancy. He would remain in this sort of trance for several minutes, and then suddenly aroused himself, and began to speak with volubility, almost with incoherence. Letitia feared that the extra quantity of wine he had drank had affected him, and she hoped that he might drop asleep, but he remained wide awake. At length, large as the hotel is, a little bustle was heard in the entrance-hall—a railway train had just arrived from London, and some of the passengers had come to the hotel. Mr. Duff Watson rushed first to the window and then to the door; a waiter was heard to say at that moment,

"This way, sir, this way."

"He is coming," exclaimed the poor man, in great excitement. "Coming to drag me back to that dreadful prison-house! Look if you see him, Letitia—or rather, bolt the door, and don't let him in here!"

"He shall not come in—I assure you he shall not. You are quite safe here," she replied, in a voice trembling with agitation, and to please him she bolted the door; but she unbolted it soon after, for the steps and the voices had passed on, and were no longer audible in the corridor.

It was growing dark; the lamps on the pier were lighted, and those along the terraces of handsome houses which border the esplanade. Lights were also visible in the castle, and the barracks on the hill, forming, with the blue expanse of water, really a beautiful night view. But Letitia, so keenly alive to fine views, could not enjoy it, and Mr. Duff Watson did not glance beyond the walls of the room. Letitia rang for candles, but this fretted her husband, who vehemently declared that he liked better sitting in the half dark than in a glare of light.

"But it is much more than *half* dark," said Letitia, "and it is tiresome to be idle the whole evening. We won't have the gas lighted, only order a pair of candles, so that you may see to read if you like, and I can work."

"I cannot read, I cannot do anything, I cannot even think calmly. That man's letter has . . . has . . . He is determined to blast my whole life, and he will do so."

"No, no," replied Letitia, "he has no power over you now, whatever he may have had when he was your guardian. Send his letter back to him, and say in a few words that you do not choose to correspond with him, or have anything more to do with him."

"It would be of no avail; you do not know him, or what a determined spirit he has."

"Other people can be determined too; and I am quite determined he shall not annoy us. We cannot prevent his coming to an hotel which is public to every one who can pay their bills; but we can go up to-morrow to town, and to Eaton-square in the first instance. I shall give the servants there strict orders never to admit this person who is so disagreeable to you. He can't force himself in, you know."

"I cannot go to your father's house. I should not be welcome there."

"You were always welcome there, and at our house in Dorsetshire when you were a stranger, why should you not be welcome now that you are a member of the family?"

"Don't ask—don't ask! you will know all soon enough," groaned poor Mr. Duff Watson.

He rose suddenly, and, ringing the bell, he ordered some brandy, hot water, and sugar to be brought for him. It was brought, and going to the table, he poured out full half a tumbler of brandy, adding a little water and sugar to it. He raised the glass to his lips, but Letitia caught his arm, exclaiming:

"You surely are not going to drink all that brandy? It will make you——"

"Mad! you were going to say," he answered, with a strange and bitter smile. "It cannot make me what I am already."

He put the glass down, but presently seized it again, and drank a portion of its contents.

"There, that will steady my nerves a little, I hope."

"And to steady my nerves, I should like some tea," said Letitia, who felt rather anxious to have the waiter again in the room.

The tea was brought up, and removed, though Letitia lingered over it as long as she could. Then the couple were left again to themselves. They remained for a long time in silence; Mr. Duff Watson leaning back on the sofa with his eyes shut; Letitia, who thought he was asleep, quietly doing some trifling work, which often fell from her hands in the fits of abstraction, from which she every now and then roused herself.

"Oh! that to-morrow were come!" she sighed to herself, "and that we were at home, in Eaton-square! I should at least have some one there to speak to. We *must* go to London to-morrow."

To-morrow! who shall say what will happen on the morrow, or what it may bring?

For a long time they remained as described above, till at length, from the silence in the room, a waiter thought they had retired to rest, and popped his head in to see if the candles were out. He withdrew with a "Beg pardon, ma'am, but I thought you had gone, it is getting so late."

"It is time, indeed, to go," said Letitia, looking at her watch; "it only wants twenty minutes to twelve o'clock."

Mr. Duff Watson raised his head for a moment from the sofa-pillow, and looked at her with a vacant stare, then relapsed into his recumbent attitude and apparently sleepy state.

The clocks within and without were at length heard to strike twelve; all was hushed in the street, and all was quiet in the hotel, for the porter, the night waiters, and night chamber-maids were dozing in their arm-chairs, the flaring gas was reduced, and everything betokened the stillness of the midnight hour.

Suddenly, Mr. Duff Watson started up, and exclaiming,

"Are you there still, Letitia? Why are you watching me?" His eyes glared on her like those of a wild beast. Presently he added: "It is midnight—there is no soul near! How can you trust yourself here with me—a madman? What is to hinder me from murdering you—I am stronger than you?"

Letitia had just risen to light her bedroom candle, but she sat down again immediately, and fixing her eyes steadily on her husband, she said in a calm, firm voice:

"You *could* do it, but you would not. I do not fear you, for I know you would not injure a hair of my head."

The poor man's countenance worked with emotion for a time, then, tears standing in his eyes, he cried :

"You are right—you are right ; I would not injure a hair of your head for worlds, my darling !"

III.

THE EFFECTS OF A LETTER.

ON retiring to his dressing-room, Mr. Duff Watson had told Letitia that he might probably sleep there, as there was a comfortable sofa-bed in the apartment, and he would be up late writing letters. He had to write to his cousin, and that letter would require some reflection, therefore he could not hurry it.

She advised him to put off writing until the morning, and to take a comfortable night's rest, when he would be better able to concoct a letter to his disagreeable relative. But he shook his head, and replied that the letter must be written at once ; and he had some little papers to arrange, which he did not wish to put off longer—business letters, he added, which he had too long neglected.

"I would rather get through them all to-night," he said, "and so be free of them. It is unpleasant to have matters of business hanging over one."

Letitia remembered what a reverence her father entertained for *business*, and that word silenced her. She bade him good night in a cheerful tone of voice, and was somewhat surprised at the very affectionate leave he took of her.

"We will quit Dover to-morrow," she said, "unless you wish to remain here longer."

"No ; I do not wish to remain here longer. Certainly I will leave Dover to-morrow."

He stood at the door of his room looking after Letitia until she entered her own apartment, a little way farther up the corridor. Here she found her sleepy maid waiting for her, and was told by this woman that in the course of the afternoon Mr. Duff Watson had got two of the waiters to witness his signature to some deed—she did not know what, nor did they.

"Oh yes—a paper on business, which he mentioned to me," said Letitia.

The maid seemed inclined to make some further communications, but was not encouraged by her mistress, who did not like gossiping with servants, and who dismissed her as soon as possible.

Letitia was tired after the mental conflicts and anxieties of the day, and it was rather a relief to her, knowing as she now did poor Mr. Duff Watson's unfortunate history, that he was to sleep in his dressing-room.

"I should have been on the *qui vive* all night," she said to herself, "if he had been here. I should not have dared to sleep ; now, I can lay my head on my pillow in comfort and security. Shall I ever feel comfortable and safe again ? Alas ! I fear not. To be constantly

associated with a person who has ever been so bereft of reason as to commit a murder will be a dreadful trial. Heaven only knows if I shall have strength to bear it. It is terrible to think that this unfortunate man has been for years in a lunatic asylum! The asylum from which he escaped was near Paris. No wonder he was in such a state of uneasiness, and even terror, when we were in Paris."

Letitia's thoughts dwelled for a long time on this most painful subject, but at last she fell asleep, and slept soundly, for she was quite worn out.

She would probably have slept until a late hour, but at Dover there is too much noise in the morning to admit of prolonged slumber. The rattling of the carriages taking passengers for the early trains; the street-cries, which commence almost immediately after daylight; and the bugle practice at the barracks, above the long, narrow, strip of town, are sad enemies to repose in the early morning.

Though awake, however, Letitia did not attempt to get up until some time past eight o'clock, though her maid had brought in warm water, and had come back fidgetting about the room. She evidently wished to say something; but Letitia so decidedly desired her to go, telling her that she would ring for her when she wanted her, that she had no excuse to stay.

When at length Letitia summoned her, the woman immediately began with:

"Master has not come back yet, ma'am. Will you wait breakfast for him?"

"Of course I will," said Letitia: "I suppose he is taking an early walk, as it is a fine fresh morning."

"Rather too fresh, ma'am; the wind is awfully high, and master must have taken a very long walk, for he went out at the first peep of day—in fact almost before dawn."

"How do you know that?" asked Letitia.

"They were talking of it in the servants' hall when I was at breakfast, ma'am, and they were wondering where he could have gone to, that he had never come back."

Letitia quickly finished her simple morning toilette, and as she descended to the sitting-room, passing Mr. Duff Watson's dressing-room, she knocked at the door. There was no answer, and she perceived that a jug of what had been warm water was outside of it. She opened the door and looked in; he was not there. She did not observe anything worth remarking in the chamber, except that the candles had burned low in the sockets of the candlesticks; a proof that the tenant of the apartment had been up very late. She went to the sitting-room, and found the breakfast-table laid, but there was no sign there of her husband.

"What can keep him out so long?" she thought, as she paced up and down the room. "I will have the tea made, at any rate; he will surely be back soon."

Ten o'clock struck. Letitia took a cup of tea and a morsel of bread, then walked again to the window, from which there was a view of the pier.

"What can have happened?" she mentally exclaimed, "that there

should be such a crowd on the pier, and people rushing along at such a rate."

"Did you ring, ma'am?" said the waiter, bolting into the room, and looking very pale and very flurried.

"No," she replied. "But what is the matter? Why is there such a crowd on the pier?"

"A man has been drowned, and the body has just cast up. It is very shocking," added the waiter, hurrying away.

"A body cast up—a man drowned!" cried Letitia, though the waiter did not stop to hear her exclamation. An icy cold sensation passed over her heart. "It cannot be—no, it cannot possibly be *him*!"

She remained at the window, rooted there, as it were, by a sort of spell. Presently she saw the crowd moving and giving way, and soon after something being carried on a sort of stretcher, but a large cloak was thrown over it, and she could not discern what it was. Still she stood watching it eagerly, and with almost a foreboding of evil. The little procession came nearer, nearer, and now it was close to the entrance to the lower pier. For a few minutes it halted there, and then she observed some persons issuing from the side door of the hotel and going towards it. After a short delay, the men who were bearing the burden, whatever it was, resumed their march, and came straight to the hotel. There appeared to be a human body under the cloak. It was doubtless the corpse of the unfortunate creature who had been drowned.

Letitia felt inclined to throw open the window and spring out, but she dismissed the foolish idea; giving way, however, to her morbid curiosity, she hastily quitted the room and ran down stairs, reaching the entrance-hall just as the body was brought in.

"What is it? Who is it?" she asked, in almost breathless agitation.

"My dear lady," said the housekeeper, "let me persuade you to retire—this is no sight for you—or—for any female."

But with a kind of wild impulse Letitia rushed forward, and before any one could stop her she had removed the cloak from the face of the dead man! With a piercing shriek she started back, and presently after fell on the ground in a dead swoon.

The housekeeper and some of the chambermaids removed her to her room, and a doctor was sent for. Her own maid was not able to do anything for her, as she had gone off into a fit of hysterics.

The drowned man was—Mr. Duff Watson!

Letitia remained for so long a time insensible, that her attendants feared the shock had killed her, but the doctor assured them she was still living. When, at length, she came to herself, the doctor wished her to take a composing draught, but she would not, alleging that she must act, and not sleep. Her first act was to send a telegraphic despatch to her family in London, requesting her father and one of her sisters to come down to her immediately. Mr. Arlington and Fanny set off as soon as possible after the telegram was received, and they reached Dover early in the afternoon.

It was a comfort to poor Letitia to see her kind father and her sister, for Fanny was quiet, and as sympathising as it was in her nature to be.

"Order everything for me, papa, will you?" said poor Letitia; "for I feel that it is impossible for me to collect my thoughts. How could he

have been drowned? Did he drown himself!" If so, it is all the doing of that wicked cousin of his!"

"My dear child," replied Mr. Arlington, "it is the doing of the Almighty; we must bow with submission to his decrees, nor question their wisdom. Your poor husband was, unhappily insane, though none of us knew it."

"Then he was driven so by that wretch."

"No, my dear, insanity showed itself in him at a very early period of his life," replied Mr. Arlington.

"This man says so," Letitia answered, with some vehemence, "but he is not to be believed."

"It is not his assertion alone," said her father; "he showed me the written opinions of experienced medical men, and other testimonies to the dreadful fact."

Letitia burst into tears; it was good for her to give vent to her feelings, and Mr. Arlington left her to Fanny's quiet companionship, while he went to make inquiries into the distressing and shocking affair.

He learned that the people at the hotel had thought Mr. Duff Watson rather "queer," especially on the last evening of his life, and that one of the waiters would have sat up to watch him if the lady had not seemed quite at her ease, and to have no apprehension respecting anything befalling him. They had little guessed in what a state of anxiety poor Letitia really was, it appeared. Mr. Arlington was told that Mr. Duff Watson had risen at a very early hour that morning, and gone out, telling the porter, who had to open one of the house doors for him, that he was very fond of seeing the sun rise, and would take a stroll on the pier. The porter warned him that the wind had risen considerably during the night, and advised him not to go too near the end of the lower pier, where it was scarcely safe for any one to walk. Nothing more was seen of him at the hotel until he was brought in a corpse; but inquiry had elicited that a coastguard-man and a fisherman had, soon after day-break, seen a man as they both thought, a gentleman, walking on the pier. Sometimes he loitered, sometimes he walked very fast. The coast-guard thought he saw the individual raising his clasped hands and looking up towards the heavens, and presently afterwards he missed him. The fisherman had seen the solitary person on the pier, and had also observed some one spring or fall off the extreme end into the sea. He was just getting into his boat, a boy with him, and they rowed as fast as they could to the place. The coast guard and a labourer who had joined him were looking out at the bottom of the pier, but none of them saw any one in the water. They all waited a long time, and the man in the boat paddled about, but without finding the object he sought. The wind was very strong, and the sea rough, but the weather moderated as the morning advanced, and when the tide turned a body was seen floating in the sea on the far side of the pier. It was picked up and brought ashore, but life was quite extinct. A crowd soon gathered, and some of the hotel people identified the poor drowned person as a gentleman who had been staying there.

The door of the dressing-room had been locked by order of the mistress of the hotel, and the key given to Letitia's maid, who brought it to Fanny Arlington.

"I think," said Fanny to her father, "that it would be as well to examine the room, and especially to see if there be any clue to this fearful mystery. The unfortunate man may have left some document which might throw a little light on the motives which led him to self-destruction; if indeed he had any motive, and it was not merely a sudden and insane determination."

Mr. Arlington approved of his daughter's advice, and they proceeded together to the dressing-room of the late Mr. Watson. There were a few papers lying on a table, but these were merely some bills which had been paid, and a few memoranda of no consequence. However, Fanny perceived the key of his desk lying on the top of it, and pointed it out to her father.

"I do not know," said Mr. Arlington, "whether you or I have any right to open it. If Letitia would do so, there could be no fault found."

Fanny accordingly went to poor Letitia, and persuaded her to come and open the desk of the deceased.

"If you don't do it, his cousin will, and he may find papers never meant for *his* eye. Depend upon it he will come to Dover, and you had better have the desk, &c., in your own keeping, then he cannot meddle with its contents."

This argument prevailed with Letitia, who had imbibed the poor lunatic's dislike to his former guardian. She joined her father in the dressing-room, and exerted herself to open the desk. On doing this, the first paper that met her eye was a letter addressed to herself. Beneath it was one to his cousin, and under that again lay a large envelope, on which was written: "My last Will and Testament."

Letitia took the desk to her own room to look over it minutely, while she begged her father and sister to examine the contents of the chest of drawers, and what other keeping places there might be in the room. The very sight of his dressing-gown, and the neck-tie he had worn the evening before, made her quite ill, and she hastened to quit the chamber, which now wore so melancholy an aspect to her.

The letter to herself affected her deeply. It was couched in terms of the warmest affection, and told how much he grieved to leave her, who he had fondly and foolishly hoped might have been the cherished and beloved companion of his future earthly life. But, it went on to say, that these hopes had been all destroyed, and his life blasted by his unrelenting enemy, who had written a statement of his early misfortunes to Mr. and Mrs. Arlington, which statement would naturally alarm them, and induce them to fear for the safety of their daughter. "They will prejudice you against me," he continued, "and inspire you with distrust of me. You will feel that your very life is not safe, and will either leave me, or, if you do not, you will lead a life of constant watchfulness and misery with me. I cannot support this; I cannot be looked upon as a wild beast, devoid of all reason, all sense; no, I will not blast your existence as mine has been blasted. I pray that there may be many happy days in store for you—you whom I love so much! My life would be a curse to you, my death will be a blessing, therefore farewell, my dearest Letitia."

This letter would have shown that poor Mr. Duff Watson had contemplated suicide—that he had drowned himself. But Letitia would not

communicate its contents even to her father and sister *then*, and there was no evidence at the inquest to prove other than accidental death.

By his will Mr. Duff Watson left everything in his power to dispose of to Letitia. But about ten thousand pounds were, by his father's will, to become the property of the cousin, if Mr. Duff Watson died without legitimate heirs—children of his own. Still Letitia was left a tolerably rich widow, which in a great measure counterbalanced in the mind of her mother, Mrs. Arlington, the regret at the sad circumstances of Mr. Duff Watson's death. But Letitia herself could not forget them, nor get over, for a long time, the horror and distress they inspired. She lost her flow of spirits, became quiet and grave, and seldom indulged in the sarcastic speeches for which she had been so noted. She seemed to shrink from notice and society; the shock to her nerves had been very severe, and she could not but lament one who had been so kind and affectionate to her.

MY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

My dear, dear father! Earth hath not a name
Holier than that which echoes to the claim—
My father! Oh, with anguish, and with tears,
Back through the mist of unforbidden years,
My spirit seems a glad young child's once more,
Springing to meet thee as it did of yore
With all its deep idolatry of love,
Yielding to thee the homage due above!
What years have fled since last I saw that face,
And turned to clasp thee in that sad embrace
Which left me lonely in a world of strife,
And mid its vortex cast my troubled life—
What pleasing memories of early days,
When thy fond care o'ershadowed all my ways,
Come hovering o'er me, as I gaze and dream
Of youth's bright wave on life's untroubled stream—
That wave too lightly scanned, too swiftly sped,
And only valued when its dream is fled!

My father! Ere earth's weary toil is o'er,
Might we but meet one passing moment more—
Might I but once more press my lip to thine,
And claim the blessing which was always mine,
How full a fount of pleasure unsurpass'd
Of heartfelt bliss would be my own at last!
For thee, my dearest, earliest friend, and best.
Till life's last pulse throb faintly in my breast
Thy sacred image shall its altar keep,
Untouched, unchanged, in time's unfathomed deep!
And oh, when passing from this fleeting day
My weary soul shall cast its woes away,
My heart's last throb of joy on earth will be
The hope of life eternal spent with thee!

I. SAXON.

THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH OF IRELAND.

It may be possible to find a theory which will fit in with the Established Church of Ireland, and to demonstrate it *à priori* to be an institution based on a strictly logical foundation. It may be possible to do this as respects the principle of an establishment generally; indeed, it is not only possible, but easy. Logic and theory, a few postulates being admitted, will build up a system against which abstract reason will have little to say. But, then, unfortunately, starting from other postulates equally axiomatic and innocent in appearance, it is possible to develop a theory with which any kind of connexion between Church and State is irreconcilable. But this method of reasoning has lost its prestige, and men look suspiciously at its conclusions. It is instinctively felt that what seems so perfectly coherent in theory will fail in practice, or will lead to those consequences which, expressed in the maxim "*Justicia fiat cælum ruat*," are rather strong for our modern consciences. Eschewing, therefore, the high *à priori* road, I will base what I have to say mostly on expediency, and will be content to abide the Malthusian test of the greatest possible happiness to the greatest numbers, as the ultimate standard by which the maintenance or abolition of the Irish Church Establishment is to be determined.

Who are these greatest possible numbers on whose happiness I am willing that the justification of the Irish Church should depend? Is it the Irish themselves, or is it the population of the United Kingdom, of which the Irish form a part? This is a question the decision of which I will adjourn, because to a considerable extent the interests and happiness of these two populations, as they will be referred to in the course of my argument, are coincident, and it will be time to determine to which the preference is to be given when it is seen in what respects they conflict.

Relegating, then, this question, there is one which we cannot relegate, but which, strangely enough, seems hitherto to have been disregarded as irrelevant to the controversy; we mean the existing state of things—that is to say, the real state of Ireland, and the necessities of her position in relation to England. This we must understand before we can determine the exact position of this problem of the Established Church, which we are all trying to solve.

Now, it is a fact which we cannot help, but which is of infinite importance in the present question, that the large majority of the Irish are against the English rule. We may denounce Fenianism, and certainly only a minority of the Irish peasantry sympathise with that fraternal body of assassins, but there was no doubt of the sympathy of the majority of Irishmen with the projects of repeal which were advocated by O'Connell, and that the aspirations of his followers and of those of Smith O'Brian were only prevented being realised by the military power of England, which in the latter case had to be openly displayed; and that had the repeal of the union been left to be determined by universal suffrage, the majority by which that measure would have been carried would have been relatively as large as any of those majorities on which Louis Napoleon rests his claim as the elect of the people. Nor does any

one maintain that the anti-union feeling has decreased, or that the ardent feeling of nationality has become of less force in Ireland in the years which have elapsed since O'Connell's monster meetings, or since the fiasco in the cabbage garden. On the contrary, European examples must have strengthened the patriotic feelings of the Romanist Irish, and at this day there can be little doubt, that if it were possible to make the union an open question, our new household suffrage, with small education on the part of an Ultramontane clergy, would decide by enormous majorities that the imperial rule should cease and determine in Ireland. In plain English, now as ever, the allegiance of Ireland is only maintained by the knowledge of the overwhelming power which the ruling state can bring to bear to enforce its supremacy.

It is a pity this should be. It is a most unfortunate circumstance that the Irish should insist on regarding themselves as a separate race, and should be agitated by all the emotions of nationality; but we cannot help history or nature. Ireland was a conquered kingdom—that is history; that she still feels herself a conquered nation—that is at least Irish nature, if it is not human nature; and the feeling, instead of growing weaker as time goes on, instead of disappearing as the symbols of the conquest are effaced, seems rather to grow in intensity, and probably at the present moment, notwithstanding the festive demonstrations of Dublin to the Prince of Wales, are more intense than they were prior to the battle of the Boyne.

How, then, is this state of things to be met? Firstly, it is to be met by overwhelming power. It is all well to speak of justice and equity. It is right, perhaps, to try and win over the Irish by an exceptional legislation, paying them from the imperial purse ten times as much in proportion as is given to the other two parts of the United Kingdom, but in a state of things such as we have, force is the first essential, control is a necessity. We cannot assent to the union being repealed, and not being able to do so, we must support it by force, since it is hopeless to expect that it be willingly acquiesced in. This is an aspect of the case which both parties concur in passing over in silence. It is most invidious and unpleasant, and certainly will not at present conduce to the popularity of any one who insists on it; but, nevertheless, it is the great ruling condition of the problem we are called on to solve.

If Ireland were loyal, the fact of an Established Church being the Church of a minority, would in some objects, though not in all, go far to a conclusion in which many Conservatives would acquiesce. In such a case there would be less risk than in handing over the religious teaching of the people to a Church which is avowedly and formally opposed to modern progress, because among a loyal people it would be possible to largely develop secular education, and make it practically supersede ecclesiastical teaching, as it is doing in France. I do not say that this would be a good thing, because I believe in Christianity; but it would be better than to hand over the mind of the country to priests actuated by the reactionary spirit which at present is in the ascendancy in Romish counsels, and nowhere more potent than in the Romish Church of Ireland. But it is not with a loyal Ireland that we have to do, but with a country, the large majority of the population of which are disloyal to our rule. I do not say this in any spirit of reproach. Setting Fenianism

aside, there is much in Irish nationality in which every one will sympathise. It is the same feeling as that which we almost venerate in Poland, and the triumph of which we hail in Italy. There is nothing immoral in it. It is no insult to the Irishman to say he is disloyal—no reason to think him a bit worse than ourselves, because he wishes to repeal the union and to have a parliament in College-green. The misfortune is that such aspirations are in opposition to the order of existence. Their realisation is impossible. The votaries who dream of them are enthusiasts—that is all we can say against or for them.

Accepting, then, that British supremacy must be maintained by force, I go on to say that the more this force is concealed, the more it takes the place of persuasion the better, the more it can be exercised without the open intervention of the State the better, and that the worst of all the aspects of that which we unwillingly accept as the fated condition of our problem is, when force is openly exercised, and control and coercion meets the recalcitrant subject at every point. This was the fatal necessity in Italy under the Austrian régime, which was benevolent in intention; it is the fatal necessity of the Russian rule of Poland, which is probably also benevolent in its intentions. We have abandoned this species of imperial rule in Ireland, may we never have to recur to it.

But to secure this we ought to be careful in giving up any of those institutions and arrangements by which our supremacy is maintained, without the necessity of the naked exhibition of brute force. Now, first of all, amongst these indirect expedients is the obvious one of encouraging the loyal minority. They are our advanced guard, and it is not till their ranks are broken and dispersed that the arm of the State need be put forth.

Now, nothing more combines a party than similarity of religion, and especially is this the nucleus of union in a country where the opposite party belongs to another faith. But this religion, like all other religions, must be kept up by the external exercise of its rites and ceremonies by regular functionaries, and that entails expense. Now, whence are the necessary funds to be derived? It cannot be supplied by the Protestants in Ireland, because they are too few and too scattered. Left to voluntary effort, there might be two or three Protestant churches in Dublin, and Ulster would have its Presbyterian clergymen and churches, but in the rest of Ireland there would hardly be a Protestant church, or a clergyman so endowed as to give the chance in favour of his being a well-educated Christian gentleman. At present, throughout Ireland, in every parish, there is an English clergyman, who administers the rites of the English church to the loyalists within his cure. These men meet together once a week at his church. It may be they are very few. Let us accept the Liberal statistics, and select a district in which there are ten Catholics, or, if you will, twenty Catholics to one Protestant, it is just the more important in the interests of the imperial rule that these few Protestants should meet together and gather courage from their mutual counsels. Because they are comparatively few it is just the more important that each should know how many friends of the English rule are within his call. It is just the more important that the Roman Catholics should see that there are a certain number of men resolute to maintain the integrity of the union, and who will not submit to the dictation of

the priests. Abolish the Established Church, and these neuclei of loyalty disappear. These little fearless garrisons lose their place of habitual rendezvous, and become so many separate atoms in the population, without combination, without encouragement, and without the ordinances of that religion to which they belong. Is it not plain what will happen? Can it be expected that these Protestants will remain in isolation? Will they not adopt one of two alternatives—either emigrate altogether, and seek a congenial religion in the colonies, or else come into some of the few foci of Protestantism which will remain in Ireland?

The Whigs refuse to realise this. They see an airy vision of a contented peasantry worshipping in the church they believe in, and no longer vexed by the wrong of paying tithes which were never theirs to pay to the English clergyman. They say this is the last symbol of the conquest, and once it is removed from Ireland she will be contented and happy, and shut their eyes to the fate of the Protestant minority. They think they will still be contented and loyal, and that they will become accustomed to the new state of things in time. It is possible this may be realised. The loyalty of the Protestants may be proof against the suppression of their religion, and they may come to be accustomed to having no church to go to on Sundays. They may be content with coming once or twice a year to Dublin to attend the English service, and the railway communication will render this comparatively easy; but these Protestants will not be the Protestants of to-day, they will not be the Protestants whose well-known fidelity to English rule, and whose dislike to papal supremacy, is the first thing which occurs to an Irishman when he dreams of the kingdom of Brian Boru. Henceforth he can brood over his wrongs, and hatch his conspiracies at first in comparative safety. He may find himself, indeed, in high treason without incurring the slightest risk of detection on the road, without anything appearing to oppose him, or anyone attempting to dissuade him. His creed is paramount. There are, it may be, Protestants in his neighbourhood, but they have no clergyman and no church, they have no organisation, no power. The fact will not, as at present, stare the man disposed to conspire in the face, that here in his neighbourhood there is a body of men who will certainly oppose him, and who must first be subdued. He will no longer be diverted from his schemes of rebellion by the charities of the English clergyman, by his gentle demeanour, by his calm demonstration of the futility of treasonable attempts. All these deterring influences are away, or only exist in isolation, and every one sympathises with his projects.

Thus Irishmen will be, as it were, precipitated into collision with that overwhelming force which in all cases, and under all circumstances, must ultimately confront them. The danger of the new situation is this, that there is nothing to warn him of his danger till he is irretrievably in it; nothing to prove to him the insanity of high treason till he has committed it; none of the substitutional exercise of authority and influence, which at present, for the most part, prevent him going far on the road to ruin; nothing but bare force in its most repulsive form.

And by this I don't mean exclusively the British army. I mean mainly the police. If you are to prevent treason at all, your only way to substitute an influence which can at all compensate the loss of the Established Church is by increasing the preventive service of the police. Take away

the English clergyman and his curates from a parish in which the overwhelming majority are Romanists, and dissipate the Protestant congregation, and you must, if you wish to keep up the present state of peace and tranquillity, establish a corps of police, whose duty it will be to prevent the first beginnings of rebellion. Now the question comes to be whether this supplementary police will tend to make English rule more agreeable to Irishmen than that Christian organisation which it superseded. I am aware it is difficult to speculate on the Irish nature, with its large element of the unexpected and impulsive, but if they have anything in common with us in Scotland and England, I think they would bitterly regret the ancient régime. The English clergyman did not necessarily interfere with them. He left in the main their domestic life uncontrolled; they were not bound nor expected to attend his church, but they knew that he considered himself bound as well as he could to administer to their wants because they were his parishioners; but a policeman, and especially one who in Ireland must be mainly detective, would necessarily interfere largely with their domestic life. A policeman in the midst of a population, the majority of which is disposed to rebel, would necessarily be a spy—a character always odious to those who are spied; but always necessary to authority in such a state of things as the suppression of the Irish Church would leave in Ireland. Nor would this functionary have any of the benevolent offices, which must occasionally endear the English clergyman, his wife, and family, to the Catholic peasant. A policeman is essentially repressive, and both his functions and his power terminate in the simple office of repression.

But we shall lose more by the substitution than this. The English Church is a Church of free inquiry and toleration, and it is so, perhaps, simply because it is a State Church; for there are tendencies in the ecclesiastical mind which naturally lead to intolerance and dogmatism, unless tempered and restrained by the co-ordinate action of the State. So that it is not so much the Anglican Church which it is of importance to perpetuate in Ireland as the Anglican Church modified by the State. The Anglican Church has proved itself susceptible of this modification: the supremacy of the Crown admits and consecrates the secular influence, and no one will deny that, as so modified, the English Church has been friendly to the liberty of the subject, while it still vindicates for religion a high place in directing the national destinies. But the Romish Church in Ireland, which, if you abolish the Established Church, would be supreme, has proved itself to be unsusceptible of secular influence; for in Catholic states, wherever the civil government modifies the ecclesiastical influence, it is not as a power acting along with the Church, but as a power acting outside of the Church, and generally in opposition to it.

This impracticability of the Romish Church to suffer modification from secular interests and opinions, and to keep up with modern progress, is a consequence of its claim to be an infallible Church, and to derive its rules and principles of government not from the State but from the See of Rome. It claims an exclusive jurisdiction in matters spiritual, a right to direct the conscience of the population, and to administer its education, and it logically regards any interference of the State in these matters as usurpation. Are we prepared to hand over the mind of Ireland to this priesthood? Is it likely to conduce to the civilisation of Ireland

that a Church, which keeps the Bible from the laity, should have practically uncontrolled power in Ireland? At present, in every parish, there is at least one Protestant bound to the doctrine of liberty of conscience, and whose duty it is to dissimulate the Bible as the best expression of the religion of Protestants. Abolish the Established Church, and in three-fourths of Ireland there will be no one on whom this high duty is officially imposed, and missionary efforts will be able to do nothing against the strong organisation of the Romish Church. We don't urge here considerations from a religious point of view, for we do not wish to add theological controversy to the perplexities of the situation, but we would urge it in the interest of civil liberty. A free Bible is the guarantee of liberty of opinion; that privilege denied, and the control of liberty of opinion is the necessary consequence; and the degree to which it may be carried by the Roman Church is merely a question of power. The Church of Rome has not altered its maxims, though it has been compelled to stop short in carrying them into action; but the degree to which the great priestly confederacy of Europe may carry out what they consider their duty of controlling and directing opinion is a mere question of circumstances, and in the position in which Ireland will find herself when the Established Church is abolished, there is no country in which interference may be further carried, for the Irish still believe in the infallibility of their priests.

We admit a good deal might be said in favour of risking the experiment of abolishing the Established Church in Ireland if it were at all probable that it would bring peace. If Ireland were contented, it is, perhaps, her own look out whether she should be under the direction of a reactionary church. The bliss of ignorance is, after all, worth something, and it might be perpetuated by the suppression of free inquiry; but apart from the question whether it is not the duty of England to do everything in her power to civilise Ireland, and that to hand her over to the Church of Rome would be at present to neglect that duty, there are few so sanguine as to believe that the change in question would have any appreciable effect in even mitigating Irish discontent. That it could not do so seems plain to us, when it is considered how little the Irish themselves say against the English Church. In all their recent attempts at rebellion they have never set forth the Establishment as a grievance. Take their own word for it, what they complain of is the state of the land rights and the union. They are dissatisfied with the relations in which they stand as tenants to their landlords, and that is a grievance which the dissolution of the Irish Church does not touch. They are dissatisfied with the union; they wish to be a nation possessing autonomy; and that cannot be granted to them. Yet they object to the union on the very same principles on which their friends, who insist on the Irish Church being a grievance, clamour in their name and without their authority for its abolition. They say it is not the Church of the majority, and it is therefore unjust to impose it on them; but is it less unjust to impose a distasteful civil authority on the majority? Surely that is a greater injustice and a greater grievance, because a man can free himself from the interference of the Established Church if he pleases, but he cannot free himself from the interference of the magistrate appointed by the ruling power; and until that is done in Ireland discon-

tent will continue. It is, after all, a question of race and history, this discontent; a condition of things which has descended to us from our forefathers, and which it is impossible to remedy.

But it is said by many—allowing that we must maintain the imperial rule in Ireland—we ought to be as just as it is possible to be, consistent with that fatal necessity. This we admit at once; but we deny the Irish Church to be an absolute injustice, for it is, at least, the Church of the minority—the Church of that part of her Irish population which has always been faithful to England, and, so far as it presses upon the rest of the population, it is an incident of that foreign rule which we must keep up, and one of the least objectionable of the apparatus of measures and institutions by which that rule is maintained.

But the abolition of the Irish Church—for that is what is involved in the dissolution of the Establishment—is not a question to be considered with reference to Ireland only. It is a measure of confiscation; for it is an abstraction of property from a corporation which has enjoyed it for three hundred years, and applied it faithfully to the purposes for which it was originally gifted, and an application of it to totally different purposes. Now, a measure of this kind is not capable of justification by a mere balance of advantages, or by any disputed and disputable notion of injustice. The advantage of the abolition must be great and incontrovertible, and it must be clear that the injustice is a real injustice, and that it is not part of a system—a sequence of a state of things which must be accepted and dealt with in all its consequences as best we may. And the reason why all this, and more, must be made out to justify confiscation, is that confiscation attacks the very basis of society—the right of property—and tends to destroy the feeling of security, which is the main advantage of civil government. Moreover, when the proposed measure attacks the principle of property generally, there is one species of property which the example of confiscation of the property of the Irish Church more immediately exposes to peril. The Established Church in Ireland is a branch of the Church of England; and there is a church establishment in Scotland. Both these institutions are endangered if once it be allowed; for the reasons hitherto alleged in parliament, you are to abolish the Irish Establishment. It is doubtful whether the Church of England is in a majority over all kinds of dissent. In Wales it is in a minority. The Church of Scotland barely keeps on a par with her free church, and is, confessedly, in a large minority, if other dissenters are to be counted. Abolish the Irish Church, and the days of her sister establishments are numbered. The question, therefore, before us is one of such paramount importance, involving consequences so sweeping, that it is absurd to say that any case has been made out by Mr. Gladstone and his party for the step they propose to take. Their arguments have been met, and are, if not confuted, at least of very doubtful force. The advantages of the change are more than doubtful; the injury to the loyalists of Ireland is undeniable.

But there are many who—admitting that the tendency of the step proposed to be taken leads to the abolition of all connexion between Church and State—affirm that this is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. The voluntaries have always consistently held this doctrine, but recently it has been adopted by an influential party in the Church of

England. This party holds that the Church of England would be freer in her action if separated from the State, and would better fulfil its religious functions. Perhaps this is true, according to the High Church conception of priestly duty; but are the laymen of this country prepared for a régime of uncontrolled clerical action? Are they prepared to forego the moderating effect of the State control? If so, we are somewhat mistaken in the signs of the times, for an impatience of ecclesiastical interference and a love of toleration are characteristic features in modern progress. We do not want to go back to the days of clerical direction. We do not wish to see dominant factions in the Church tyrannise over those who do not adopt the prevailing dogma. We do not wish the practice of excommunication to be an incident of difference of opinion. We do not wish to leave it to clergymen to decide absolutely what is and what is not the faith of the Church.

In conscious or unconscious confederacy with this party in the Church are the voluntaries and their organ, the Liberation Society, who support this measure because they think it will lead to the abolition of all established churches; and there are the Roman Catholics, who support the measure because they see in it the commencement of the overthrow of the Protestant religion. All these parties, each hating the other after a Christian fashion, at present combine against the Established Church; but here is a purely secular motive, which has secured for the combination a number of adherents. The Irish Church has existed much as it is during the dreary period of Liberal ascendancy, which is about coming to its close, and no serious attempt has been made to disestablish it. The Conservatives, when they did during this interval occasionally attain power, have been displaced on other questions; but now that a Conservative Reform Bill has deprived the Liberals of their usual weapon of assault, and the Tories are again in power, this Irish question was the only one on which they could be turned out, because it was the only one which could unite the Liberals; and hence all those Whigs whose creed is office join the cry. Deny it as they may, whether with the religious unction of Gladstone or with the superlative patriotism of Bright, very few people will believe but that the assault on the Irish Church was largely instigated by party strategy and a love of office; and very few will believe that if the Liberals succeed in their object and oust the Tories at present, they will hesitate hereafter, when the Tories may chance again to be in power, to make the next rallying cry to assault the Treasury benches the abolition of the Established Church of England.

LAST DAYS OF AN OLD COUNTRY HOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GRAHAMES."

PART THE THIRD.

I.

MIDNIGHT AT BURRELL WOOD.

THREE years elapsed, and again I found myself at Murset Beeches.

My sister Sophronia was as hearty and enthusiastic as ever. There was not much alteration in John Junket Digby. What I had deemed an utter impossibility had, nevertheless, actually occurred in his case; he was undoubtedly greater in rotundity than before.

And lo! sitting there in the corner, as if she had never left it, was Miss Pastison, knitting white wool out of the little wickerwork basket that rumbled as mysteriously as ever—Miss Pastison, as pasty-looking, with the same plump hands and black silk knees, as patient, and amiable, and undecided, and astonished as of yore.

"And what of Whittingham Grange?" I asked, when I was in for it, inquiring after the old celebrities, and raking up bygones. "Is Mrs. Cutter yet alive?"

"Mrs. Cutter's much the same—scarcely looking a day older to my eyes, and she's close upon eighty-five."

"And the treasure?"

Mrs. Digby laughed.

"There's a change come over Susan," with a puzzled look "I really can't make her out."

"Why not?"

"She's not the same woman she used to be. She's uncertain and capricious. I begin to think she's losing her wits."

"I never yet saw a woman who looked more likely to keep them," I rejoined.

"I told Mrs. Cutter, when last I went to Whittingham, that both she and Susan were quite lost—buried alive in living so closely caged in that gloomy place; that they ought for very health's sake to have a change, and that Susan seemed failing for need of it. The old lady took immensely to the notion. The proposition put new life in her. She would have set off that very afternoon but for the packing, and invited me to accompany them. But when Susan was consulted—as she always has to be now, you know—she looked so black, so sullen and vexed, and was quite impatient and out of temper. 'It would kill her,' she said, 'to leave the old place.' 'What! just for a few days, Susan, just to shake off the cobwebs?' 'She didn't want to go, and she wouldn't go either, if it came to that. She was sure missus looked all right, and was all right, if folks would leave her alone. *She* wanting change indeed! It was nothing of the sort. Surely she knew what she *did* want.' And she muttered and murmured under her voice. Poor Mrs. Cutter seemed quite

nervous, and never said another word about it." And Mrs. Digby looked vexed, too, at the remembrance.

"It seems to me you all conspired together to spoil that woman."

"Oh, you know, Josiah, she really has great virtues—she has indeed. Perhaps we may have expected too much of her in being disappointed at her little faults."

"Has the amber necklace ever been heard of?"

"No; and I don't think it ever will now."

"It was a strange affair."

"But I will tell you who has been heard of, Jos," said Sophronia, with a laugh. "Who, now, do you think?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell."

"Why, Miss Chelmsford."

"But she died. I remember all about it." And the recollection of how it had pained me when first I heard the cool announcement of her death from Sophronia's lips flashed across my mind again with something of that old pain.

"Oh, her dying doesn't matter at all. They say her ghost haunts the Grange. You remember the wood toward Whittingham Mere?"

I nodded assent.

"Well, they say Miss Chelmsford's ghost wanders nightly in that wood. I haven't seen it myself, but then I haven't been in the wood at night, which may account for it. It is so foolish," Sophronia went on again—"so foolish of people. They're always on the look out to see these things. Of course it's all very well for the lower classes, poor silly creatures." And my sister drew her handsome Cashmere shawl comfortably round her in an enduring kind of way. "But when you come to hear of people who should know better, I've no patience with them. I can't make the same allowance for all alike. And yet, dear me! I always think of that night at Mrs. Cutter's. How startled we were! It proves how easily empty fancies take hold of weak minds, especially under excitement, or in the dark."

Doubtless Sophronia felt herself vastly superior in the sense and discrimination of her convictions. Who is there who cannot talk as she did? Unfortunately, however, on the occasion alluded to she had not distinguished herself beyond her compeers; yet there was something more than ordinary to be said in Sophronia's case. She was one of those strong, robust women who never ail anything, except it may be from a too hearty supper and the injudicious mixing of contrarily disposed viands. No nervous acuteness troubled Sophronia; no unaccountable whims, no urgent dislikes that for the time usurped every sensible desire, broke in on the sunshiny evenness of her temperament; none of those strange mysterious creepings, chills, and startlings—horrors that, despite a strong will, hold back the very beatings of the heart, or hurry them in suffocating throbs, not of fear or cowardly terror, but, as it were, the sudden presence of some unseen being whose existence is *felt*, not seen, and from contact with whom our earthly tenement in its mortality shrinks appalled, freaks of shattered nerves kindling to maddening acuteness the faculties of sight and hearing. If Sophronia suffered, it was because her digestion was not quite that of an ostrich. Therefore could plain, hearty

Mrs. Digby afford to deride weak fancies or vivid imaginations about ghosts.

"Did you ever hear anything about the artist who painted Miss Chelmsford's picture?"

"Mr. Duncombe! Nothing beyond the singular fact of his last great painting being a likeness of Whittingham Grange. There is one old apple-tree near the avenue, you know, Josiah, very wonderful when it is in full blossom. It was in very remarkable condition the very year Miss Chelmsford died. Well, they say Mr. Duncombe has painted that tree marvellously, just as it looked then. It is a perfect study I suppose. Sir John Romney offered two thousand pounds for it, but Mr. Duncombe refused to sell it. Sir John told Digby so himself."

It so happened that that very night Mrs. Digby was taken with spasms.

"Sophronia is ill," quoth John Junket, knocking at my door at half-past twelve o'clock.

"Eh? what? who's there?"

"Sophronia's not well," said my brother-in-law, walking in, attired in a tight suit of white flannel and a night-cap with a huge tassel on the top, altogether looking uncommonly like one of those men who work in well-holes, and are called navigators.

"What's the matter?"

"Spasms," was the laconic reply.

"Try brandy."

"Won't take it."

"Then an emetic."

"Haven't got one."

"What's to be done!" I said, desperately, quite well knowing what he wanted.

"Fetch a doctor," said he.

If ever I felt indisposed to leave my bed, I think it was that particular night. There was nothing else for it, however, so out I turned in the dripping rain, certainly not in the best of humours, and by no means too well inclined to lay a high value on my strong-minded sister's practical views. It was one of those nights that seem to take a pleasure, so to speak, in pouring themselves out in floods of patient, obstinate, despairing rain, just as the human heart sometimes delights in dreariness, rioting, as it were, in its own misery. There was a hopeless pertinacity in the straight, wall-like torrent, that seemed to say, "You may take me on my own terms; I shan't give in." Earth and sky had made a compact of it, and, view it any way you would, there was nothing to be gained; so, grumbling internally, I faced my position, and picked my steps, as best I could, over the common that skirted the house, along the road by some cottages, across a field path that led out by Whittingham Mere lying bleak and misty before me, on past the water-mill to the wide plain called Whittingham-green; and dreary and cold it looked in the blinding mist that drove across it, and hung over like a garment of leaden vapour.

Trying to poise my umbrella so as to shield me in some degree from the rain, I could not help thinking of the pleasant drive I had had that lovely summer afternoon when I last traversed these paths. The contrast impressed me forcibly in my present unpleasant experience. Over

the green, now brown and bare, that was then luxuriant with its crops of hay, grass, and corn, the beauty of which even the matter-of-fact Mr. Moffat was said to have somewhat enthusiastically expatiated upon, I drew near the end of the orchard wall leading through the wood. The doctor's house was located in the entrance of the village toward the back of the Grange, and I stood a moment hesitating whether, in the deluged condition of the land, to take the by-path through it in preference to the circuitous roadway over the green.

I stood hesitating; something of the feeling pervading nature had already communicated itself to me—a tacit satisfaction that the scene was as dreary as could well be imagined. The trees stood brooding and melancholy; now and then the spiritless breeze seemed to wake up and feel its incompetency, and, trying to get up a little special interest, weakly bullied along the wood, shaking the bending young shoots feebly at one another, resulting in nothing but spouts and showers that fell in drizzled sheets on the reeking earth, that sputtered them back defiantly, routing out whole rows of crystal drops that were running along branches, dipping into one another, gliding off, and balancing themselves—the only things that had a spark of play left in them—dying out in a helpless sob (as if it knew itself beaten, and hadn't strength to contend) over the mere; and still constant and monotonous sounded the drip, drip of rain-drops into pools of water, and the trickle of tiny rivulets that bubbled and choked in their eagerness to get away—dismal indeed. Overhead curled lead-coloured clouds, turning themselves slowly and imperceptibly into wild fantastic shapes, driving along. Not a star was to be seen, but the crescent of the moon occasionally glimmered apologetically through a dark gauzy veil, and then, as if finding the scene so very uninteresting, she dipped back, to laugh with her gleeful moonbeams in a more congenial sphere. The wide plain was lost as with a blot of Erebus; no horizon marked it out. The sombre wood just showed itself a little darker in its strong masses of interwoven branches, forming a barrier against which the elements might spread themselves in vain.

The parish clock of Burrell tolled one. It might be the unusual weight of the damp air, but that solitary stroke reverberated so heavily and so long, that I stood marvelling. Why should the hour of one, of all others, be deemed the most solemn? Surely the fact of its being the commencement of another era in the twenty-four hours should indicate hope in the renewal of fresh opportunities to the anxious heart. Three would seem more ominous; twelve, ripe with fears or expectations; but one is the magic hour. Yes, time went telling its tale on the clock. One hour more, one less, night, and darkness, and rain alike indifferent, counting its minutes, heedless as to whether there were any to hear that debt and credit account which only the final day of reckoning should balance. One more remonstrance that time is fleeting—that old, old tale that has been telling since the first night when the moon rose grandly (that same moon that was now shyly hiding her face) over the garden of Eden. We believe it—we know it—we take up the cry, and call aloud to others, "Time is fleeting! Take heed to it!" and they take it up, and carry it on. So it tells us, and we tell them, and they tell others; but we none of us feel as if it quite applies to ourselves, but work the harder to impress the lesson elsewhere.

Around the grey old church, booming grandiloquently over it, it seemed as if the solemn stroke that had just sounded was glorying in its dead, and calling aloud to the living, gathering them together. "So much work done," it seemed to say—"so many gathered unto the harvest!" And then I thought of Miss Chelmsford, and her desolate life in that lonely old Grange—her strange and unexpected death. She was one of the sleepers over whom that bell moaned, but its warning availed her not. Were there any listening to its appealing cry beyond myself just then? Weary heads on uneasy pillows in closed chambers counting that single stroke, and longing for the morning only to long for night. For miles and miles that old ivy clad church tower could be seen and its clock heard. How many wakeful ones beside myself had listened to that one heavy clang?

Turning my face towards the wood, in the act of continuing my route, the plantation looked so dark and uninviting, it seemed as if a deep shade was on it. It might be the shifting mists that had been rolling before me in the night, as I strained my gaze towards where I knew in the distance the church tower stood, that had dazzled my eyes. Yet as I looked, close beside me from the wood, there came a long-drawn dismal sigh.

It was not the moan as of one ailing in body and pining for human aid, it was the despairing heart-wrung cry of a desolate soul. I listened, expecting that it might be repeated, but only the drip drip of the rain drops—only the trickle of the little rivulets went gurgling by. Who could be out on such a night, unless on some such errand as mine? Still I stood hearkening, and intent, and yet not another sound. "Who's there?" I said, aloud.

At once there was a slight flutter among the branches, the vibration as of some one moving, or creeping stealthily.

Oh for a glimpse of that sullen moon, that was robed so dejectedly in her clouds! for a single solitary ray! And lo! as if in answer to my prayer, that one lonely beam shot forth from the centre of a grey cloud right across the plantation, and fell into the heart of the trees, lifting as it were from out the gloom the figure of a woman, flying down the glen. Speeding onward, as I watched, she turned her head to see if any one pursued, and the light revealed a careworn face with hollow eyes, and long elfish hair floating over the shoulders.

I stood still, spell-bound. Yes, let Sophronia laugh as she would, I had seen what Burrell called Miss Chelmsford's ghost.

The moonbeams died away, a pile of mountain-like clouds rose one upon another over the moon, and impenetrable darkness enveloped me as with a pall.

II.

MRS. DIGBY TALKS REASON.

NEXT day all Burrell was astir with the knowledge that good Mrs. Digby had been seriously ill. Mr. Dickenson, calling to visit young Mellor, with the broken leg, descanted upon the weather.

"Fearfully wet night—coming down in torrents, my good sir, at half-past one this morning. Called up to Mrs. Digby, of Murset Beeches, you

know—ease of excessive prostration—cold sweats and debility. Really, neither umbrella nor top-coat was any protection. Rain just as heavy at five o'clock as at two. Fearful night. Not over pleasant, I can assure you, coming out of your warm bed on such a night." And the doctor looks up with a good-humoured smile, for all that.

So by the middle of the day everybody has heard of Mrs. Digby's illness. Indeed, it had even been said she was lying at the point of death, the sudden victim of all sorts of extraordinary diseases. Everybody flocked to see her, for Sophronia was deservedly popular. The first day she innocently kept up the excitement by the verbal bulletin issued to eager inquirers. "Much the same, thank you, Mrs. Gregson. Mrs. Digby has not had a good night;" the housemaid wearing the most doleful of countenances. The second day: "Much obliged to you, Miss Fisherton, missis has decidedly rallied," given in a more hopeful manner. The third: "Mrs. Digby is now, thank Heaven, quite out of danger, ma'am," with a demonstrative sigh of relief; and Burrell felt itself relieved accordingly. Certainly, Burrell would never have troubled itself, if it could have seen the invalid lying comfortably in a huge four-poster, with green curtains, eating oranges by the dozen and sipping dry sherry.

Very well all the friends of that lady said she looked, sitting up in her room, with a new cap on. Of course nothing was said respecting the *cause* of the illness, because Sophronia had only just *tasted* the forbidden viands. She confessed, privately to me, that "stuffing" never did agree with her; but in what sense she meant it, I do not presume to say.

Amongst the tribe of callers were Miss Green and Miss Euphemia.

The conversation turned, after the ailments of the hostess had been duly and fully considered in every light and view, towards Whittingham Grange and its inhabitants.

"I can't understand Susan," said Miss Green. "She's quite an altered woman of late. She goes about in a dull stupid way I can't at all account for. If you speak to her, she seems scarcely to hear you. If you ask her the simplest question, she looks as if she was busy on some other matter, and couldn't be disturbed to reply to you. I think Mrs. Cutter must see it; and somehow I think she's afraid of her, too. Last week I was taking tea with the old lady, and a violent storm came on. 'Stay all night, Miss Green, and I'll let Euphemia know,' Mrs. Cutter said. At first I thought of waiting awhile, but the rain continued so heavy—it was the very night you were taken ill, ma'am," said Miss Green, pulling up—"that I was obliged to bend to circumstances, for it was very inconvenient to me to remain. I had promised Euphemia to be back in time to iron out our best lace collars, and she had arranged to have the irons all hot for me, just to take up on my return. What could I do? Mrs. Cutter was fidgetty, and evidently wished me to stay, and the rain continuing unabated—you know what a night it was—at last I gave my consent. When she rang the bell, to give Susan the message for Dick, she looked so vexed and sullen I felt quite uncomfortable. I always fancied I had been rather a favourite with Susan than otherwise, but it didn't seem so just then. 'Ma'am,' she says, turning sharply round to her mistress, 'what makes you want Miss Green? Have

I been neglecting you? What have I done, that you're forced to have Miss Green to sleep here?" "Oh, Susan!" Mrs. Cutter remonstrates, quite shocked and hurt, "you've done nothing—you are my good, faithful treasure! If we were all as good and as unselfish as you are, Susan dear, it would be well for us." And then, going on the rule of contrary, she burst into tears, the pampered thing! and said "she wished she was dead, and out of the way, for nobody considered her"—and she didn't deserve to be considered—"but it was hard—it was very hard!" And really I was quite perplexed at her extraordinary behaviour." And Miss Green paused, and looked down at the carpet.

"Hah!" said Mrs. Digby, patronisingly. "I must say Susan is always remarkably attentive to *me*; indeed she never seems to think she can do enough for me—but then I have always felt it was better to leave Mrs. Cutter and Susan to their own quiet course."

"Indeed, ma'am," Miss Green said, with a slightly prim tightness across her upper lip. "That is the more remarkable, as Susan was only last week complaining loudly of your interference in having advised Mrs. Cutter to leave the Grange for a while—and very indignant Susan was about it, I assure you, ma'am."

Mrs. Digby reddened, having doubtless at the moment forgotten the circumstance of which she had complained to me.

"I certainly do believe that that woman is going out of her mind," my sister said, with sudden alacrity. "She looks like it. Why, when I think of her as she was in Miss Chelmsford's time, and look at her now, I'm quite lost in astonishment."

"It's a dreary place to live in—that Grange," said Miss Green, thoughtfully.

"Dreary! I think so. Why, whenever I go, a damp chill strikes into my blood. It feels like a vault; one thinks instinctively of graves, and black plumes, green mould, and bloated toads. Josiah, do you remember that great creature that sat at the root of that tree? How it watched us with its eyes. It seems the very place, of all others, for a ghost."

And Mrs. Digby laughed derisively. Sophronia had not much imagination herself, and not too much patience with those who had.

"They say the Grange is haunted," quoth Miss Euphemia.

"People always do say these things in the country," said Mrs. Digby, patronisingly, settling herself in her chair. "What should haunt the Grange, I wonder, now that folks have dropped the old tales about the Whitinghams? It would be a poor country place that hadn't some scrag of a ghost to be scraped up. An old barn, or a cowhouse, a lane, or a rickety tumble-down shed, some such place will certainly be found to bear witness to a robbery or a murder, or an old man's pot of money. There's always some place haunted in the country. Now I call it really impertinent of the village people to be gossiping and talking about the Grange—I do, indeed. It's just because people are not always wide-awake! Whoever that *was* awake, ever did see a ghost! I should like to know!" said Mrs. Digby, warmly.

Miss Green bridled. She drew up her throat from within the folds of her Paisley shawl, and shook her black velvet bonnet from side to side nervously, making the black bugles which adorned it jingle against one

another; while Sophronia, quite innocent of her friend's agitation, laughed on.

"Ghosts, indeed! I always class ghosts and witches in one category. It's always somebody that tells you, a particular friend of somebody else, perhaps you once saw, or somebody once thought they had seen, who saw the ghost; never does anybody tell you they themselves have seen a ghost. That's the worst of it! It's always second hand, or a deal worse. And tales don't lose anything by telling—witness the 'three black crows.'"

"I can only say what I have seen myself," said Miss Green, with a tremor on her lips. "I don't care to repeat second-hand——"

"Oh, certainly not, Amelia. But what did you see?"

"It does not signify, Sophronia."

"Oh yes, dear, do tell us, pray. Why this is just the grand exception to the rule, for which I was longing. Do tell us."

"I would not wish to stay another night at the Grange for all the storms that ever blew," Miss Green said, her face paling as she went on. "Mrs. Cutter was not so well in the night; she rang her bell for Susan. I slept in the little room that leads out of Mrs. Cutter's, and which is now appropriated to her old friends remaining all night, just as I did. Whether Susan was asleep, or the wind prevented her hearing, I cannot tell; but Mrs. Cutter rang three times, and nobody came. So I threw over me a shawl, and went to see what was wanted. The old lady being faint, off I hurried in the dark, quite well knowing the passages, just as you would yourself, dear, to get some brandy from the sideboard in the breakfast-room. At the top of the stairs I thought I heard some one in the hall below. 'What's the use of thinking such nonsense, when a body's ill,' thought I. But when I got to the bottom of the stairs, and was turning into the room, I saw—if ever I saw in my life"—Miss Green choked and gasped, and then went on earnestly, with an air of truth in her exuberance that was not to be mistaken—"two great wild eyes. I looked straight at 'em. I saw them come nearer and nearer—a great black shadow. It went softly up the stairs as I drew into the doorway of the breakfast-room—up the stairs—and I lost it, as it went."

"Then it wasn't all in white?" asked Miss Euphemia.

"It was like a dark shadow," reiterated Miss Green. "I could just see two great eyes, that neither looked at me, nor anything else for aught I know. It seemed to glide on, just as a shadow does. I watched it nearly to the top of the stairs, and about Miss Chelmsford's room I lost it."

"Dear me!" murmured Mrs. Digby, interested, in spite of herself and her incredulity. "And you're sure you were quite awake!"

"Oh, ma'am! can you doubt it?"—excitedly—"I had actually been talking with the old lady, and the keys were in my hand to get the brandy. Could anything be plainer?"

"Well, you know, Amelia, people are so apt to fancy things. I don't say that *you* are, you know, Amelia. I only say people in general. Sometimes it's one thing they see, sometimes another. They quite believe they do see it; but then they don't, for they only *fancy* it. Then other people, who look really into subjects, and know all about such matters, say it's 'cabbage,' or 'toasted cheese,' or 'roasted

potatoes,' as the case happens, that haven't digested, and then it is called an optical delusion. I have been told that, when anything of this sort occurs, it's always your digestion in reality that's to blame. I once heard of a dreadful case of 'death's head and cross bones,' resulting from a young woman eating heartily for her supper of roasted potatoes. Some people, I am told, are perfect martyrs in this way. I suffer dreadfully from indigestion myself. The least thing upsets me. Now veal and sausages with pickled onions for supper, always give me the most distressing dreams. And it's hard—indeed, it's extremely hard—that the nicest things are sure to disagree the most. But I suppose it's the rule of contrary that runs through life. Now you don't think that you could be suffering from indigestion at the time—do you?"

"Certainly not, Sophronia."

"You don't think it might be a cat, now? Because a cat's eyes are very peculiar, as well as deceptive, in the dark."

"A cat six feet high!"

"Well, well, Amelia, never mind—no offence. You know, my dear, you'd be glad if you could account for it in some way, would you not?"

"I should be truly thankful," said Miss Green, earnestly.

"You say you saw two eyes. Now Amelia, do you think it might be two holes in the shutters over the top of the door (if there are any)? The moon would shine in, and go up on the wall, and really look very startling, especially getting up out of one's sleep in that sudden way."

"It was nothing of the sort," said Miss Green, sharply.

"Well, at any rate, I suppose you didn't say anything about it to Mrs. Cutter?"

"No, I thought it better not. You know how matter-of-fact she is," said Miss Green, a little spitefully. "You remember that time, when we were sitting in the twilight at the Grange, and the branch of the tree struck the window in such an extraordinary way, how quick and matter-of-fact she was. And if I remember rightly, you were as frightened as any of us, Sophronia?"

"Probably, Amelia. But I do not tie myself down, by abjuring possible indigestion. I might have been eating something injudiciously—indeed, I rather incline to that notion. I acknowledge that I am a dreadful sufferer. Ever such a morsel of salmon—oh, quite a mere nothing—will upset me at times. If other people are stronger than I, so much the better for them—so much more am I to be pitied."

"Well, and what do you think it to have been, Amelia?" Mrs. Digby asked, after an awkward little pause.

"Do you ask me what I really believe?" Miss Green repeated, her face wan with excitement.

Mrs. Digby nodded, and bent her head nearer.

"I believe it to have been *Miss Chelmsford's ghost!*"

"Good gracious! Amelia?"

"I know no more than what my eyes saw, and I ask no one to credit my experience," Miss Green said, proudly. She rose, and hurriedly took her leave.

"Did you ever hear such nonsense, Jos?" said my sister Sophronia, looking round at me where I stood at the window, a half-comical expression on her face. "I told you the ghost was all over the place. It's very well

for the lower classes—one expects such rubbish from empty heads—but when it comes to sensible women—women of sober years like Amelia Green—the thing deserves to be looked into. I can't understand it, Josiah, unless the poor thing was dreaming; or if not exactly that, there's no knowing what! It *must* have been indigestion; it could be nothing else! Now, there's John Junket. The quantity of veal and ham—fried brown, you know—that that man will eat! and then will be twisting and turning, and bouncing up out of his bed, and walking about half the night with pains here and pains there, and, 'Sophronia, I'm sure there's somebody trying to get in at the drawing-room window!' Why, only last night he was at it: 'Sophronia! there are footsteps below; don't you hear them—they're coming up the stairs.' 'John Junket! it's nothing but your fancy!' 'Sophronia, get me my revolver ready. I'm not so active as you are'—which of course you know he isn't. Oh dear, dear! I've no patience with such work. You couldn't persuade him it's his supper—not you, indeed—if you talked ever so! It's the east wind, or the north wind, or the last medicine; but never his supper. And here am I. If I'm in the least imprudent, I'm so ill—oh, so ill! But then I try always to act upon that example in Murray's Grammar, that I learnt at school—I forget what rule it's in, but it's 'Candour is to be approved and practised.' I dare say you'll remember it. I must confess I am astonished at Miss Green; I gave her credit for more sense. There always was a ghost at the Grange, and I suppose always will be. Once it was Sir Geoffry Whittingham, now it's Clarice Chelmsford; but what does she want? I do think folks might leave them quiet in their graves."

And then Sophronia burst out in a good hearty laugh at Miss Green's expense. I stood looking out of the window, amused at her merriment, for she laughed loud and long.

III.

"JUST ONE HALF-HOUR!"

RETURNING one afternoon from a shooting expedition a few days after this illness of Mrs. Digby's, in one of the quiet lanes about Burrell I met Mr. Dickenson. He was slowly walking his horse, whilst beside him, on foot, paced Mrs. Cutter's old farm-servant, Dick, who, spade in hand, was earnestly talking as it seemed confidentially.

"Perhaps it's too much to expect Mr. Symperton to remember," said the surgeon, when I had exchanged a few civilities with him, and would have passed on, "all the gossips and tales of this busy Burrell; but you may have heard about a late patient of mine losing a necklace some two or three years ago."

"Certainly, I quite well remember."

"I know the thing was talked of at the time. The old lady, too, lost some valuable coins. Well, Dick tells me the coins are found."

"Indeed!"

"It was a mysterious affair that, altogether, Mr. Symperton."

"Aye, it were some childher i' Whittingham wood," said Dick, eager enough to recount it all over again for my benefit. "They'd gone a

lookin' for firewood, and right a-top o' th' mere there were a bit o' siller lyin'. It were Tom Simkin's lad—he's a ra'al dacent feller is Tom; he lives three doors fra us. Well, they came stray't off to me i' the kitchen garden, diggin' up th' winter potayters. I were that pleased I cu'dn't tell ye, for it's hard cheese ever sin' it wur tuck to me, an' to th' old missis. So h'off I goes wi' the garden spade i' my h'ont—as it might be now—and I set a diggin', an' lor, quite high i' th' groynd, as if it had bin meddle wi' loike, wur the jug, stuck inside wi' pieces. I've seen 'em mony a toime, an' mony a toime agin, when I wur clayning th' winders or that, mysell. I wudn't gie haife a crown for th' lot; but missus thought a deal on 'em, she did."

"But the necklet was not there?" asked Mr. Dickenson.

"No, not th' beads—not th' beads," and the old man looked away.

"And what does Susan say?"

"Ay, I dunnot know," said Dick, scratching his head with a puzzled look. "She's got that cranky I nayther know nor want t' know. She said summat about th' beads havin' brought nowt but ill luck to th' Grange, but how she comes to know what they brought, caps me. At any rate, we've got th' coins, that's one thing."

"Mrs. Cutter would be well pleased, at any rate, Dick."

"Ay, she were playseed, but there's no havin' a bit o' talk wi' missus now. I tould her it 'd be a gran' day for me, as had bin on th' farm for five-an'-forty year, when things wuz made wright and toight; for folks even agate to say queer things—things as one dunnot loike t' hear of happen to them as has lived and died at th' Grange." And the old man shook his head.

"Well, Dick, and what did the old lady say?"

"Well, sir, missus isn't th' same as she woz—not her. There's no havin' a bit a talk wi' her, loike as in old times. She stares at me (you know her way), an' goes on wi' her bit o' knittin'. 'Folks will talk, you know, Dick; we mustn't mind 'em,' she says. No, there's no havin' a bit o' talk wi' th' old missus now, there isent."

He turned away, and looked down at his spade.

"Dick, what do you think came of that necklace?"

"Neay, sir, how can th' loikes o' me tell?"

"I have heard that you saw Miss Chelmsford and Mr. Duncombe talking privately in the garden the very day the necklace disappeared. Is this true?"

"Happen I did."

Dick looked uneasily about him, as if for means of escape.

"And that you saw Miss Chelmsford lay something secretly in Mr. Duncombe's hand?"

"Happen I did," he said, sulkily.

"Was it the necklace—*beads*, as you eall it?"

"Lord a mercy! how should I know out on it," said the old man, pettishly. And lifting his cap to us, he hurried off, going down the lane back towards the Grange.

"The old man knows more than he likes to tell, it seems to me," said the surgeon, looking after him. "It is a strange house that, Mr. Symperton, and its inhabitants are just as strange, and always were, to my knowledge. It was a mysterious affair that altogether."

"She was not long ill, I suppose?"

"Only two days. Do you know Mr. Symperton," lowering his voice, and stooping from the saddle, "I had not the most remote idea that she would die. The attack was extraordinarily severe. I never knew such strong paroxysms; they were really fearful to behold. There was much about the case that was extremely dark—much that perplexed me. Miss Chelmsford had the character of being exceedingly reserved; a very cold and distant person, certainly. Very probably the continued excitement under which she had been for some little time suffering—the loss of this trinket, more than ordinarily prized on account of some family history, some local legend, and then the loss of the lover accruing from it, I am told—all this may have exhausted the vital powers, and they gave way, you see, swept off suddenly, under the tremendous pressure, at once and for ever!"

I turned towards him, a certain question on my lips, when coming with hasty steps towards us was a quiet, respectably attired female of middle age. She was tall and gaunt, stooping heavily and wearily, but what struck me chiefly was the livid pallor of her face and the brightness of her small black eyes. Her cheeks fell in so that you could distinctly see the form of the jaw in the thinness of its coating. She came eagerly up to Mr. Dickenson, and spoke to him as he leant over his horse's neck in a dull sleepy way, as if she were in a dream, yet with a wild earnestness that impressed me. I moved aside, not desiring to interfere with a patient of the doctor's.

"For one half hour!" I heard her say. "Mr. Dickenson, for the love of God, give me one half hour!"

"Susan, recollect yourself. Should I not be glad to relieve you if it were in my power?"

"Ten minutes, then—ten minutes!"

"Susan, I think you are worse than ever to day!"

"I never wronged you, Mr. Dickenson."

"You want change of scene. Leave the Grange for a while; this dreary place is turning your brain. Mrs. Cutter will only be too glad, and it will benefit you both. Leave the Grange, I say, just for a while, Susan."

"I cannot," despairingly.

"What child's talk is this? 'You cannot.' Why do you ask my advice if you will not take it? What is there wanting but the will to do as you are told? I know your mistress urged this on you quite recently. I say you want change. Leave Burrell for a while."

"I tell you I cannot," she said again.

"Why cannot you?"

"Oh, you don't know—you don't know! Let me alone, Mr. Dickenson!"

"Then don't come to me any more," he said, turning impatiently away from her.

"Oh, you're not vexed, Mr. Dickenson! It's only me. I would do as you bid me, if I could—if I could—ha, ha!—I would indeed. You don't see—see anything behind me now, do you—eh, Mr. Dickenson?" And she turned her face, wan and worn, and looked behind her with a half-scared, half-defiant look.

"Ye—yes."

"What? Eh, what?" she almost shrieked.

"Well, what do *you* make it out?" he replied, watching her face, and pretending to peer into the air.

"Tell me what you see, Mr. Dickenson! Tell me! What is it you see?"

Her voice had risen into an excited scream. She had turned herself away from the surgeon, and was glaring into space with protruding eyes, waving her hands before her, as though thrusting something back that encroached upon her.

"Woman, isn't there the hedge?"

She turned her face slowly round, and scanned his visage with eager scrutiny, to see if he meant it, and then laughed a cold dull laugh.

"Just so! Ha, ha! the hedge! You're so fond of a joke, Mr. Dickenson; so am I—so am I!"

Her saying so seemed an extra mockery.

"Then you won't give me just one half hour's sleep?" she said, supplicatingly.

"It is peace of mind you want, Susan. A stronger hand than mine must grant you that. Seek it in the proper place," said the surgeon, with emphasis.

"If I were rich—a duchess, now?"

"If you were a queen, I could not give you five minutes' ease."

"Ha!" she sighed, after a momentary pause, clasping her hands over her head impetuously, "if I could give you money, gold, guinea upon guinea, you would cure me. It is but sleep I want—only sleep. It is a curse to be poor. They say the very reins of life are in the doctor's hands. You tell us if we break our bones you can join them together; if we faint, you can revive us; if we are dying, send to you time enough, and you can prolong our life. I only ask for sleep—just one half hour's sleep; it's a paltry boon. Do you pretend to tell me you can heal my broken bones, and not give me sleep? Oh, I know better—I know better! It's because—because you think me poor, you will not. But take care—take care; perhaps I'm not too poor to bring your hard-heartedness home to you. Oh, it's a curse to be poor! But, Mr. Dickenson—Mr. Dickenson, now"—as though returning more immediately to the subject, the old coaxing tone renewed—"if I were to ask my mistress, for how much—how much money would you sell me an hour's sleep?"

"Woman! God help you!"

She stared at him with her glittering eyes, unclasped her hands, and drew them down slowly, and, first *looking behind* her, went wearily on her way.

"Yes," sighed Mr. Dickenson, as we watched her, "with such as she, the poor and uneducated, life and death indeed lie with us. God pity her! Night after night she has beset me thus. She believes I can ease her, but will not. I have tried every known drug in her case. I have ransacked old tomes, desiring to procure for her that rest which has become an urgent necessity. What for others would find sleep, to her brings redoubled excitement. She tells me she could not bear the fatigue of existence were it not for opium, which she takes largely.

Whether it be this that keeps the irritation going, supporting her in one way while it surely wears her out in the other, I do not say. She says she has not slept for three years. That, of course, is impossible, but she believes it. A weary time—a weary time! It is the mind that is diseased, and what can minister to that?"

"What do you consider to be the matter with her?"

"I cannot tell, except that she is possessed, crazed, fairly mad, Mr. Symperton—fairly mad. I believe her harmless, however. She bears an excellent character in the neighbourhood. Her old mistress dotes on her. I think that the loneliness of the old house has preyed upon her. The sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Cutter's niece, and the antagonistic life they led—all this has done its work, until, as you hear, she is imbued with the fancy that to leave Burrell would be to surrender life itself."

Parting with the doctor, I continued my route along the high road, past the avenue of the Grange, by the wall skirting the shrubbery. It was fast growing dark. The moon was softly gleaming in the clear blue sky, over which a few light clouds gracefully floated. The trees, bare and leafless, in summer forming an impenetrable screen, were here less closely grouped. I could plainly see over the low wall the jagged ruins, grim and stark enough.

Standing out on the adjoining belt of lawn, the moonlight shining full upon her, I distinctly saw Susan beckoning to me from within the garden. I must confess to feeling the most decided aversion towards this woman, but the notion occurred to me that she might have something to communicate which prudence recommended I should hear. After a momentary hesitation, I leaped over the boundary and reached her side, she gesticulating to me all the while to come softly, and pointing excitedly, with trembling hands and quivering face, toward that part of the ruin where the old banqueting-hall lay.

"Hush!" she gasped, her face distorted with excitement. "She's there dancing—dancing, dancing up th' hall—wi' her head up just as she used to go across yon dining-room—oh, so grand and stately!"

Softly over the velvety moss I crept to humour her, and stood looking through a broken loophole into the vast lonely room. The tufts of rank grass and withered fern-leaves that had last summer grown in the gaps where windows had once been, stiffly nodded as the breeze went by, and the shadows mocked them on the floor below. The moonlight went shimmering over it in waving, flickering figures, reflecting the gauzy clouds. The wind moaned, winding in and out, along narrow corridors, through crypts, and cloisters, and secret chambers, and along galleries, sighing itself out in the distance in a wild, dreary wail.

"D'ye see her? There! right i' th' middle, dancin' up th' hall!"

But the ruined banqueting-hall was desolate. Only the moonbeams danced—only the moonbeams.

A NARRATIVE OF A SHORT RESIDENCE IN LOWER CANADA,
AND A VISIT TO THE FALLS.

IV.

IN the Government Gardens here, twice a week, the military band, which plays in the evenings, is a great resource for the gentry, and the benches which are situated under the trees are usually crowded with groups of ladies and children, who come to listen. The love of sight-seeing, and of assembling in various ways for purposes of recreation, seems just as much a passion with the French Canadians as it is with the Parisians themselves. There the young ladies promenade the different walks, escorted by young officers or other beaux. The children play on the grass, and the mothers sit watching them. Some middle-aged or elderly spinsters hold their scandal debates in different corners, and idle exquisites lounge up and down the pathways. The view of the river and the adjacent scenery has a charming effect. Thus, in the cities, as well as in the wilds of the country, these Canadians seem to enjoy themselves. In the latter one finds the pure unadulterated class of rustic peasantry, who are well used to hardihood and toil. To see them working at the axe all day in the woods cheerful and contented ; to watch them in winter-time, crossing the rivers in their canoes when the thermometer is twenty degrees below zero ; to view their utter disregard of the severity of cold, or the intensity of heat, one cannot help respecting them as a race,

—strong, and swift of foot are they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,
Motion is in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil.

One of the most attractive, as well as one of the most conspicuous objects as seen from the central points of Quebec, is the island of Orleans, which is a large one, extending to a circumference of thirty-two miles, and covered with the most beautiful shrubs, which grow in great luxuriance from the heights over the town down to the water's edge. Here grow the wild raspberries and strawberries in great profusion. The thick woods lie on the high grounds, and there is also a great deal of meadow-land. There are a few small towns or villages, of which the houses are built of wood, and in the streets of each are some few small shops ; also there are what are called "maisons de pension," which are fitted for the reception of strangers.

We went over in the small steamer which goes twice a day in summer between Quebec and Orleans. It stopped at a wharf on the Point Levi side, where we saw a very vast pile of wood extending for many hundred yards inside the wharf, and mostly about fifty feet high. This is all the property of a rich merchant—a Mr. Gilmour—who sells it either for house-building or ship-building. Numerous other timber stores and yards are on the river on both sides ; in fact, such a mart as Quebec is for timber one could scarcely see equalled anywhere else.

Previous to putting into this wharf, we had a full view of the falls of

Montmorenci, which, with its white foaming mass of waters, swollen as they were after the late heavy falls of rain, looked broader and finer than I ever saw them as viewed from any other point. We reached the small quay on the island of Orleans about three-quarters of an hour after we had left the Quebec side. We saw there were several cottages and small villas belonging to gentry who had their summer residences here. We went to walk on the roads and paths of the island. The interior of the houses belonging to the Canadians here was neat, clean, and simple. There is a church on the island for the French Catholics, but none for the Protestants.

We went into a small auberge, where the French hostess provided us milk, bread-and-butter and water, but said she had "point de boisson." However, she charged us quite enough for her sour bread and indifferent milk. The small village where we stopped was called Woodlyn. Farther on there is a town called Pierre. Round the island is a road which extends thirty-two miles, and a very pretty drive it is. The heat of the atmosphere after the rains here is so oppressive, that it forbids one taking much exercise. It is of a humid nature, and causes great languor.

The thunder-storms which take place in Quebec are so numerous during the hottest of the summer months, that scarcely did two days pass without our encountering one of them during the month of June, from the 20th to the end, and the whole of July. Previous to the coming on of the thunder-storm, the extreme heat and closeness of the atmosphere is such that one feels every pore of the skin sensible of it, though one is sitting quietly. Then comes on a great collection of dark clouds, and soon afterwards the violent shocks of thunder, and most terrific and loud they certainly are. The vivid and frequent lightning startles with its glare. On one occasion a cow was struck with the lightning and killed. This happened in a field a few yards from the barrier in Quebec. Shortly after the thunder and lightning the rain descends in torrents, more like a waterspout than a shower, and continues till perhaps the end of the next day.

Pater et rubento
Dextera sacras jaculatus arces
 Ferruit urbem
Terruit gentes.

To those who have gone out in the light holland dress or silk wrapper and straw hat far into the country, on horseback or on foot, such an occurrence is no small drawback to their pleasure; and if they can procure a hospitable shelter in a Canadian cabane, they think themselves happy, as indeed

The tyranny of the open air's too rough
For nature to endure.

The thunder is louder and more frequent than in any country which I have been, except Bengal. The peculiar phenomenon here is, that after the thunder-storms and deluge of rain, there still remains a great elasticity in the air, and the heat quickly succeeds a few moments after the air has become clear. During the winter months, except but once or twice, one never has a shower of rain; but in the autumn, or, as it is here called, the fall, the rain falls in torrents, and generally lasts three days.

During the rain the atmosphere is gloomy and dark; so much so, that even at noonday, in rooms which of a fine summer's day are quite too bright, it is difficult to see to read.

The young officers like the station very much, owing to the pleasant manners, hospitality, and love of society which characterise the Canadian gentry and the residents of the different military stations; but, with the exception of tours, and of sport during the spring and autumn, and sleighing during the long course of the dreary winter, they have not much amusement to look forward to. The troops, also, very seldom change their stations.

A favourite excursion in summer was across the water by one of the steamers to Point Levi, and a picnic on the other side. I recollect particularly having found great pleasure in this short voyage. The hotels on the other side are clean and commodious, but the line of houses which stretch from the farthest point opposite to the citadel up to the point which faces the island of Orleans are what give you an idea of the residences of the French Canadians more than any other places near Quebec. They are small and low, built completely of wood, and the shops, which all of them contain, are in the same room as the inhabitants reside in. These are all French colonists. The men are dressed in the frieze grey or brown coat, the boots of untanned leather, and the wideawake hat; the women, in a plain homely French dress, remind one of the peasantry which one sees in the country parts of the aboriginal soil. On one occasion I went into one of the native houses belonging to a Canadian of the better class, and stayed there during the heat of the summer day. His daughter played on the pianoforte in a very creditable manner. None of the inmates of the house could speak a word of English. For the extent of about four miles, which is the distance from the two points which I spoke of, the pathways of the roads were made of wood on each side, about four feet from the houses; also, on the roads from Quebec for the distance of two miles in each, the pathways are thus formed. It is certainly cleanly, but after a thaw which is succeeded by frost, the slipperiness of these pathways makes them very dangerous. The ease with which wood is procured makes it a favourite composition in the construction of residences, buildings, and even of roads. The river steamers which plied across the St. Lawrence at all hours of the day were certainly a great boon in the summer months; but when winter set in, this mighty river presented a great barrier between the Point Levi and the Quebec residents.

I anticipated much pleasure in making a tour to the West, on visiting Upper Canada, and in seeing the great Falls of Niagara, which, during the month of September, generally show to the greatest advantage. I therefore delayed my visit during the hot months of the summer, and fixed upon the 18th of September for setting out there. I found afterwards that I had made a fortunate selection as to time, as we had not one whole rainy day during our trip, and only one day we had a shower.

The great Falls, which I was so anxious to see, having heard and read of them from my childhood, as most people have, and having been given to understand that they were considered one of the wonders of the world, are adjacent to a city called by their own name. I found that I could procure return tickets from Quebec to this city, so I decided upon taking

my departure in the line of steamers which ran direct from Quebec to Montreal, next by a small steamer to Ogdensburg, and then by a large lake steamer, which crosses Lake Ontario, to Lewiston, a place which lies seven miles distant from the City of the Falls. Finding that I could return by the same route, with the difference of taking the southern side of Lake Ontario on my return in place of the northern, which side I decided on travelling at first, visiting it in order to have an opportunity of seeing Toronto, which city lies in the centre of the north side of the lake.

On the 18th of September we embarked in the *John Munn* steamer for Montreal. She was very finely fitted up, and her cabins commodious. The scene on the river St. Lawrence was very animated. The different craft, large and small, lying in the bed of the mighty stream, or near the landing-places of the town of Quebec; the small tug-steamers, towing various crafts; the passage steamers, taking over from two different stations their several cargoes of passengers who travel between Quebec and Point Levi; the vast moving rafts of enormous piles of wood which come in from the up-country parts, tugged by steamers; the animation and bustle which pervades every great emporium of this new world; the three large markets, actually piled with every description of fruit, vegetables, fish, fowls, meat, and country produce of all sorts, and thronged with purchasers—all these objects are seen from the deck of a large vessel in the river, and form a most motley concourse of grouping. In these country steamers the ample room and accommodation, and the excellence of the fare, make it a very pleasant task to undertake a voyage on the St. Lawrence, especially as the motion, which is the great bugbear for travellers in steamers, is not perceptible in the river craft. From four to six this day we had daylight with us, and admired the very fine scenery on both sides of the St. Lawrence, both at Point Levi and the range of heights opposite it on the other side of the river, which, wooded as they are, and interspersed with villas, show a series of beautiful views, comprehending Wolfe's Cove—that glen of the most surpassing interest, where the young hero led his band up to consummate as chivalrous an act as ever was blazoned in history—Spenser Wood, Cap Rouge, and some others. After this the scenery became tamer, and the night fell, so we saw no more of what was to be viewed from deck, and left it for our cabins, until six the next morning, when we found ourselves opposite the wharf at Montreal.

This is indeed a finely built town. The native name is Hochelaga. It occupies a considerable part of the island upon which it stands. I remarked in my walk through the town before breakfast the different churches—three Scotch churches and a Unitarian chapel, quite close to one another, on a hill which lies at the top of the town, a most superb Catholic chapel, the largest building of any, and a Protestant church. I went through a very fine market, which reminded me of the large one at Liverpool, though this was not so large or broad, but the building must be, I think, much longer. I saw another long series of sheds stand facing what is called the old market-place. By the side of the wharf lies the largest one of all, certainly the finest and most extensive building which Canada can produce, fitted for the business and commerce of this very noble city, the great emporium of the trade between the New and

the Old World, the central nucleus of civilisation, near which the mighty St. Lawrence from the east and west, and the Ottawa from the wild north, bear up with their tide of heaving waters the fruits of the hardy hunter's enterprise and the produce of the industrious artisan. The more I walked about the town the more I saw to admire in the buildings, which were some of them very fine. I noticed two banks, one of them built in the Corinthian style of architecture, the court-house, a classical and chaste structure, and the hospital, called St. Patrick's Hospital. The streets are broad, mostly crossing one another at right angles. It seems as if the plan of the town had been laid out having reference to the grand principles of wholesome space and utility, and not to that narrow economy which conveniences individuals to the sacrifice of general effect. The houses are almost all of them built of stone. This town far surpasses Quebec, which latter, in its nooks and corners, low, long narrow lanes, and the incommodiousness of its lower division, render it a very inferior locality as a site for the capital of such an improving colony as Canada is. By what I can make out of the origin which the word Canada is traced to, it seems to be Spanish, and the name imports in that language a highway, and was given to the country on each side of the banks of the St. Lawrence, as the earliest navigators supposed that the great river would be a sort of thoroughfare by which they might sail to the Indies. Others insist that it means, in the language of one of the native tribes, an assemblage of huts, and that such being the first objects which struck the view of the first discoverers, the name has been Canada ever since. I do not know, however, why Jacques Cartier, the first European who penetrated to the primitive hearts of the unknown savages through the unexplored gigantic stream which divides the land here like an inland sea, should have given a Spanish name to the country rather than a French one, when he claimed the sovereignty of it for the French king. The names of the localities, lakes, rivers, towns, cascades, are all French. The wharves and the lie for the shipping at Montreal are certainly on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the city, and, to crown all, the bridge now in construction over the St. Lawrence, which is to span the river from Montreal to St. Lambert's, is certainly the most stupendous undertaking which engineering and mechanism have ever applied to architecture. Of the details and the cost which apply to this colossal scheme the world is now becoming well acquainted, through the medium of many writers. There is one very pretty drive in the island of Montreal, round the wooded hill at the top of the town. With the exception of this, drivers have no resort but the town.

The islands of St. Helens and St. Lambert, opposite the grand wharf, are striking objects; the former particularly, wooded as it is, and with its buildings finely laid out. We found it the pleasantest way of travelling to take the train from this town to Lachine, a point of the island of Montreal where the steam-boats that ply on the narrow river between this point and Ogdensburgh start from. On our way we remarked a country quite replete with orchards, plantations, and villas. On the way for about three miles it seemed as if the town was stretching out in its continuation of detached houses, but latterly it became more like the country which one sees in the vicinity of a large town. We got into a very nice, clean, commodious little boat, which here they called a canal-boat, from its size being comparatively so much smaller than the large

steamers which ply on the St. Lawrence, which Marryat likens to a "moving *isola bella*" taken out of the Lake Como in Switzerland. Here everything was more compact and better suited for a party of passengers, and also the cabin berths were much more spacious and better fitted up. The American passengers amused us. They have a very sedate, collected manner, both old and young, and I see nothing to dislike in them but their constant habit of spitting. As for their use of tobacco, our young gentlemen seem to vie with them in that, so it is now quite treason to speak against it; however, I must own that our youngsters seem to eschew a vile practice which the Yankees some of them indulge in, that is, chewing tobacco. It was very tiresome work on board the boat the most part of the night, as we kept going from one lock to another on the canal. Of course we could see nothing, but we heard the bell toll when we approached the lock each several time, and we felt a wearisome sense of annoyance at the numerous delays. In the morning—a beautiful, fine, sunshiny autumn morning—we found ourselves, at six o'clock, going through the last of the locks, and we came to a place where we took in wood. The villagers called it Wastefield. The river scenery was well wooded, and really looked beautiful by the fine sunny sky which hung over it, but there was no bold outline, and the features were not marked by any buildings of great size. Small churches, wooden cots for the settlers, scanty sheds, containing grocery stores, or other small shops, were principally to be remarked. The American passengers told us that the places had grown up greatly within the last few years, and as we advanced we saw the small collections of houses which had been the growth of a very short space of time; and at some of these we stopped frequently to take in wood. Of these I remarked principally Williamsburg, a nice town, whose houses were some of them two stories high, and situated pleasantly near the water. The stream was wider here. Many boats and steamers passed us, the former principally laden with wood, in large piles.

After this commenced our voyage through the straits lying between the different islands. It was like threading through these varied small spots of land, which were plenteously wooded. The stream was very rapid and the current against us. I could not ascertain the names of all these islands—and several of them were so small that they were nameless—but they were truly picturesque, nicely wooded, and covered with pasturage; they looked as though they were the chosen retreats of some lord of the soil, who set them apart for a summer residence. But this appearance was not at all realised by a closer examination, for in place of their being so tenanted, they are occupied by settlers, who, during the winter months, must be sadly put to it for marketing; and the transit from them to the towns on the opposite shores must be exceedingly difficult, and I should think, in some events of weather impossible.

We passed a nice-looking town on the north shore, called Matilda. At about eleven o'clock in the day we came to a place where the captain told us that he took in wood for the whole voyage from this *dépôt* to Ogdensburgh and back to it again. Certainly, with eight men constantly at work holding hand-barrows, they managed to stow away an enormous pile of wood in their hold.

After this we proceeded onwards, and soon reached Ogdensburgh,

which stands on the American side of the river, having Prescott on the Canada side of it, immediately opposite. When we arrived here, the custom-house officers came on board to examine my trunks; but on my saying that "all was right," they did not give me any farther trouble. We left the canal-boat and entered a very magnificent one called the *Ontario*. The accommodation on this one was on a superior scale, and, from its size and splendid arrangements, it was quite a sight to see. However, the machinery was a little out of repair, and this caused a delay, as the engineers said that she would not be fully in order to sail until eight at night. I went on shore, and the first object I saw was a party of three Americans, who were in earnest and loud talk about the election soon to take place. One piece of politeness which took place amongst them was to me curious. They had small tin boxes, each of which they carried in their pockets, and every now and then offered to one another; the boxes were full of ready cut quids of tobacco, which they chewed perpetually, and their civility consisted in offering these to each other. We had on board a number of American passengers. Amongst others, we had a theatrical company; and allied to this party was the famous woman called the Bear Woman, and her son, a boy of three years old. She had an enormous beard, which she kept muffled up in a handkerchief. Her features were coarse, and she looked like a man. She talked English and French fluently, and also sung very well. Her little son was a fine little fellow; but the hair was very long on his back and neck, and he had a beard. Her husband was also with her on board. He did not differ in point of general appearance from the usual run of men, but was rather good-looking. They were from Switzerland. Some of the parties of Americans on board amused themselves with listening to the singing, which the theatrical people had an opportunity of displaying to advantage, as there was a fine grand pianoforte on board, and some of them conversed in groups upon mercantile matters. I observed that the younger ones had a much more sedate business-like air than young persons of their age in England usually have. Of the songsters, I was most interested by a beautiful and most intelligent American child, about twelve years old—not one of the theatrical party—who sat down to the pianoforte and played, and sang with a fine strong voice some very sweet airs. Her confidence before so many strangers struck me as wonderful. The young American gentry on board conversed about business matters like people who made merchandise their grand occupation, their "being and their aim." Had a similar number of British youths been so circumstanced, they would have, when together, been uproarious and boisterous, and when in a large society been remarkably stiff and reserved.

We passed the Thousand Islands at night, and when I awakened at half-past five in the morning, I found that we were in Lake Ontario. The meaning of this word in the native language is the "lake of beauty." It is a most splendid sheet of water—fresh water, also, as all the interior lakes of Canada are.

We passed the large town of Wellington at nine A.M. All the country on the Canada side of the lake was flat, and the south side we could not see from our boat. We continued sailing the whole of the day, and at six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Toronto. The side of the lake which we had in view did not exhibit much variety of

scenery. The name of this place means, in the language of the native Indians, "the hut beside the lake." What a wonderful change thirty years had effected! It is now a large city, with upwards of twenty thousand inhabitants. However, on landing, the city does not strike one as anything very grand. It is an unfinished town; some of the buildings, such as Laurence Hall and the English Church, are fine enough. The streets in compass are laid out so as to be broad, and promising a fine site for buildings; but being only half built through, they have the air of an unfinished and half-tenanted series of habitations. The situation is flat. There are great complaints of the sewerage, and many say that it is a very unhealthy place. The harbour lies between a neck of land, very narrow, and lengthened out for a mile and a half into the lake and the mainland. The water between, however, which forms the bay, is broad and commodious for all craft; but the approaching ship has a long course to make before it can reach the wharfrage. We had our freight taken in in the course of an hour, and then, getting up the steam, we traversed the lake on to Lewiston. This is one of the new rising towns built upon the Niagara river. It is daily becoming a larger place, and is evidently much visited by parties from all quarters from the Old and New World. The mighty falls are a great attraction for people from all parts of the civilised globe.

We left this place by train at seven in the morning, and passed a large suspension-bridge thrown across the Niagara river, and, proceeding onwards, we came to a second suspension-bridge, which is built on the same principle, namely this: Two wooden platforms (one for the train cars and another for the passengers on foot) are suspended from four immense circular cables of steel, which hang across the river and cross one another in the centre, by numerous small cables of wire. There are also on each side of the river numerous iron rods, which stay the bridge from swaying to and fro.

From the train at this point we had a fine view of the three grand cataracts, which "the Falls" are composed of. Seen this way *en masse* they form the most striking object.

We arrived at our hotel on the American side; and soon after our arrival we were very anxious to go and see something of these falls in detail. Often have they been described by writers and by scientific men, but I think no one can visit them, despite what he has heard of them, without being struck with astonishment.

From the place called Prospect Point, where I first went, and in the different points of view which I came to on the American side, I witnessed several beautiful and most perfect rainbows which had risen over the immense "Phlegethon of waters."

And there they sat 'midst the infernal surge,
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Their steady dyes, where all around is torn;
And seemed, amidst the torture of the scene,
Love watching madness with unalterable mien."

Of the grandeur, the might, the majesty, the sublimity of this vast series of cataracts, who can speak? The simple pathos of the wild Indian who worshipped the scene called the "Thunder of Waters," and the devotion of the Christian who sees in them the stupendous specimen of the work-

manship which was planned by the Supreme Architect, both unite in giving their meed of homage to these "mighty and wondrous" works.

I thought that the most comprehensive view of them was to be had from the tower in the centre, called Prospect Tower. The different hues of the masses of water, the green, the white, and the blue, were in contrast so vivid, and in colour so varied, that I question if any painter could succeed in doing justice to them. When it was bright sunshine, the beams resting on the spray formed another feature, and the

Arcus

Mille jacit varios adverso sole colores.

I went down to the place called the Cave of the Winds, and stayed for a little while there. This is under the centre cataract, called the Crescent Fall. The size and volume of this mass of water seems here, placed as it is between the other two grand cataracts, quite insignificant, but it is, notwithstanding, larger than any of the waterfalls which one sees in the continent of Europe. It is formed by a detached course of the river Niagara, which runs between Luna Island and Goat Island. The deluging spray and noise of the fall was what gave rise to the name of the cave beneath it:

Hic vasto rex Æolus antro

Lactantes ventos. Tempestates que sonoras
Imperio premit.

The rest of the day we passed in walking about Goat Island, which is sometimes called Iris Island here; but of all the localities in the neighbourhood, it presents the greatest number of favourable spots for pedestrians who are intent on enjoying the beauties of the scenery here, as seen from their most promising aspects. Of the three cataracts, the Horse-shoe or Canada one is the largest. We were assailed on all sides by runners and guides offering to show us all sorts of roads, and lead us to numbers of places. But the leading characteristics of the scene were so apparent, and the simple beauty of their nature so unsophisticated, that I thought either guide or book quite unwelcome and superfluous.

The natural beauties and wild romantic character of the place are marred to a frightful extent by the invasion of the monster hotels, cities, railroads, which, with their attendant host of cads, running footmen, carriages—drivers *et hoc genus omne*—worry and disturb you at every turn. There is not a nook or corner which you may visit where you may not light on an acquaintance, or, what is more deteriorating still to the romantic character of the place, some group of American felicity hunters.

I had my peace of mind broken in upon by the sight of a military martinet, a quondam demon of the drill-field, who had, whilst exercising "his little brief authority" elsewhere, insulted the feelings of some young and friendless officers with personal and vulgar allusions, and destroyed the prospects of others by malignant and determined persecution, so much so, that his name has become notorious as it is hated. He now enjoys a high command in the western hemisphere; but his unamiable presence formed no addition to the attraction of the scene, and I was happy to be able to steer clear of it.

As these falls in grandeur are totally unrivalled by any in the world, it is no matter of surprise that visitors from all quarters should be seen

there; also, at this peculiar season of the year, when the leaves have partially taken the tints of autumn, the scenery looks to most advantage.

Next morning I saw on my walks great numbers of the specimens of beadwork executed by the Tuskerora Indians, the Seneca Indians, and the Indians of the three rivers. They are very neat, simple, and ingenious. The shops, stores, and magazines which contain these various articles—situated as they are at every corner and locality—are countless. Numbers of photograph-painters address you on your arrival at Prospect Point, and beg of you to stand steady, and say that they will be obliged by their being given an opportunity of taking your likeness in a daguerreotype or an ambrotype. They let you choose whether you will purchase it or not. As the attitude which one stands in, bearing relation to the grand object in view, is all that such a picture is illustrative of, they do not seem to me to have much to interest one. We stayed long looking at the varied and never-ceasing beauties of the cascades, as seen from Prospect Point, and then returned to our hotel. In the afternoon, as it was raining in torrents, it was a blank day for making any more excursions. But about four o'clock I went out again to Point View, and had an opportunity of seeing the appearance which the falls presented after heavy rain. The mist and thick spray which constantly rise from the abyss where the waters foam and gurgle, and which

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Forms an eternal April to the ground,

appears more dense and of larger volume after rain than at any other time. We saw there a sunset over the falls.

The lovely flood of golden light over the disturbed waters, the gorgeousness of the clouds, contrasted with the varied hues of the rapid and foaming cataract, the festooned foliage, rich with all the tints which the loveliest of autumns seen in any clime could give it, made this a crowning scene of grandeur.

Quando 'l sol bagna in mar' l'aurato carro,
E l'aer nostro e la mia mente imbruna.

We found the living at our hotel much the same as what I had usually seen in America—the fare not bad, and enjoyed the excellence of the fruit, and the variety of the meats and the vegetables. Certainly the profusion of ice, and the various forms it appeared in, were both of them luxuries.

The next day we fixed upon for going over to the Canadian side. We certainly had a lovely morning for it. In taking the way to the ferry, which plies across the river, we had to go to an inclined plane which was near Point View. This was descended either by stairs or in small cars, which were let down by ropes and chains. We went down in one of these cars. We got to the ferry, and were taken across the river in a small row-boat. It was pulled by one man, and it certainly seemed to be an herculean task, considering the rapidity and strength of the stream; but yet it is done by this individual very many times every day, and, more than that, he takes over very many passengers each time, during every summer. This furnishes another instance to the many that hold good, of the ease with which practice overcomes obstacles of every kind. When the man first started he pulled us up the current a good way, till

we were more than half way across; he then let his boat go gently down with the stream, and kept pulling on that side which was farthest from the bank. This I understood was the most difficult part of his task. We soon reached the place of landing on the Canada side, and, going up the winding road which led us opposite to Clifton House, we found ourselves about a mile from Table Rock.

During the ascent we were presented with the finest vista of the falls from level ground which we had yet viewed. The American Falls, the small central one called the Crescent Fall, and the large Horseshoe Fall, are here, as it were, in a grand panorama, stretched out before one. Owing to the thick mass of spray which ascends incessantly from the bed of the river where the cascade falls, the bottom part is always obscured from one's view; but in the walk all the way in pursuing the ascent from the place of landing up to Table Rock, we had fronting us the vast cascades in all their grandeur. The green shade of the deep waters which composed the Niagara river, previous to its descent down the Horseshoe Fall, the tumultuous rush of the vast cataract immediately beneath this, as it assumed its greatest force, the calm tranquil aspect of the Iris Island, whose trees and herbage wore the varied tints of the autumnal foliage, looking mild and serene in the very centre of the distracted waters, in monumental stillness unbroken and undismayed by the turbid anger of the surrounding and enclosing element, or the whirls of its foamy descent. Here it reminded one of the lone hermitages set apart in one of the loftiest and most desolate of mountain cliffs on the shores of Greece, where no noise disturbs but the roaring of the ocean waves beneath. Then there was Luna Island, a small speck of land which severed the rush of the current, and formed the division between the Crescent and American Fall. It seemed as if the mighty force of the stream would threaten to overwhelm this spot of earth, and that its impending ruin was hourly to be expected. The American Fall—which was a fair, even perpendicular, descent, where no feature but the crushing power of the stupendous element was apparent—finished the grand panorama. The descent measures one hundred and fifty feet, but looks much less. From the extreme edge of the Horseshoe Fall to the farthest margin from it of the American Fall, was a distance of nearly a mile. Even from the calculation of the distance, one may judge how unmeasurably superior the extent of these falls is to that of any other in the globe, without taking into account the beauty of the surrounding scenery.

As soon as we reached the house of reception on the opposite side of the road facing Table Rock, I went in to provide myself with oilcloths for the purpose of putting over my clothes previous to proceeding with a guide underneath the grand cascade. First I took off my coat, and they gave me a red flannel vest, and after that a very large pair of oilskin trousers, which fastened from my shoulders; then an oilcloth coat which buttoned in front; and lastly, which was most necessary of all, a large oilcloth cap, which was like a sou'-wester. I then, in company with four others, and followed by a man who had a female companion with him, crossed the road, and went down the several flights of steps which took us to the narrow field that girds the hill half-way down between its apex and the river. For a quarter of a mile we proceeded along this, the hill-side being steep as a regularly constructed wall; we then came to a very

small rill, which pushed downwards, being a detachment (so to speak) from the grand cataract. When we were beneath this we began to form an idea of the thorough drenching we were to expect on reaching the Horseshoe Fall.

When we arrived at its margin, I went along with the rest of the party under the mighty cataract. We had not proceeded more than twelve yards before we were as completely drenched through as if we had been thrown bodily into a river, and no words could do justice to the sensation which we felt incidental to the shock which was given us by the terrific force of the fall dashing down so near to us. We still proceeded under the guidance of a faithful negro, who had shown us the way all along, until we reached the Termination Rock. The thick mist and the dashing spray were so powerful, that it was really impossible to see anything; the senses were bewildered, and the noise was so tremendous, that it made one dizzy. I felt very anxious to take a view of the appearance which the scene might bear through the volume of waters, but when I turned my head to do so the black guide entreated me to turn it to the smooth rock, which lay immediately under the arch of the cascade. This I found I was really obliged to do, as both from the blinding sensation of the spray and the deafening thunder of the sound it was useless to do otherwise. On returning from this scene, where

The roar of waters from the headlong height
Tumultuous cleaves the wave-worn precipice,

we proceeded to the house, where we received from the custodian a certificate for having performed the feat of going under the waters as far as Termination Rock. This was made out in a printed form, and on receiving it I presented him with half-a-crown, the customary fee.

We then proceeded to a large house which was a few yards from the first one, and, ascending to the top story of it, we sat there some time, gazing on the magnificent scene below. We then left it, and returned slowly to the ferry station. Previous to returning, we saw the small steamer which is called the *Maid of the Mist*, which plies continually on the Niagara River, approaching as nearly to the cascades as it is at all safe to venture. This boat stopped at the wharf, and the captain entreated us to go on board and embrace the new opportunity of seeing the falls; but as I was certain that there was nothing more to be seen, and that it was only putting on the oilcloths again, and again getting wet through, I did not consent.

In the evening we thought that we had run through the different "turns of aspect" from which we could view to advantage these truly wonderful waterfalls, so we took our departure in the train which started from Lewiston at three in the afternoon. On our journey we had a most beautiful view of the river and its banks, a sight of the bridge of boats, which I spoke of before, and a view of Brook's monument, as also of the towns of Queenstown and Lewiston. We embarked at the latter place on board the *Northerner*. As I have frequently heard this word used by the Americans in conversation, I have no doubt that it is supposed to be English, and as such, indeed, I fancy it is used in giving nomenclature to this specimen of their lake craft.

We passed the town of Niagara, of which we did not see much, but we

could have gladly lingered some time by the banks of the lovely river, wooded as it was, which reminded one of the sail to Clifton, in Old England. It is here quite necessary to prefix the word "old," which, I know not why, is generally used in speaking of our country (for England, as comprising what properly comes under its name, is really a country of comparatively recent date), because every principal town in the Old World has its namesake here, and several of them have their names repeated dozens of times, as Captain Marryat remarks in his travels. I really cannot recollect how many Portmouths, Portlands, and Parises I came to. We had the night for crossing the lake Ontario, the southerly part, which we kept close to.

We passed Charlotteville, which leads onwards to Rochester, at night. Early in the morning we found ourselves off Oswego. This is a finely situated noble town, and must be thriving, if we may judge by the number of craft in its harbour. It has a population of twenty thousand. We stayed at Oswego two hours, and then went on to Sackett's Harbour, which is a small town with an excellent bay, surrounded with many houses; it has a population of two thousand. The streets are much unfinished, and the whole appearance reminds one of what one sees so frequently in the new country—rude, half-built tenements and roads but half reclaimed from the bush. We then went onwards to Kingston. This is a much larger place—a very fine market, a well laid-out city. The population is fifteen thousand. There are some good streets and large buildings. Near it is a detached fort situated on one of the islands, and its dividing stream is crossed by a large wooden bridge. In this fort the garrison of soldiers is stationed, and it is said that there are more deserters from this station than there are from any other in Canada. This, of course, is owing to the facilities which exist of reaching America from it.

Soon after leaving Kingston, we began our sail through the Thousand Islands, and I was very glad to find that we should have daylight going through, that we might see the scenes which each exhibited as we passed. It is most interesting to thread through these little localities; islands large, with thickets and groves of trees, villas, gardens, grounds, and all the appurtenances of civilised life; islets small, thickly planted, romantic looking, laying like small appanages to the grander-sized islands; then, again, rocks bare and bleak. Twice we stopped to leave passengers and to take up wood. Our first stoppage was at Clayton, which certainly reminded me much of Eden, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Here we dropped a large concourse of passengers, who had come with us from Kingston, which they had visited in order to be present at its grand agricultural fair. About ten miles farther on, we stopped again at Alexander Bay, where we also left a good number, and took up some. But, notwithstanding all these departures from our company, the vessel was still very nearly full, so far as the accommodation in the cabins went, and, despite its numerous reductions, the main deck was nearly crowded. The great influx of visitors to the scene of the grand Canadian réunion at Kingston may then be supposed.

When the light forsook us we were steaming on to Ogdensburgh. Our fellow-passengers were nearly all Americans, and I certainly was amused with their conversation and manners. There were sofas nailed to the deck of the large cabin similar to what the French call "causeuses." In

one of these were seated two gentlemen, one an old man, and the other young, and these two for a period of three hours never ceased talking of buying, selling, trading, making cents, the lots of traffic, and various expedients for outdoing and outwitting one's neighbour. This they kept up till supper-time, and after it they resumed their seats on the same sofa, and took up the thread of their discourse from where it was broken off before the evening meal. Of the rest of the parties, I observed that, generally speaking, the old men sat with their hats on, and did not make much demonstration farther than spitting at intervals in any adjacent spittoon which lay near, such articles being prudently provided on board. The young ladies laughed, talked, and looked merry and happy; the elderly ladies I cannot say looked at all interesting—somewhat tied and insipid. But that the men, young and old, however objectionable their manners or dress may be, are most enterprising, active, and energetic, is most certain.

We arrived at Ogdensburgh at night, and stayed off that town till morning. It is a large, thriving place, the population being about eight thousand. In the morning, however, we were obliged to shift so early to the river boat, called the *British Queen*, for the purpose of proceeding down the rapids to Lachine, in the vicinity of Montreal, that we had not much leisure to devote to seeing Ogdensburgh. At half-past six A.M. we sailed across the Prescott. The appearance of this place is much in its favour. We did not linger here, however, and at seven A.M. we commenced our sail downwards to Lachine. On sailing up the river, the time occupied is usually a night and a day, whereas the descent is made in nine or ten hours. Moore's song, with the chorus, "The rapids are nigh, the stream runs fast," was perpetually running in my head during our voyage running downwards to the rapids. These rapids are subjects of wild dread to the small skiffs which thread through them; but our steamer captain seemed to take them coolly enough. The scenery of the different islands which lie on each side of them until one reaches Lake St. Francis is truly charming in its character. The number of different sized islands, the trees, with many tinted leaves, in their autumn foliage, the bright, clear streams which intersect the islands,—all these of a fine day look like scenes of fairy loveliness. We stopped at some different places, on whose shores were piled up huge masses of wood in platforms. The boatmen, with American haste and readiness, took some in, and instantly afterwards a bell sounded, and showed us we had no chance of seeing anything more on shore. This was tantalising enough, as we would have gladly stayed a little longer at some of the resting-places.

The rapids seemed like a vast stream, with magnified force running over shallow water for several yards. The captain told me that they were formed by the descent of the river running over rough ground. We came to Lake St. Francis at about two P.M., and here the vast St. Lawrence expands into one of those small inland seas which here invariably bear the name of lakes. This we ran through for about ten miles, and then reached some rapids which were very rough, fast, and furious, and the islands on each side covered with the same sort of foliated trees as those which we remarked in passing the former ones. Then we came to the Cedar rapids; then followed the cascades. These were longer and more forcible in their impetus of descent than the pre-

ceding ones. There was the impetuous current, the foaming waters like myriads of what the sailors call white horses, the excitement, the eagerness of the sailors, four of whom took the helm,—all these were truly striking. It is a phenomenon which is not seen in any river that I ever sailed in before. It resembles very much the periodical *bore* or change of the tide in the Ganges, which is seen at some little distance from Calcutta. We passed, however, these two last rapids without experiencing any uneasiness or discomfort, and soon after we had shot the cascades, we entered another broad lake, called Lake St. Thomas.

After passing this lake we had to take in a pilot, and soon afterwards we passed another run of rapids, and, shortly succeeding to them, we arrived at the last, but by no means the least, of these phenomena. These rapids were called the Lachine Rapids. The strength of the current, the impetuosity of the stream, the rugged rocks and islets which we just merely escaped, or, as the people on board were pleased to term it, shoved by, were watched with the greatest interest by all the passengers on board. Amongst these were two young married couples, who were making a trip of pleasure up the country. They gazed at these fearful descents as the steamer rushed through them, each couple with their arms entwined round one another.

We met numerous parties of tourists from America in our changes from one steamer to another, and when on shore at the falls of Niagara. The town called the Falls was literally swarming with them. They drove about in carriages when they had only a quarter of a mile to go. The ladies were dressed out superbly in gorgeous-coloured dresses, such as green gowns and orange-coloured shawls. The men always wore the best wideawake hat, and used tobacco in great quantities. They seemed to have a perfect disregard to the cleanliness of their boots, and the most objectionable habit of spitting. In my different walks through the towns, I was very much surprised, on addressing different people whom I met in the street, almost always to find myself answered by a voice which, by its accent, proclaimed the spokesman to be an Irishman. The first time I visited Montreal I had occasion to address six people, two of them policemen, and all of them answered me by a most unmistakeable brogue.

After passing the rapids, we remarked, at different intervals, the small lighthouses, like ships, which lie in the river to warn the guiders of the different craft going to and fro, against the rocks. These are each tenanted by one individual, who, if he have no family with him, must be in a situation of pitiable loneliness. After this we sailed down towards Montreal, and, before entering it, we remarked the buttresses of the monster bridge which is now about being built across the St. Lawrence, and is soon to be finished. What an immense span! It is also constructed so as to allow of steamers going under its arches. On reaching Montreal, we found that we were just in time for the Quebec steamer, which every afternoon leaves that port. A distance of a hundred and thirty miles now-a-days is really looked upon as a bagatelle in the way of travelling, and, saving and except the expense, there is nothing so inconvenient about the river steamer as to hinder it from being a party of pleasure. However, we found that an unusual occurrence was the means of delaying us in this voyage. It came on to evening, when a fog so thick that farther than two yards from one could not be discerned.

The captain supposed that it would clear off; but, on the contrary, as the night advanced it was rather denser than ever. So he at last was obliged to stay the steam and stop the progress of the vessel till the mist should disappear, so as to allow of his steering his way. We were thus detained at Lake St. Louis, or rather river; and what made it more provoking was, that we were unable to see anything of the scenery or surrounding objects, but there was no help for it but to wait for the morning sun. This came at last. We had breakfast on board the steamer, which, though it was eight o'clock in the morning, and consequently quite light, we were obliged to eat below decks and by the lamp-light, the only general room for accommodation being below. We arrived at Quebec at ten o'clock in the morning.

There were not many events of importance to record as having passed in that city during the remainder of the autumn. The general commanding-in-chief made many visits to it, and marshalled the troops in the plains of Abraham. There being such a long period of the year in Canada that the troops are really quite debarred from their exercise, as during the seven months of winter marching (otherwise than on the beaten road after a cessation of snow falling) is impossible, the authorities are always anxious to seize on every hour they can get in summer for drilling the soldiers. It is the country of all the colonies least appropriate for the firing with the Enfield. This is a weapon which requires a soldier to have constant practice with.

The description of one winter in Quebec would nearly answer for that of every one, except when it happens that the ice forms on the St. Lawrence, and makes what the Canadians call a bridge—

Sæpe illos aspera posti—interclusit pyros;

that is, the surface is so firm that men and women walk, carriages and sleighs are driven, and the skaters in different selected localities perform their figures upon it. This event usually takes place once in every four or five years, and is welcomed as a great charm to the gay part of the community and a great boon to the poor. With the former the different pastimes which take place on the ice and in the snow are, from custom in early youth and habits confirmed of hardihood, the most highly prized recreations. With the latter the facilities afforded by this bridge for the transmission of wood, carriage of stores, and other intercourse, render it a great service to those of limited means. The first three or four days only some few hardy adventurers trust themselves to walk across; but after it has been crossed a couple of days, the wonderful number of visitors to the river makes it quite a scene of gaiety. I had an opportunity of seeing this the last winter which I passed there. I proceeded on the third day that it was frozen, or that "it had taken," to use the phrase of *Stadacona*, which is the native name for Quebec. I followed the tide of pedestrians which I saw repairing to one of the wharves. This place was one vast mound of snow and ice mixed. The carriages and sleighs, assembled in numbers, issued one after another out on the surface of the ice. The tracks of the first who started were closely followed by those who went after them, as the surface was of too uncertain a nature for any driver to venture upon new ground. Numerous parties of ladies and gentlemen assembled to walk across. I went at the same time as these, and was witness to a strange sight. One of the carriage drivers actually drove his

horses and carriage on a place in the ice which was cracked all round. This space of ice, which was about four yards square, gave with him. Notwithstanding this, the horse put his fore-feet on the firm ice which was on the other side of the crack, and dragging the carriage across, the ice gave, water splashed up on its sides, but the carriage was taken over safely. At another place where I was crossing, I felt the ice give way, and the water splashed up, but when I was on the other side of the crack all was firm. The old Canadians said that on the occasion of the bridge's formation, generally speaking, there are some lives lost, as, unhappily, if a living body were to fall in, the suction of the water would inevitably take it down, despite the strongest efforts of a swimmer. But on the fifth day, after some snow had fallen, I went down to the river's side, and there I certainly saw a novel sight, such as no one, I suppose, has witnessed in England since the time that the Thames was frozen over. The different roads were marked on the snow which covered the icy surface of the river by branches of firs. The plains allotted for the skaters were cleared out, and thousands of men were moving and circling about on them. The sleighs and carriages, filled with men, women, and children, were driven to and fro on the tracked-out roads. Oddest of all conveyances, there was a triangular platform, made with a light frame and large sails, which took the wind easily that was blowing, and wafted the platform across the frigid stream. The surface crossed here is about an English mile—from Quebec to Point Levi. To wrap oneself up well and to drive seemed to be the general course pursued by the gentry, but notwithstanding the humble nature of the recreation, it was certainly more desirable to walk. To promote the circulation of the blood this seemed to me the only expedient. Riding was, of course, out of the question for many reasons.

Soon after this freezing over of the St. Lawrence, which took place on the 10th of January, the cold was so intense that the thermometer varied from twenty to fourteen degrees below zero: a very great number of persons suffered from frost-bites. The rapids near the Lachine Canal were frozen over, and the cold was more keen and piercing than any person living had known it to have been in former years. There were some days when it was really out of the question to go out and stay long in the air. On such days the streets reminded one of a saying which a Spaniard in Seville is reported to have uttered when he was asked at two in the afternoon of an Andalusian summer's day, if any one was out? He answered, "No one but Englishmen and dogs." For, indeed, with the exception of a few carriage-drivers, and some men whom duty or business may take out, there is a total absence of persons in the deserted streets; those whom you do meet are so enveloped in robes, furs, and mufflers, that you cannot distinguish who they are. In this, as in most countries, one is obliged to resort to indoor resources for passing away the time, and it is certainly a blessing to be possessed of a mind that can apply itself to improvement and self-cultivation. The greatest blessing is to have a mind at peace from an enjoyment of the hopes which the Gospel holds forth to it. There is no comfort derivable from wealth, position, health, or domestic satisfaction, which is without its alloy. But the comfort which is gained from the hopes which a true believer is justified in entertaining is one continued source of inward peace.

CHRISTINE; OR, COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

BY JANET ROBERTSON.

XLII.

SOME weeks passed over in this intoxicating but uncertain state of happiness, and they now approached the middle of the Carnival. The weather had become cold, variable, and occasionally so tempestuous as to stop in a great measure Mr. Temple's nautical excursions. When obliged to stay at home, he could not resist the temptation of seeking Christine's society, and habit soon added another strong link to the chain of circumstances by which he was hurried forward. To what lengths his naturally impulsive character might have carried him it is difficult to imagine, if circumstances had not occurred which materially altered the dangerous current in which the tide of life was flowing, and roused all the parties so intimately associated together to a true sense of their relative positions. This important awakening was occasioned by a letter from San Isidora, in which was announced the sentence of Christine's condemnation to become a public prima donna, and which contained his orders for her to commence her practising for the parts in which it was agreed that she should appear at the different great towns where he had made engagements for her. Mr. Temple, overpowered by having the certainty of an event forced upon him which he had been endeavouring to forget, and having his sadness increased by intelligence from Rome preparing him for the approaching dissolution of the cousin, whom Mrs. Mordaunt had gone to attend, sought refuge in his yacht, and in all weathers dared the dangers of the deep; while Emmeline, quite miserable at the near prospect of parting with her beloved companion, had her feelings of depression still further increased by the unexpected disrespect and rebellion of her favourites, Turk and Bijou.

Christine's masters came to the villa every day at ten o'clock, and remained till one, giving her the instructions her father required in the various operas in which she was successively to make her appearance at Naples, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan. As soon as they appeared, and actuated by a simultaneous feeling, Mr. Temple rushed to the sea, and Emmeline out of the house, to weep at liberty in some retired seat, and thither she was always accompanied by her canine attendants. It was the second day of Christine's renewed practising that her unhappy friend was sitting in an arbour indulging her sorrowful feelings, with her generally faithful adherents couched sympathisingly at her feet, when suddenly they both got up, and, wagging their tails in token of extreme pleasure, hastened to meet a young market-gardener, who, with a load of vegetables on his back, was in the act of approaching by the walk which led past the seat. Their young mistress felt rather offended by their volatility and vulgar tastes, and called them back in a peremptory manner, but back they would not come—Bijou being engaged in patting his new acquaintance

with his paws, and Turk circling round and round him as he barked with delight—both traitors only casting glances at their deserted lady from time to time, as if inviting her to come and be introduced to their attractive and unexpected ally. The mortification of the fair forsaken one was still further augmented by the maliciously triumphant air of the impudent plebeian, who kept grinning in such a manner as might have disgusted her for ever with all pertaining to gardens and gardeners, if his impertinent smiles had not displayed a set of teeth so matchlessly white and even, that, united to his splendid eyes, jet black, glossy, curling hair, and tall, athletic figure, they presented such a combination of personal advantages as made her almost understand why the dogs had taken so great a fancy to him. It was in vain that she summoned the capricious quadrupeds, trying alternately an angry and caressing manner; for if, recalled for a moment to a sense of duty, they returned a few paces towards the bower, yet no sooner did this most provoking vender of vegetables tap his knee with his fingers, then back again they went to him jumping and frisking.

Emmeline, though in the main extremely amiable, was, nevertheless, a little spoiled by being an only child, and therefore she sorely felt this insult to her dignity, and more particularly so when, on the approach of some of the workmen, the audacious market-gardener quietly went on his way accompanied by his escorts, who, having seen him to the gate, only then bethought them of their fair young mistress, and of the tears that she might be shedding for their infidelity. In about ten minutes she had the satisfaction—if satisfaction it might be called—of seeing them return to their allegiance, and accordingly hastened to make them many tender reproaches upon the subject of their shameful conduct. Turk respectfully sat at her feet and listened in grave silence, while he looked up in her face with an expression of so much significance as might have convinced her that he wished very much to take her into his confidence, if he could have done so with honour; while Bijou, whose principles were much more relaxed, kept skipping about with a short, sharp bark, as if, being tired of mystery, he were exhorting his companion to unfold the secret, and have done with it. Day after day the same thing occurred. As soon as Christine began to sing, Emmeline took refuge in the grounds; then invariably did the market-gardener appear with his load, and as certainly did the two dogs fly to him with a degree of enthusiasm which proved, at all events, that they were very good judges of beauty in their own sex.

The singular part of this mysterious passage in the adventures of the Villa Zernini was, that the insatiable vender of cabbages and winter salad never by any chance presented himself when Christine was with her friend. He generally appeared when her masters arrived, and the moment her voice was heard from afar, blended with the instruments that accompanied her, then did he approach the place where Emmeline had sought retirement, and as invariably succeeded in seducing the faithless followers from their duty and adherence to the fair lady. A feeling of timidity sealed Emmeline's lips to Christine upon the subject. She had been so much wounded by her father's reproof on the day when she had thoughtlessly spoken of

Guy, that from that time she never mentioned the name of a young man again, though dying with curiosity to know what had become of the handsome Roberto il Diavolo, who had almost as much struck her fancy as Isabella herself. Christine, meanwhile, was much pre-occupied with her own affairs. She had become in a great degree *désenchantée* from the dazzling illusion with which for some time she had been bewildered, and was trying hard to convince herself that she had been labouring under a degree of mental hallucination. She kept repeating to herself that if Mr. Temple really loved her, *now* was the time to say so, and to snatch her from the degradation that otherwise inevitably awaited her.

"But, no," she argued, "it was impossible; she always knew it was so. She never could be lifted into a sphere of life so far above her. The idea had been altogether deceptive; she would think of it no more."

With the docility and self-command that formed so remarkable a part of her character, she strove to prepare herself for her approaching *début*, and in the exercise of her musical powers found some consolation. She was to appear at Naples in the "*Somnambula*," and now her sorrowful heart spoke in her notes. Her masters looked at each other with surprise; nothing so melting as this had ever before reached their ears; La San Isidora was altogether a wonder, but they became grave in yielding the tribute of the admiration that was her due—the more they worshipped at the shrine of the marvellously gifted, the good, and beautiful, the more they feared that so bright a luminary might be doomed soon to become extinct.

At some particular periods events crowd upon one another. The carnival approached its conclusion, when Christine received a letter from the Signora Cypriani, dated from Bologna, where she had come in consequence of having been left a trifling inheritance, which would probably fix her in that town for the rest of her life. She had seen San Isidora, and hearing from him that his daughter was about to make her *début* at Naples, she was endeavouring to realise a small sum of money to take her there, not only because she wished to visit some relations who were settled at Sorrento, but likewise in consequence of having an anxious desire to be present when her young favourite should make her appearance before the world as a public singer. She added, that she should try—if possible—to put her intentions into execution, and, in the event of succeeding, she would have the advantage of travelling back in company with the *cara Cristina* to Bologna. This letter was a gleam of sunshine in the dark perspective before Christine; to have the protection of her old and respected Italian friend in the difficult career which she was about to commence, would be an immense comfort, as well as an advantage; and stating frankly of what importance her society would be to her, she despatched the draft returned by Madame Arnheim, in order to smooth the difficulties that want of money might create in the old lady's proposed journey to the south. At the same time she received a letter from her father, acquainting her with his approaching return, and desiring her to be at the palazzo to receive him when he should arrive, which he thought would be about the first or second day of

Lent, as her appearance at Naples was to take place in about a fortnight after. The time at length drew near, and Christine, although sick at heart, yet strove to accomplish herself to the utmost in the music of the parts selected for her. Mr. Temple, in a fever of spirits, either fled from the villa, or kept himself shut up in his study all the morning; while Emmeline, pale and sorrowful, wandered droopingly about the grounds, and even ceased to care much what tricks of faithlessness Turk and Bijou might play her.

The three last merry days of the carnival at last arrived, and Mr. Temple, as good as his word, had secured a balcony for the young ladies in a house in the very centre of the sport, and of which they were to be the sole occupants, with dear old deaf Nurse Selby—being the first time in her life that she had ever witnessed any scene of the kind. Emmeline's youthful spirits revived when they fairly set off in the open barouche to go to the Corso; but poor Christine sat sad and silent—she had harboured an expectation that Mr. Temple would have accompanied them; but he only handed them into the carriage, and, with a faint smile, wished them good amusement. The windows filled with gayly dressed figures, and the streets thronged with vehicles of every description, and merry maskers, had a very lively effect; they both brightened up, in spite of themselves, and wherever turned the plain but elegant equipage of the Villa Zernini, all eyes were fixed on the two beautiful creatures who occupied it—immediately recognised as the marvellous young cantatrice, and the lovely daughter of the ricco Inglese. Flowers and confetti of all descriptions were thrown in such profusion, as to cover the seats and considerably fill up the bottom of the carriage, until at last they were obliged to make their escape from the honours that poured upon them, and take refuge in their balcony, seating themselves one in each corner of it, with Mrs. Selby in the middle, in order to be able to explain everything for her instruction and edification. Close by the side where Emmeline was placed was a tolerably sized ilex, which, by some caprice of the proprietor's, had been left standing when other trees were removed from before the house, and on Christine's left hand the balcony was joined by a garden wall. They had not presented themselves five minutes, when a whimsical mask, dressed as an ourang-outang—who had been performing various remarkable feats in the street below—suddenly swung himself up, like a real man-monkey, into the tree close to Emmeline, and forthwith entered into conversation with her. Christine felt nervous on perceiving the mirth and excitement with which her innocent companion was inspired, in witnessing the singular agility displayed by the mask in taking possession of his leafy domain, for he was nimbly balancing himself on a branch, and—quite in character—swung himself about as he kept cracking and eating nuts in a very grotesque manner, while speaking to the young beauty. Christine was watching for an opportunity to catch Emmeline's attention in order to put her on her guard, when she was startled by a voice at her ear, saying:

"Leave her alone, she can take care of herself; she is much less in danger than you are."

She hastily turned round, and beheld, standing on the garden-wall

and leaning on the balcony, a black domino, whom, from the size and general air, she immediately perceived to be a woman.

"Where is Cecil Temple?" questioned the mysterious intruder, in English, and in a low voice. "Why does he not show himself with his favourite in the light of day? It would appear that he prefers the quiet obscurity of the evening hour, when he can hang upon her tones unnoted, and sun himself in her smiles unobserved by those who understand him."

The hearer's heart almost ceased beating; she gazed at the black mask with an expression of extreme fear.

"Why do you look so frightened?" resumed the domino. "Your conscience is clear, is it not? You do not know that he is a married man?"

Christine started as if struck by a dagger.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the dreadful informant, "have I let out the secret? have I explained the mystery? Christina san Isidora," she pursued, in a hissing tone, "did you never ask yourself, 'Where is the mother of Emmeline?' Have you ever heard that she was dead?"

The pale lips of the horrified girl faintly articulated "No."

"By that you may perceive the confirmation of my words. But there is a means of your taking the lady's place—a means he meditates, one that he will soon propose, for you have roused his passions, and when his passions are awakened Cecil Temple stops at nothing; that is a truth which more than one broken heart can attest."

The last words were uttered in a low and natural tone of voice that rang strangely familiar on Christine's ear.

"Who are you?" she said, with an effort, forcing herself to speak—"who are you, and what do you mean in thus fixing yourself upon the attention of one with whom you have nothing to do, and attacking the character of a man of honour, who is as incapable of perpetrating a bad action as he is above harbouring an unworthy thought?"

The mask laughed scornfully.

"I have my reasons for not telling you who I am," she replied, "but I act in kindness. I am better acquainted with your affairs than you imagine; your father returns in a few days; ask *him* if I have told you the truth. Do you think that he left you so long at the Villa Zernini for nothing? No, no, he is a deep calculator, and is well aware that a man separated from a wife he does not love will easily be led to ruin himself for a mistress he adores; he wishes to draw from the mine of Cecil Temple's fortune wherewith to supply alimient for the gaming-table, and to launch you on the world in the midst of a golden shower."

Christine shivered from head to foot under the sting those words conveyed. There were strange truths mingled in this extraordinary address, and she felt oppressed almost to fainting. The bright eyes of the mask glared at her for a moment with piercing scrutiny; then bending her head nearer to her, she added, in a muffled voice,

"You love him, therefore your only safety is in flight. He may try to stop you, he may even offer you marriage, for there is a means—a means that he can command—for what cannot money do in pur-

chasing evidence against the innocent and unprotected to facilitate a divorce, the unfailing resource for Protestant husbands when tired of their wives? But remember one thing; on *that* road to the altar there will be a great impediment, for to reach it you will have to step over the dead body of the innocent girl who clings to you with a sister's love. There will be no happiness in this for *you*—not even the lordly adoration of the magnificent Cecil will console you—therefore be warned in time—fly from the tempter.”

In uttering the last words the dreadful domino withdrew from the side of the balcony, and, descending some steps placed against the wall, disappeared in the garden. Christine sat for a long time with her eyes fixed on the gay throng before her, but utterly unconscious of everything she saw, and at last was only roused to recollection by Emmeline anxiously addressing her, and asking if she were ill. The ourang-outang was still sitting among the dark-green boughs of the ilex, and Christine, in the midst of the agony of mind occasioned by the dreadful communication and warning she had received, yet remembered how important it was to save her beloved but heedless companion from any chance of involving herself in mischief; she therefore pleaded a severe headache as a pretext for returning immediately to the villa. The affectionate Emmeline, though evidently regretting being obliged to quit the entertaining society of her man-monkey, nevertheless readily agreed to do what would be agreeable to her friend, and they immediately descended to the carriage which waited for them in the court. Christine lay back more dead than alive in driving along the road on their return; her mind might be said to be in a chaos of confused ideas, only distinct in one thing—that they were all of pain; a single thought alone suggesting itself as a beacon by which to steer through the rocks and shoals which so thickly beset her course on every side. On reaching the villa, she assigned illness as a pretext for not appearing at dinner, and immediately retiring to her own room, sought in solitude and reflection to steady her agitated mind, in order to obtain the calmness so requisite to enable her to reach the point at which it was now necessary she should arrive.

XLIII.

THE contending feelings which that night agitated the bosom of Christine were not wilder and more varied than was the war of elements that raged without. The distant roar of the sea, blending with the gusts of wind and dashing rain, for the first time since she had been on Italian ground reminded her of Scottish storms and their gloomy Scottish associations. She lay and listened with a beating heart, starting from moment to moment, while each renewed rattle of the hurricane made it appear as if people were forcing the doors and windows of the lonely villa. Then she felt glad in recollecting the protection this great establishment afforded her, where servants were not only dispersed all over the house, but on the ringing of an alarm-bell a band of bold British seamen from the yacht would rush into the grounds by a door in the boundary-wall opening from the coast.

Those precautions had been taken by Mr. Temple in consequence of the danger so constantly to be apprehended from the robbers who infested the neighbourhood, which reason had obliged the original proprietor to dispose of the villa, for nobody without a very great number of trustworthy servants could venture to live in it with any security. Even as it was, Christine had frequently heard Mr. Temple say that he considered his sailors as his greatest safety, for that in five minutes they could make their way to the rescue, and in the event of the door towards the sea being blockaded, they could quite easily manage to scale the wall. Now she lay, listened, and trembled; the night was so tempestuous, that she began to fear if the house were attacked that even the alarm-bell might not be heard by the sailors in the yacht, or that Mr. Temple and his English valet, who alone had access to it from their rooms, might be prevented by the storm from awakening to a sense of danger until it was too late either to save others or themselves. At the idea of death associated with Cecil Temple she started from her pillow in strong nervous excitement; she felt inclined to fly to his chamber to convince herself that all was as usual; then she sank back in her bed with a shudder, the words of the mask ringing on her ear, "Did you ever hear that the mother of Emmeline was dead?"

"Yet what did it signify to her?" she argued. "Whether she were or not, Mr. Temple had never said that he loved her; he had rather shunned than sought her society, and had never on any occasion shown himself with her out of the precincts of his own domain. But then those looks of devotion that could not be counterfeited—those accents of tenderness which it would be impossible to feign, even if the words which they expressed were false!"

She buried her throbbing temple in the pillow. Oh, this world—this world! she was almost tempted to wish that for her it were ended, for she felt as if her weakness of heart unfitted her to contend with it any longer. At last the sober image of Mrs. Mordaunt rose like the moon over the tumultuous tide of her thoughts, and she asked herself if it were likely that she would have brought the early object of her interest to a house where there was danger. Oh! no; she felt sure *that*, at least, was impossible, and she remembered that, although there was often an expression of melancholy on her old friend's face when Mr. Temple, Emmeline, and herself had been gaily conversing, yet that it was a sadness which wore the expression of doubt rather than of fear or disapprobation. Then Emmeline—her dear Emmeline! Yes, there was some strange feeling *there*; she remembered her agitation when speaking of the veiled lady, and she was now convinced that she had been thinking of her mother. Oh, what a painful mystery was life! Christine almost longed to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking." She did sleep at last that slumber which is filled with the confused dreams occasioned by mental agitation, where carriages seemed to wheel past her eyes, masks shrieked and shouted on the streets, the dreadful domino muttered its baneful confidence and frightful warnings in her ear, and the man-monkey whirled and rustled in the tree while he grinned, chattered, or whispered to the guileless girl evidently so much enchanted with his words and ways.

The morning at length dawned drearily, and, although the tempest was in some measure abated, yet still the rain descended in torrents, and imparted a dismal and weeping look to all surrounding objects. Christine arose from her harassing slumbers with throbbing temples and an agonised spirit, and for some time strove with prayer and meditation to brace herself for the difficult and painful task before her. On Nina appearing, she begged her to bring breakfast to her dressing-room, as she still continued to feel too ill to descend, and then softly passed into Emmeline's apartments. She found her still in bed, lying with her innocent face turned towards the door, and, although her eyes were half closed, yet her glowing cheeks and dimpling smiles showed that she was awake, and engaged in pleasant ruminations. Her heavy-hearted friend approached, and, leaning down, kissed her brow; she did not look up, but only said cheerfully, turning more towards her as she spoke,

"Oh! dearest Christine, I am so glad that you are better and are come to my room, for Nurse Selby won't let me get up, as she says that I coughed in my sleep once or twice this morning, and I am dying to tell you all about the ourang-outang."

Christine seated herself beside the bed, but drew her chair so near the top as to prevent Emmeline seeing her pale and agitated countenance, and then, endeavouring to speak in her usual manner, replied,

"Well, dear Emmy, what did the man-monkey say to you?"

"He told me," answered Emmeline, clapping her hands with immense glee, while she laughed merrily—"he told me that he was in love with me. Only think, Christine—in love with a girl like me; a girl not yet sixteen! Is it not very funny?"

"It is nonsense I should say, Emmy," replied her companion, starting at the excitement of the inexperienced creature's manner.

"Oh, it is not nonsense, I assure you!" answered Emmeline, earnestly, not in the least offended at the unceremonious remark. "Do you know, Christine, that he has been in love with me for more than a month, and has been dying for an opportunity to speak to me without observation."

"Oh, Emmeline!" said her anxious friend, alarmed at the serious way in which her young associate seemed to take the carnival trick, "dearest Emmy, I have heard that the male masks always address ladies in that way."

"And what do the female ones say to each other?" hastily interrogated Emmeline; "for I saw one in a domino speaking to you from the garden wall; do they always speak nonsense, too?"

Christine shrank at the unexpected question, and sought to hide her confusion and evade making an answer by asking the excited girl what more bright things the ourang-outang had favoured her with?

"Oh! he told me that I must not judge of him by his present outside, for that when he cast his skin he was a very handsome fellow indeed, and that the best thing I could possibly do would be to run away with him, and that he would make me a most excellent husband, and would crack as many nuts for me as I chose."

Christine sat quite silent, so Emmeline went on without any interruption.

"I told him I could not do that, for I was very happy in the beautiful place in which I lived, and that I was very rich. So then he answered, what did riches signify in comparison with a devoted heart; a hand ready and able to defend, and a partner for life, who could change his character every hour to follow any amusing fancy he might take? So then I asked him if, to please *me*, he could appear in the character of a market-gardener?"

"Dearest Emmy," interrupted Christine, wondering at so silly a question from her refined and acute young friend, "what could you possibly expect him to answer to that observation?—what did he answer?"

"He shook a bough of the tree in my face, and said nothing at all, only whistled, as if he were whistling for the dogs." Emmeline laughed slyly, well knowing that Christine could not possibly understand what she meant, then ran on again. "After that he did say something very absurd; he urged me again to elope with him, for he told me that I should soon lose my father, who had fallen in love with the 'fair-haired minx sitting in the corner there.' So I told him that he was speaking about things which he did not understand, for that my father was neither in love with the fair-haired minx, as he called her, nor was she in love with him. Then he laughed, and said: 'That was all I knew about it, for that everybody was in love at the Villa Zernini, and some also who came occasionally to visit it; that I should soon have the Scotchified-Italian for a step-mother, and a pretty time I should have with her, for that she was an ingrained vixen, who would beat me to a mummy, and scatter all my brains about, so that there was no safety for me on earth but to fly with him.'"

Christine felt quite bewildered, for there was something as familiar in the style in which this mask had rattled to Emmeline, as there had been in the tone of voice of the female domino in addressing her.

"What language did he speak, Emmeline?" she at length asked.

"Oh! the strangest jargon that you ever heard in your life; it was a kind of broken English, eked out with scraps of German, French, and Italian. But the voice—the tone of voice was the delightful thing—so joyous, so frank! It sounded like honour, generosity, and protection; it is a voice that will never tell a falsehood, unless," she continued, hesitatingly, "it may be for a jest."

There was a pause; Christine sighed heavily, she felt that she must trifle no longer, so she calmly said:

"You were right, Emmy, in denying suppositions so foolish as those about me and your father, for alas! dearest, I am going away to-night, and may never again visit the dear Villa Zernini."

The agitated girl started from her pillow and clung to Christine's arm, who, trying to conceal her face, proceeded in what she had to say with a feeling of desperation.

"You were quite right in replying as you did, even though what concerned Mr. Temple and myself must have been said merely to try you; and now answer me but one little question, my beloved Emmeline. You know that I am not indiscreet, and never desire to be informed about anything that does not concern me, but a speech of

the black domino, whom you saw talking to me, has caused me to ask this—have you a mother?"

Emmeline sprang up in her bed with a look of agony.

"I have!" she almost shrieked. "But Christine, oh, Christine, never, never again touch upon that subject, if you do not wish to kill me!" And she sank half fainting in her arms.

"My darling, my Emmeline! oh, forgive me!" exclaimed Christine, struck to the heart by the emotion she had occasioned, and laying the head of the almost insensible girl gently on her shoulder as she spoke. "My best beloved, my more than sister, oh, forgive me!"

Emmeline raised her bright blue eyes to her friend's pale countenance, and fondly throwing her arms round her neck concealed her face in her bosom, while she wept convulsively. Neither spoke for a long time; at last Emmeline faintly articulated:

"But you do not really mean to leave us to-day, Christine? You cannot, surely, think of quitting us so soon? Oh! what shall I do without you, after having been so very, *very* happy?" And her tears flowed afresh.

"I expect my father to arrive immediately, and I must be at home to receive him, for I am not situated like you, dearest Emmy. It is necessary that I should exert myself to secure independence for my parent in his old age."

"But we are very rich, Christine," anxiously urged the afflicted girl; "why not stay with us and share our wealth? I am sure my father wishes it as much as I do."

"Oh, Emmeline! you forget that I am but a stranger—almost a foreigner—and that in accepting the bounty of those on whom I have no claim, I should forfeit my independence, and, consequently, my self respect."

There was something in the tone of voice in which this was said that showed her mind was made up to a decision from which there was no appeal, and her weeping companion lay in her arms powerless with grief, until at last roused by Mrs. Selby entering to say that Mr. Temple, anxious to ascertain how she felt, was in the act of ascending the stairs to come to her apartments.

Christine, laying the weeping Emmeline on her pillow, immediately sought refuge in her own room; to meet him thus was impossible; to do so once more was all for which she had courage, and that would be to bid him farewell—farewell *for ever*. She moaned audibly when she thought that such *must* be the case, and her frame shook with the agitation of her spirit. Her eyes wandered restlessly round the room, scanning with a degree of agonised interest all those objects which had become so dear to her; at last they rested on the *pendule* on the mantel-piece; she started on observing the hour, and in remembering that her situation left her no time for inaction, she sprang on her feet, and, without loss of time, set about her preparations for her departure, each succeeding object which she deposited in her boxes—from the associations connected with them—seeming to wound her heart anew. At last all was finished, and she rang for Nina to make her acquainted with her intention of immediate departure, and to send her down-stairs to ask Mr. Temple's permission

to order the carriage to take her home. A minute after her messenger returned to say that *il signore* begged Miss San Isidora to favour him with a few minutes' conversation in his study, as soon as it should be convenient to her to descend. Christine could only bow her head in assent, as she endeavoured to murmur, "I come;" and on Nina leaving the apartment, sank on a chair, overpowered with emotion. Feeling that hesitation only increased her agony of mind, and forcing herself to exertion, she softly and noiselessly left the room and moved through the corridor, supporting herself by her hand against the frescoed wall. Arrived at the great staircase, the current of air revived her, and, holding by the rails, she descended to the gallery which led to Mr. Temple's study. With faltering steps she paced along until she reached the chamber, but, once fairly there, the pulsation of her heart felt as if stopping, and everything reeled before her eyes. With an effort of desperation, she recalled her failing energies and tapped faintly at the door; a voice said, "Come in;" but, surely, the tingling in her ears either deceived her, or it was not the voice of Mr. Temple! The doubt gave her courage; she turned the lock and entered. She, indeed, beheld the object of her thoughts looking very different from the man she was accustomed to behold; he was pale as a marble statue, and his eyes appeared doubly large and dark from a strongly defined black shade under them. He was placed in a red morocco arm-chair, and sat with a rigidity that showed it required an immense mental exertion to brace himself to meet the purpose of the present moment; nevertheless, he started on seeing Christine, who, more like a beautiful shadow than a thing of life, stood motionless in the middle of the room, unable to command a word, or arrange an idea distinctly.

"Christine," he at length said, with a tremor on his lips, "I hear that you are going to leave us. My daughter informed me of the circumstance in an agony of grief."

She tried to articulate something in an affirmative answer, but the sound died on the air, leaving only audible the faintly murmured words, "I am."

"My love, you are ill!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, suddenly jumping from his seat, and forgetting everything else in the alarm of the moment.

The words, "My love!" rang wildly on Christine's ear, and she gazed at him strangely, as, offering no opposition, she allowed him to place her in a chair. He bent over her for a minute with a look of intense and anxious affection, and at last, in a low and reproachful voice, uttered the words,

"You leave me for the stage?"

Christine raised her large eyes to his with a painful expression—not being able to command a reply. He gathered strength from the storm in his feelings, and proceeded with energy,

"You leave the man who loves and worships you for certain degradation; nay, you must not go," he continued, in a caressing tone, as he drew a seat close to hers, and possessed himself of the powerless hand that hung over the arm of the chair.

Christine sighed deeply, and, with the long breath she drew, came

a degree of courage; the mist that had enveloped her faculties began to disperse.

"It is necessary that I should return home," she answered, in a low voice. "My father comes back soon, and I must prepare to meet his wishes as to my future course."

"Your father!" answered Mr. Temple, with an air and accent both equally scornful; "believe me, Christine, that nothing on earth that you or any one else can do will ever better his condition."

Her head drooped upon her bosom; she could not contradict the truth of what he asserted.

"Yet, nevertheless," he continued, "it is a daughter's duty to secure her parent an independence if she can, and this I will enable you to do—a handsome independence; but you must see him no more—or very rarely. A husband's rights take precedence of everything else; you must be mine, and mine alone."

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine."

"Oh! impossible!" she exclaimed, shrinking back. "You have a wife."

"Ah! ah! Christine, some one, then, has been before me with this tale, and you already know that I am a married man." She gasped for breath. "Tell me, tell me," he pursued, with fearful vehemence; "only say that, knowing the circumstances, you will be mine!"

"Never," she distinctly and firmly articulated.

"But why? you love me—I know you do."

"Ah! but it is impossible that I can marry you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, while his eyes flashed fire—"impossible! when evidence is already taken, and everything prepared—the mere legal forms alone wanting to seal the divorce."

"Hush! hush, for the sake of Heaven!" said Christine, slowly rising from her seat as a faint colour stole over her cheek; "never, never again mention the word '*divorce*'—a divorce from the mother of Emmeline. Oh! Mr. Temple, how could you for a moment suppose me so lost to all sense of decency, to every feeling of womanly tenderness and sympathy, as to be capable of a crime so heinous, of a perfidy so black? I came to bid you farewell—a most painful farewell; but this circumstance renders it much less so than I had anticipated. I cannot see Emmeline again, but tell her—oh! tell her how deeply I love—will ever love—her; and never—oh! never, by everything you hold dear and sacred—let her hear of the dreadful subject that has this day been agitated."

In speaking, Christine passed hastily from the study—she absolutely flew along the gallery, and up the stairs, and, having reached her own room and bolted the door, she threw herself upon a couch in an agony of grief. Half an hour afterwards saw her glide again down the stairs, and enter Mr. Temple's carriage by a door at the back of the house: and another half hour beheld her once more passing through the garden on her way to the turret stairs of the Palazzo San Isidora.

THE SPIRITUALIST CAUSE

ONE of those trials calculated to excite the risible muscles of all who reason, involving, too, the question of a dubious claim, or one reported so to be, to property presented out of gratitude for supermundane services, has drawn much of the public attention. The present public mind is a very vulgar one. We have had occasion to remark how difficult it is to obtain credit for a sober fact or an honest truth if it be novel, or not greatly out of the common course of things—in other words, a very “possible” event—while the most extraordinary charlatanism is at once gulped down wholesale by the multitude. Thus, when Dr. Perkins worked out his miraculous cures by what he denominated his “metallic-tractors,” or bits of iron gilded, and sold at a guinea apiece, in a smart case, to preserve the wonder-working implements, they were eagerly bought up, and performed miraculous cures on being “passed” over the sick patient on that part of the body which was the supposed seat of the disease. Dr. Falconer, of Bath, suspecting that, like the gift of healing by the royal touch, the curative action was caused by the faith of the invalid in the efficacy of the instrument thus employed, had the originals imitated in wood, and coloured to resemble the curative tools of Dr. Perkins, and the effect was found to be the same. This was proved by trials in the Bath hospitals. The new wonder of the present day, called “spiritualism,” based upon mesmerism, is now in favour, and seems to outdo the renowned tractorship practice of Dr. Perkins in the effect of its action. Then as to setting the recognised laws of nature, and the regard for fortune in these money-worshipping days, at open defiance, these were matters of course. Thus with nervous persons who have faith, the worship of Mammon—the most damning in this world as well as in the next—is a downright heresy compared to the faith for which it is in such cases abandoned.

The professional practice of the spiritual art has given evidence of its success in the foregoing respect more particularly, and has exhibited that for once a science so inestimable has met its reward. Even if the law give its verdict against the practitioner, and his barren laurels alone remain to the modern Agrippa, he cannot fail to receive the sympathy of those discerning and deeply learned friends who, it appears, encircle him like a halo!

A lady of fortune had been induced to credit the abracadabra of one of those operators, who reduce the law of gravitation to a blank, call up spirits from the vasty deep, almost convince the incredulous, and cause immaterial beings to answer interrogatories by material thumpings upon ponderous substances, even raising these last into the air with a “Ho, presto!” and all this to vindicate the truth of an old prophecy, or induce credit for a new one. The Newtonian laws of nature are set at defiance, and the aid and interference of heavenly intelligences are commanded to carry out the maxims of earth’s grossness and lust of lucre; all this has been done or imagined to be practicable by thousands. Who would not resign themselves and their all to one who possessed a prize far exceeding in virtue that of the possessor of the Eastern wishing cap!

The lady alluded to, a widow, who, it would appear, is no dame of Ephesus by her conduct, being led into the idea that she could, by means of an adept in the black art, obtain spiritual communications with her deceased husband, flung, no doubt, all vulgar considerations about money to the winds. She imagined that the renewal of an affectionate intercourse with one who had once loved her was more than aught else in the world to her. For the surety of that she felt willing to give up what the world at large, in the present day, profess before love, amatory or conjugal, faith, principle, or aught but life itself, if not in some cases even that; in other words, her gold. She held no doubt against all the earth besides, that her late partner's affection, only thus renewed, was life, wealth, and a kingdom to her, and it is painful she was deceived in the idea, but that seems her only fault in the matter.

It appeared as if the conjurations of Dr. Dee of old were about to be repeated among us, and who knows but those of witches may once more furnish us with an excuse for a renewal of the old cremations of 'broomstick riders'!

It was no longer ago than the last century that a booby baronet and magistrate of Hertfordshire, named Chauncy, committed to prison as a witch a poor girl, named Jane Wenham. There was nothing out of the way in what he did. The act of parliament had been suffered to go into desuetude. Country magistrates will do odd things at times, not by means of obsolete statutes alone, but as if it were only to keep their hands busy. The Rev. Mr. Bragge deposed, "on the faith of a clergyman," that he fully believed Jane Wenham was a witch. The poor woman was committed on the ground "that she had conversed with the devil in the form of a black cat, and had made a girl, who could not before walk without being led, leap over a five-bar gate, and run like a greyhound," with much similar nonsense. The judge told the parson that, "on the truth of a judge," he did not think him, the parson, a conjurer, and that for his own part he should not look for witches among old, but rather among young, women. The worthy judge procured the poor woman's pardon from the crown, after having been pronounced guilty by a Hertfordshire jury!

The case is thus alluded to only to show by inference that absurdities of one kind in respect to the supernatural are succeeded by others adapted to the extent of credulity of the day when they appear among people high or low born. The ignorance in which it has pleased the Ruler of all things to enfold human destinies, and the future altogether, so fortunately for us, has tended to originate superstitions about that future, endless in variety, and even tainted in character by curiosity or presumption. The impenetrability of the future makes conjectures regarding it the more absurd, while superstition or ignorance, or both, find it easier to invent falsehoods than remain obedient to the laws of common reason.

The present age is become more assuming than the ages before it in the modes it adopts of prying into the future, and endeavouring to obtain a knowledge of things beyond this "visible diurnal sphere." It will even profane the name of science for the purpose. Such things are not now effected by the aid of witchcraft, that art being outgrown, as well as the knowledge acquired by peeping into glass spheres after the mode of the celebrated conjurors of bygone days. The age has improved a little

in the mode of proceeding, for even prophesying, under Dr. Cumming, has taken new phases in utterance, if not followed by more exactness in the fulfilment.

The pretence of seeing and reporting events which are to come, by means of certain devices, calculated to have an effect upon weak imaginations, so as to render the credulous believers in mortal converse with immortals, under some novel form, has been the pursuit of individuals who have sought to profit by it in almost every age of the world. The feeble-minded are the first convinced and the most tenacious of such convictions, although the communications are often undignified and sometimes even ludicrous. In past days the spiritual appearances, consonant with more elevated minds, came "in thunder, lightning, and in hail." In the present day they appear in forms perfectly in unison with the calibre of mind in those who bring them into and before the world. They are frequently very low-bred spirits, and act their vulgar part accordingly. The spirit of the king in Hamlet, working out his object by raps upon the tables of the courtiers, would be a demonstration considered not at all out of unison with the poet's elevation of soul and grandeur of imagery, and would answer well enough for the idea of such a scene in modern times if the present case go for anything.

The action at law between "Lyon and Home" induces these observations. The lady, it would appear, was a widow possessed of considerable property, and was much taken with the spirit-rappings and conjuring performances of Home, said to be an American, and an adept in the art, having set up with a large stock of supernatural experiences as a professor of what would formerly have been called "conjuring." The lady was so taken with certain operations upon or in connexion with departed spirits, as to have cultivated a sort of correspondence with the great performer at table-rapping, about one of the mysteries of another state of being; and, according to some, under the idea of an endowment this way, to hold converse with the departed spirit of her husband, and thus in a certain degree exchange a spiritual intercourse with him in place of a bodily one. She was induced, out of gratitude, in return for a thing most grateful to herself as a faithful wife, to make over to the spiritualist some thousands of pounds. It is probable that the idea of holding a spiritual communication with her deceased husband really absorbed all selfish considerations besides—all considerations about the value of money. In the belief of this being effected, and looking upon such a communication as to herself beyond every other in value, she made over to the spirit-rapper a considerable part of her fortune, under this mistaken idea, it is most probable. No doubt Mr. Home and all his clear-sighted friends about him, who credited his command over the nether world or his influence in the superior, had a firm belief in the wonders he exhibited to them, or over which he persuaded them by his dexterity he had power through his conjurations, but as to how effected in detail all but himself were blind. The idea of the possibility of keeping up a communication with her late husband appeared to the lady far more valuable than money, being absorbed altogether in the renewed communication with one she had loved here on earth though now on the other side of the grave. If she were credulous, her credulity did honour to her affection, and ought not to have been used to sordid advantage of

others. The defence of the hard cash, come how it might, for services to be performed, in relation to one object upon the other side of the Styx, and on the part of another upon mundane ground, showed a full estimate of the value of what had once got into the professor's hand for a special service performed or not.

The lady, no doubt, lost every other consideration through her weakness of judgment, but to her the pleasing idea of the power of table-rapping and its professor from their placing her once more in communication with him whose memory before all things she revered and cherished. Her weakness and gratitude combined, together with the expectation of a result which would be a comfort to her through the rest of her life, made her do that which, as far as the comparative value of the exchange went, was, if possible, well worth her gratitude for the purchase; but then the bargain was not just. The money was exchanged for a good *in nubibus*, and never likely to descend. The good lady felt by experience at last, that below or above the clouds was of no moment when dealing with an adept. It was fearful odds. Spirits, too, it might be pleaded will not choose to come when called, even on their presence being paid for beforehand. In all events the conjuror is bound to show his power of doing what he is expected to do for his money, so we take it. If we could command it, the proof should be in open court—the counsellor's table might save the necessity of the introduction of one for the purpose—unless one or the other, plaintiff or defendant, should object against its character, as being wanting in that sanctification under the art which would permit itself to be invoked, uplifted, and stuck to the ceiling, or, in short, applied any way as an instrument to take a part where perfect purity for use would be indispensable.

The ground upon which the plaintiff claimed may be good in law, because modern justice and legal practice, with reason and the statutes, may become much at variance, so much indeed as to decide, not according to merit or the clear ground of the intention, but as to right or wrong under some legal quibble or rusty statute. The bargain, or tender, or offering, whatever law jargon may denominate it, appears to us should be decided by the intention, and as the intercourse of the spirit-rapper with the heavenly destinies has been assumed only, the gift should be void, or consigned to those regions of native Egyptian fog, where the laws cannot, it is said, be executed because the ever-prevalent mist is too thick to identify the persons of the accused.

But what a melancholy specimen of the state of mind among any people that must be, where pretenders to such novel arts as table-turning and spirit-rapping can gain credence! The more dexterous, too, of the sleight-of-hand professors in India ask no nocturnal cloak for their performances, but will operate at noonday. They pass by all objections on such grounds. Even Parsons, the girl in Cock-lane, who by her rappings, many years ago, set London for so long a time in a ferment, was at last detected by the simple expedient of making her keep her hands out of bed. In modern spirit-rapping exhibitions no provisional exception is made to anything the exhibiter demands. He may do what he likes with his hands. The very circumstance of inferring a proof of the existence of spirits from such exhibitions of their presence, is a strong argument against that which it is pretended to be. The whole system

of nature and its works dependent one upon another, up to the great First Cause, tend only to show the futility of idle pretensions generated by a curiosity to know what is so wisely concealed from our humanity. But we wander from a case in which we think it hardly possible the gift of the lady to the conjuror can stand, despite what he himself or his not very bright array of friends may say in his support. The gift was made through an error in judgment, with a feeling of gratitude, under a mistaken supposition of a fact, which conjugal affection alone could have prompted under a feeling of gratitude in consequence. The expected good turns out to have no foundation in fact. A very moderate degree, indeed, of reason exhibits the futility, the notorious weakness, of the ground upon which it was bestowed, and this being granted, and the plaintiff's conviction to that effect being recorded, it would seem to us that the law should give the required relief.

But this may be only our own imagining upon a particular view of the case, which, at first sight, appears only to concern the plaintiff and defendant. It is of much more importance, let it be decided how it may, that the impression go not abroad in any sense as establishing points in favour of a system of imposition upon weak and credulous people. Whenever certain precautions favourable to such systems are required in the exhibition of extraordinary performances, they are not to be credited until well examined, motives and all. If, for example, a correspondence were thus really carried on with invisible spirits, as they are by ventriloquists in common society, the noonday sun could be no impediment to the communications. The prerequisites would tell their own tale, as, when before the Eastern prince at noonday, the Hindostani, conjuring, demanded what animal should appear beneath the sheet which he had spread upon the ground, and then lifted it, showing the ground quite clear beneath; and when the king desired to see a tiger, on lifting the sheet again a tiger was discovered under it, but how conveyed there in the space of a few moments no one knew. The thing then spoke for itself; there was demonstration to the senses. It was noonday, the ground was previously clear, and yet the royal command was fulfilled; there was no concealment; no night covered the act; and the king, if we recollect rightly, being Achbar, declared, in a memoir of himself, that he could never conceive how the thing was achieved. Now in table-turning and spirit-rapping the night's darkness is required. The spirits of the nether abyss are most particular in their demands upon the faith of those whose credulity is perhaps their strongest passion, and this faith, most easy to be gained by such operators as Mr. Home, when under an afflatus, which vies, if not in oracular power or value of subject, at least in the likeness of both, with the priestess of the Delphic oracle.

We see in these and similar demonstrations, as well as others before recorded of the like species, a repetition of what was long ago exhibited. In Dr. Plot's "*History of Staffordshire*," there is a famous account of spirit-rapping, a perusal of which shows that this wonder of the hour is but a revival of a past ghost story. A perusal of old Aubrey's "*Hermetic Philosophy*" should be in the possession of all table-rappers. He tells us how St. Augustin saw a satyr; of conferences with apparitions, and how men have seen their own spirits. So thus what Bacon said is true, that "*Imagination is next kin to miracle working faith.*" Dee's "*Book of*

Spirits" should be reprinted, and consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford. Beryls should be kept in all houses, with the names of the four principal angels upon their frames. Let us have a complete system of conjuration extracted from the old and new methods of proceeding, creating wonders to vulgar vision, or acting upon weak minds by pretended supernatural agencies to promote venal objects. Let us, too, profit by our record of them.

It has been the fashion recently to proclaim that the schoolmaster is abroad, and working wonders. We would this were really the case. Nothing else will remedy the darkness which pervades the minds of the multitude, even as we see it in a credence of table-turning and spirit-rapping, matters adapted to the time of Charles I., when his apostle Laud, the High Church archbishop, declared from the pulpit that prayer to God was of such efficacy that, if there were a conjunction or opposition of Saturn or Mars, it would overcome the malignity of it! Thus we find the spirit of supernatural agencies at work two or three centuries ago, with the difference that its modes of action and instruments have fallen a little in respectability, by having descended from celestial agencies, bishops, and the planets of the solar system, to drawing-room tables, and the art of attracting good legacies by thumping them out of mahogany tables in the dark.

We can only infer motives from their subsequent embodiment into action. In the present case, the gift appears to us to have arisen in a moment of weakness from a feeling of gratitude in the donor at the communication she fancied she had held, and expected still to hold, with her deceased husband. With such a result, if a fraudulent one, or, in other words, a thing impossible to be effected, the plaintiff would be entitled to redress for the imposition put upon her. She ought not to suffer for what she had not sufficient judgment to perceive at the moment was an act founded in misconception, or a design which could not be fulfilled. Nor ought any one in such circumstances to profit by any species of charlatanry, or the art of appearing to produce effects which no one really did or could produce, unless mortal men have the means of ruling the will of immortal beings, in a region to which mortality is strange, exacting towards their commands an obedience, direct and immediate. Let them prove this power of summoning an immaterial form out of the heavens to reply to the silly questions of every-day people, or cease making a boast of it. Let Mr. Home have the uttermost farthing if he can prove his power to effect that which he gave Mrs. Lyon reason to presume he could effect; let him do this to the satisfaction of two or three individuals of good sense and education, in the noonday light, and then hand him his reward. Such seems to be the fair view of a question which, to have occurred at all in the present age is no compliment to its mental advance. If he cannot do this, and the lady misconceived his art, he can have no claim whatever to her property.

We have written thus far without knowing how this singular cause may terminate, judgment not being yet given. It has no inconsiderable interest for the public. That such a cause should ever appear in a law-court, in the present advanced state of the public intellect, appears as singular as the whole transaction is dishonourable to the feeling of the time, if it give credit to the miracle, and what seems its condition

however mistaken. The whole machinery of nature is moved by certain fixed laws, and the interferences of grovelling superstitions, and the dreams of the credulous or designing, cannot change them. Scratches, knocks, and rappings alone, in the present enlightened time, foisted upon the weak, are little complimentary to the age. We have alluded to the farce in Cock-lane; the knocks and rappings there were continued under different names, and gave, in a similar way, replies to questions. Clergymen, celebrated for learning, men of note in society, and the public at large, all were credulous enough for a time to believe in the supernatural origin of tricks taught to, and practised by, a girl. Such ridiculous visits from the nether world now change their form, and what was effected on the public mind by a girl in Smithfield a century ago, is at present produced in a newfangled mode, and turned, as everything else is that can be so turned, into the worship of Mammon, no matter how applied, and often, in fact, made the more ridiculous to become the more acceptable to the delated among the public—that public which we find complimented every day upon its intellectual advances. In its present mode of dealing, the public knows nothing of the thrice great Hermes, of Zoroaster, or of Delphian Oracles, but this ignorance is ever consistent with the tendency of the masses. All are now partakers in the ruling rage for money, and therefore all things assume the money-getting form. Mr. Home seems to have fared sumptuously in that respect, in a day when the mysteries of the nether world are revealed in a manner so notable in the exhibition, and so futile in advantage to spirit-invokers, as is shown in the proceedings of the court to which we allude. However it may turn out with the public, the members of an opposing Cabala will censure these remarks upon the modern black art. Those who credit the novelties brought out by science, and feel the value of sympathy with the curious, who would fain learn wisdom, or those who have suffered privation and would find redress in appealing to the agents that rule in other states of being, cannot but subscribe to the merit of those sons of the black art revived, who can introduce the dead to the living, and vice versa, and whose considerate motives are pregnant with a due regard to the conjugality of mortal beings become immortal, and thus so particularly serviceable. If the thousands of pounds of Mrs. Lyons are balanced with the services tendered, and they were real, it was little enough in amount, especially when the mental satisfaction thus imparted was found to be as complete, and the bodily perception was in the proper state for feeling its value. This will account, perhaps, for the change in the lady's opinion, and the notion of payment for a "*vox et preterea nihil*," which at length came untowardly upon her, in an overcost for availing herself of a son of the occult philosophy and his services. It was one thing in Mr. Home's favour that he did not affect invisibility. Had he done so, no doubt he would have had the lady's last shilling. He disdained to play the Count de Gabalis, and the lady, it is to be lamented, showed no sense of the obligation she lay under to him for his self-restraint. Master of the modern Eleusinian mysteries, the worthy spiritualist could hardly expect to open sepulchres, and extract the forms, or, as the Irish call them, the "*fetches*," of such dear departed beings, without some token of gratitude, and what more substantial, disinterested, and satisfactory could be given than a lady's fortune, minus herself, in the matter!

It has been said that few would care about ghosts who could "raise the supplies within the year," without such spiritual interferences. There are less successful modes of accomplishing this, though perhaps but few are so likely to turn in as largely. The result is generally satisfactory upon such occasions, in proportion to the extent of the gift and its notoriety. If the newspapers will but announce that our sovereign will hold a court, that Mr. Home will hold a *séance*, and the King of Prussia's modesty will in future be restrained in his desire of a larger dominion, the success of the next spirit-rapping will be beyond all parallel, now things are judged by their high denominations. On such little points do the great things of this world depend. The Augustan age of ghosts, and spirit-rappings, and the like in England were in the reign of that pious but drunken monarch James I. The ghost-raisers have, since then, much fallen off in public consideration. What fortunes would have been made at court in those days by this new species of table-turning conjuration! Mrs. Lyon's property would have been only as a drop in the bucket to the dupes of those doctrines. But professors in the art should not despair of extending it yet farther in times pregnant with such generous credulities as that of Mrs. Lyon. Facius Cardan could call in seven devils at a time, fresh, healthy, young devils, ruddy of complexion. Socrates reckoned nine kinds of spirits that might be invoked. Some were disguised as fire-drakes, others as water-devils, and all to be rendered useful upon occasions in table-turning, and mahogany-rapping as well, it is presumed. But excluding these, and passing over any invocation to Jannes and Jambres, there are still enough references left to aid in spiritual invocation, and for those adepts in the art not so lucky as to obtain substance for shadow in return for their abracadabra.

To set aside for a moment the present notorious case, which certainly explains how much the exertions of the schoolmaster are still wanted in the community, it seems as if the powers of reason are at times to be suspended among large masses of people, or as if the right mode of applying the virtue itself were forgotten. If it were not thus, we should not see the utter forgetfulness by whole multitudes that they possess the power of reason, nor should we have occasion to pity, so often as we are now required to do, the dupes which are made in states of society, and under almost every state, from which we should in general imagine they were in a position to be the more distant by the advances of the age.

CYRUS REDDING.

END OF VOL. CXLII.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. WHITING, BHAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



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